THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

Henry Fielding, Esq.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

Intriguing Chambermaid.	Pasquin.
Don Quixote in England.	The Historical Register.
The Virgin Unmasked.	Tumble-down Dick.
The Universal Gallant.	Miss Lucy in Town.

LONDON,
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.
MDCCLV.

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NOVEMBER 11, 1925

THE

Intriguing Chambermaid.

A

COMEDY

Of TWO ACTS.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Taken from the *French* of REGNARD,

By *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;

Majores nuſquam ronchi ; juvenéſque ſenéſque
Et pueri naſum Rhinocerotis habent. Martial.

LONDON:

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MDCCL.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

AN

EPISTLE

To Mrs. *CLIVE*,

MADAM,

IF Addreſſes of this Nature (notwithſtanding the baſe Purpoſes to which they have been perverted) were originally intended to expreſs the Gratitude of the Author for ſome Favour receiv'd, or to celebrate the Merit of ſome particular Friend; I think you have a very juſt Title to this.

Dedications, and indeed moſt Panegyricks, have been generally confined to Perſons in high Life; not that good Qualities are ſo; but as the Praiſe which moſt Authors beſtow comes not from the Heart, nor is the Effect of their Gratitude for paſt Favours, but of their Neceſſity of future, it is not ſo much their Buſineſs to inquire who beſt deſerves Praiſe, as who can beſt pay for it. And thus we often ſee an Epiſtle crammed with ſuch groſs, falſe, and abſurd Flattery, as the Poet ought to be aſham'd of writing, and the Patron of accepting.

But while I hold the Pen, it will be a Maxim with me, that Vice can never be too great to be laſhed, nor Virtue too obſcure to be commended; in other Words, that Satire can never riſe too high, nor Panegyrick ſtoop too low.

It is your Misfortune to bring the greateſt Genius for acting on the Stage, at a time when the Factions and Diviſions among the Players have conſpired with the Folly, Injuſtice, and Barbarity of the Town, to finiſh the Ruin of the Stage, and ſacrifice our own native Entertainments to a wanton affected Fondneſs for foreign Muſick; and when our Nobility ſeem eagerly to rival each other, in diſtinguiſhing themſelves in favour of *Italian* Theatres, and in neglect of our own.

However, the few who have yet ſo much *Engliſh* Taſte and Good-nature left, as ſometimes to viſit that Stage where you exert your great Abilities, never fail to receive you with the Approbation you deſerve; nay, you extort, by the Force of your Merit, the Applauſe of thoſe who are languiſhing for the Return of *Cuzzoni*.

And here I cannot help reflecting with ſome Pleaſure, that the Town, that Part of it, at leaſt, which is not quite *Italianized*, have one Obli-

Obligation to me, who made the firſt Diſcovery of your great Capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the Theatre, than the Ignorance of ſome and the Envy of others would have otherwiſe permitted. I ſhall not here dwell on any thing ſo well known as your Theatrical Merit, which one of the fineſt Judges and the greateſt Man of his Age hath acknowledged to exceed in Humour that of any of your Predeceſſors in his Time.

But as great a Favourite as you at preſent are with the Audience, you would be much more ſo, were they acquainted with your private Character; cou'd they ſee you laying out great Part of the Profits which ariſe to you from entertaining them ſo well, in the Support of an aged Father; did they ſee you who can charm them on the Stage with perſonating the fooliſh and vitious Characters of your Sex, acting in real Life the Part of the beſt Wife, the beſt Daughter, the beſt Siſter, and the beſt Friend.

The Part you have maintain'd in the preſent Diſpute between the Players and the Patentees, is ſo full of Honour, that had it been in higher Life, it would have given you the Reputation of the greateſt Heroine of the Age. You looked on the Caſes of

Mr. *Highmore*

Mr. *Highmore* and Mrs. *Wilks* with Compaſſion, nor could any Promiſes or Views of Intereſt ſway you to deſert them; nor have you ſcrupled any Fatigue (particularly the Part which at ſo ſhort a warning you undertook in this Farce) to ſupport the Cauſe of thoſe whom you imagin'd injur'd and diſtreſs'd; and for this you have been ſo far from endeavouring to exact an exorbitant Reward from Perſons little able to afford it, that I have known you offer to act for nothing rather than the Patentees ſhould be injur'd by the Diſmiſſion of the Audience.

In ſhort, if Honour, Good-nature, Gratitude, and good Senſe, join'd with the moſt entertaining Humour, wherever they are found, are Titles to publick Eſteem, I think you may be ſure of it; At leaſt, I am ſure they will always recommend you to the ſincere Friendſhip of,

MADAM,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

To Mr. *Fielding*, occaſioned by the Revival of the *Author's Farce*.

Sent to the Author by an unknown Hand.

WHile Wit, like Perſecution reigns, and all
Muſt in the furious Inquiſition fall,
Untry'd, unheard: While guiltleſs Crowds expire,
Martyrs to Spleen! in each poetick Fire;
Nor Characters, nor Worth, nor Sex, nor Age,
Nor ſacred Majeſty eſcapes her Rage;
Againſt Example who ſhall dare commend?
Avow Good-nature or confeſs the Friend!

Hard is the Task, in ſuch a Soil, to raiſe
From her Decay the long-loſt Art of Praiſe,
Where the ſharp Thiſtle ſprings t'implant the Corn,
Or graft the Roſe upon the ſpiny Thorn.

Willing, yet weak, and fearful of the Fight,
In vain I mourn the Abuſe I cannot right!
Yet this remains ——— with chearful Warmth to pay
To real Worth this tributary Lay.

Accept then, Fielding! *from a Heart ſincere,*
A Gift commended by its being rare,
Unfeign'd Applauſe! by no mean Motive ſway'd,
Nor yet to thee, but to thy Merit paid.

Long have I ſeen, with Sorrow and Surpriſe,
Unhelp'd, unheeded, thy ſtrong Genius riſe,
To form our Manners, and amend our Laws,
And aid, with artful Hand, the publick Cauſe.

When modern Crimes, to elder Times unknown,
With worſe than Sodom's *Guilt pollute this Town,*
Ti'd to old Rules, tho' Weſtminſter *muſt aid,*
The Shame and Scandal of the nuptial Bed,

Thy

Thy equitable Muſe aſſerts her Claim,
To mark the Monſter with eternal Shame,
The Brute appears, in thy more juſt Decree,
Triumphant only in his Infamy.

But ſee! the Politician mounts the Stage,
The Bane and Weakneſs of our Clime, and Age!
Who can unmov'd behold th' inſtructive Scene?
Indulge his Laughter? or contain his Spleen?
When he reflects that ſuch grave Heads, ſo late
Control'd our Senate, and inflam'd our State!

O! had the Muſe a due Attention found,
Her Flights encourag'd, and her Labours crown'd;
Each buſy Knave had felt her vengeful Hand,
And Laughter branded whom the Laws ſhould brand!

In vain we wiſh? —— *and the compliant Bard,*
The publick Taſte muſt ſway, that muſt reward;
To that conforming, he muſt fill the Scene,
With Puppets, Players, Henley, Harlequin;
Farce, Maſque, and Opera, Grubſtreet, *and the Court,*
Link'd of Nonſenſe muſt club to make us Sport.

Yet here, even here what Senſe! with how much Art,
He courts the Head, ſince we deny the Heart;
Mark, in his Mirth how innocent he plays!
And while he mimes the Mimick, hurts not Bays ——
Tho' much provok'd, no baſe Ill-nature ſtains,
With murd'rous Dye, his unpolluted Strains.

Proceed, even thus proceed, bleſs'd Youth! to charm,
Divert our Heats, and civil Rage diſarm,
Till Fortune, once not blind to Merit, ſmile
On thy Deſert, and recompenſe thy Toil:
Or Walpole, *ſtudious ſtill of* Britain's *Fame,*
Protect thy Labours, and preſcribe the Theme,
On which, in Eaſe and Affluence, thou may'ſt raiſe
More noble Trophies to thy Country's Praiſe.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Upon the Revival of the *Author's Farce.*

Spoken by Mrs. *CLIVE.*

AS when ſome ancient hoſpitable Seat,
Where Plenty oft has giv'n the jovial Treat,
Where in full Bowls each welcome Gueſt has drown'd
All ſorrowing Thought, while Mirth and Joy went round:
Is by ſome wanton worthleſs Heir deſtroy'd,
Its once full Rooms grown a deſerted Void;
With Sighs, each Neighbour views the mournful Place;
With Sighs, each recollects what once it was.

So does our wretched Theatre appear;
For Mirth and Joy once kept their Revels here.
Here, the Beau-monde *in Crouds repair'd each Day,*
And went well-pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While Oldfield *here hath charm'd the liſt'ning Age,*
And Wilks *adorn'd, and* Booth *hath fill'd the Stage;*
Soft Eunuchs warbled in ſucceſsleſs Strain,
And Tumblers ſhew'd their little Tricks in vain.
Thoſe Boxes ſtill the brighter Circles were,
Triumphant Toaſts receiv'd their Homage there.

But now, alas! how alter'd is our Caſe!
I view with Tears this poor deſerted Place,
None to our Boxes now in Pity ſtray,
But Poets free o'th' Houſe, and Beaux who never pay.
No longer now, we ſee our crouded Door
Send the late Comer back again at Four.
At ſeven now into our empty Pit
Drops from his Counter ſome old prudent Cit,
Contented with Twelve-penniworth of Wit.
—— Our Author of a generous Soul poſſeſs'd,
Hath kindly aim'd to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd;

PROLOGUE.

To-Night what he ſhall offer in our Cauſe
Already hath been bleſt with your Applauſe.
Yet this, his Muſe maturer hath revis'd,
And added more to that, which once ſo much you priz'd.
We ſue, not mean to make a partial Friend,
But without Prejudice at leaſt attend.
If we are dull, e'en cenſure, but we truſt,
Satire can ne'er diſpleaſe you when 'tis juſt.
Nor can we fear a brave, a generous, Town
Will join to cruſh us, when we're almoſt down.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *CLIVE.*

A Poet ſhould, unleſs his Fate he gueſt,
Write for each Play two Epilogues at leaſt.
For how to empty Benches can we ſay,
What means this mighty Crouding here To-Day?
Or ſhould the Pit with Flattery be cram'd,
How can we ſpeak it; when the Play is damn'd,
Damn'd, did I ſay? —— *He ſurely need not fear it,*
His Play is ſafe —— *when none will came to hear it.*
Engliſh *is now below this learned Town,*
None but Italian *Warblers will go down.*
Tho' Courts were more Polite, the Engliſh *Ditty*
Cou'd heretofore at leaſt content the City:
That, for Italian *now has let us drop,*
And Dimi Cara *rings thro' ev'ry Shop.*
What glorious Thoughts muſt all our Neighbours nouriſh,
Of us, where Rival Operas can flouriſh.

Let

EPILOGUE.

Let France *win all our Towns, we need not fear,*
But Italy *will ſend her Singers here;*
We cannot buy 'em at a Price too dear.
Let us receive them to our peaceful Shore,
While in their own the angry Cannons rore:
Here they may ſing in Safety, we reward 'em,
Here no Viſconti *threatens to bombard 'em.*

Orpheus *drew Stones with his inchanting Song,*
Theſe can do more, they draw our Gold along.
——But tho' our angry Poets rail in ſpite,
Ladies, I own, I think your Judgments right,
Satire, perhaps, may wound ſome pretty Thing,
Thoſe ſoft Italian *Warblers have no Sting.*
Tho' your ſoft Hearts the tuneful Charm may win,
You're ſtill ſecure to find no Harm within.
Wiſely from thoſe rude Places you abſtain,
Where Satire gives the wounded Hearer Pain.
'Tis hard to pay them who our Faults reveal,
As Boys are forc'd to buy the Rods they feel.
No, let 'em ſtarve, who dare to laſh the Age,
And, as you've left the Pulpit, leave the Stage.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Goodall,	Mr. *Jones.*
Valentine,	Mr. *Stoppelaer.*
Lord Pride,	Mr. *Hewſon.*
Lord Puff,	Mr. *Charles Jones.*
Colonel Bluff,	Mr. *Mecklin.*
Oldcaſtle,	Mr. *Norris.*
Rakeit,	Mr. *Mullart.*
Marquis,	Madamoiſelle *Grognet.*
Slap,	Mr. *Topham.*
Trick,	Mr. *Hallam.*
Security,	Mr. *Giles.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. Highman,	Mrs. *Mullart.*
Charlotte,	Mrs. *Atherton.*
Lettice,	Mrs. *Clive.*

Ladies, Conſtable, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

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THE

THE

Intriguing Chambermaid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Mrs. *HIGHMAN, LETTICE.*

Mrs. HIGHMAN.

OH! Mrs. *Lettice*; is it you? I am extremely glad to ſee you; you are the very Perſon I would meet.

Let. I am much at your Service, Madam.

Mrs. High. Oh! Madam; I know very well that; and at every one's Service, I dare ſwear that will pay you for it: But all the Service, Madam, that I have for you, is to carry a Meſſage to your Maſter——I deſire, Madam, that you would tell him from me, that he is a very

great Villain, and that I intreat him never more to come near my Doors, for, if I find him within 'em, I will turn my Neice out of them.

Lett. Truly, Madam, you muſt ſend this by another Meſſenger; but, pray, what has my Maſter done, to deſerve it ſhou'd be ſent at all?

Mrs. High. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven, and my own Prudence; but I know what he wou'd do.

Lett. He wou'd do nothing but what becomes a Gentleman, I am confident.

Mrs. High. Oh! I dare ſwear, Madam, debauching a young Lady, is acting like a very fine Gentleman; but I ſhall keep my Neice out of the Hands of ſuch fine Gentlemen.

Lett. You wrong my Maſter, Madam, cruelly; I know his Deſigns on your Neice are honourable.

Mrs. High. You know!

Lett. Yes. Madam, no one knows my Maſter's Heart better than I do: I am ſure, were his Deſigns otherwiſe, I would not be acceſſary to 'em; I love your Neice too much, Madam, to carry on an Amour in which ſhe ſhou'd be a Loſer: But as I know that my Maſter is heartily in Love with her, and that ſhe is heartily in Love with my Maſter; and as I am certain they will be a very happy Couple, I will not leave one Stone unturn'd, to bring them together.

Mrs. High. Rare Impudence! Huſſy, I have another Match for her, ſhe ſhall marry Mr. *Oldcaſtle.*

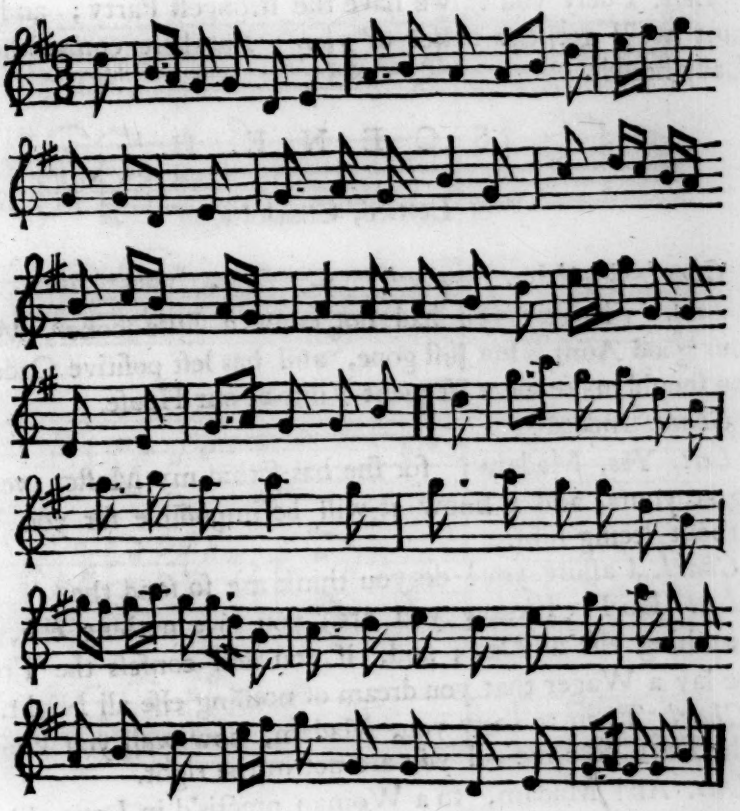
Lett. Oh then! I find it is you that have a diſhonourable Deſign on your Neice.

Mrs. High. How, Saucineſs!

Lett. Yes, Madam, marrying a young Lady, who is in Love with a young Fellow, to an old one whom ſhe hates, is the ſureſt way to bring about I know what, that can poſſibly be taken.

AIR

AIR. I. Soldier Laddy.



When a Virgin in Love with a brisk jolly Lad,
You match to a Spark more fit for her Dad,
'Tis as pure, and as ſure, and ſecure as a Gun,
The young Lover's Buſineſs is happily done:
Tho' it ſeems to her Arms he takes the wrong Rout,
Yet my Life for a Farthing,
Purſuing
His Wooing.
The young Fellow finds, tho' he go round about,
It's only to come
The neareſt way home.

Mrs. High. I can bear this no longer. I wou'd adviſe you, Madam, and your Maſter both, to keep from my Houſe, or I ſhall take Meaſures you won't like. [*Exit.*

Lett. I defy you! we have the ſtrongeſt Party; and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young Lady herſelf.

SCENE II.

Lettice, Charlotte.

Charl. So, Mrs. *Lettice!*

Lett. 'Tis Pity you had not come a little ſooner, Madam; your good Aunt is but juſt gone, and has left poſitive Orders that you ſhould make more frequent Viſits at our Houſe.

Charl. Indeed!

Lett. Yes, Madam; for ſhe has forbid my Maſter ever viſiting at yours, and I know it will be impoſſible for you to live without ſeeing him.

Charl. I aſſure you! do you think me ſo fond then?

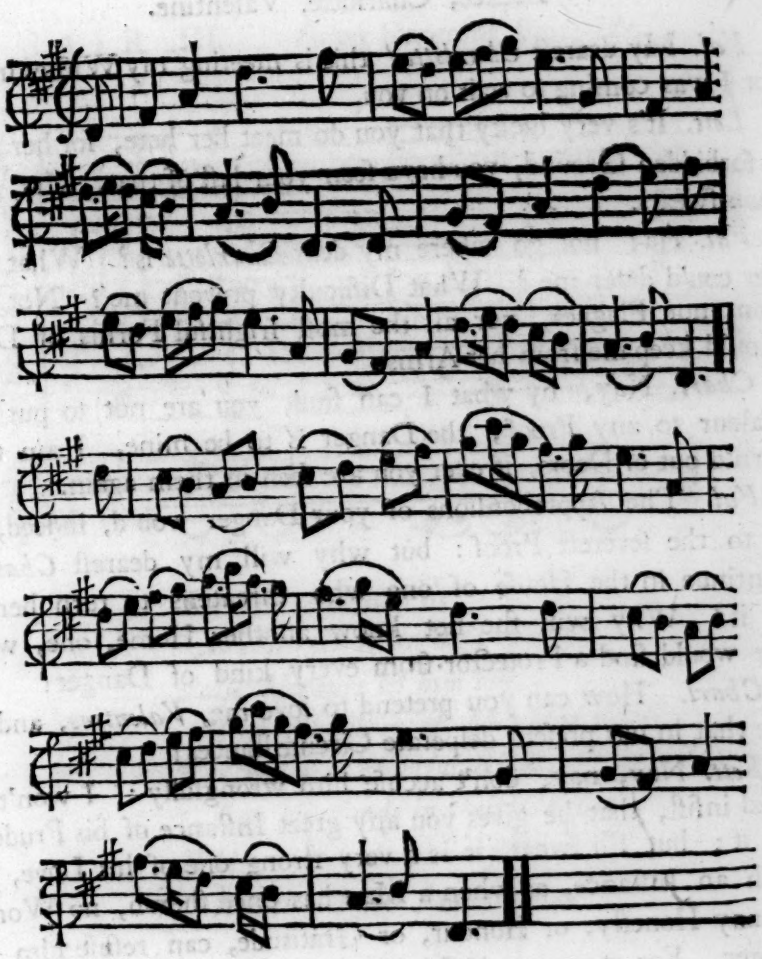
Lett. Do I! I know you are; you love nothing elſe, think of nothing elſe all Day; and, if you will confeſs the Truth, I dare lay a Wager that you dream of nothing elſe all Night.

Charl. Then to ſhew you, Madam, how well you know me —the Devil take me—if you are not in the right.

Lett. Ah! Madam, to a Woman practis'd in Love, like me, there is no Occaſion for Confeſſion; for my part, I don't want Words to aſſure me of what the Eyes tell me. Oh! if the Lovers wou'd but conſult the Eyes of their Miſtreſſes, we ſhou'd not have ſuch Sighing, Languiſhing, and Deſpairing as we have.

AIR

AIR II. Buſh of Boon.



What need he truſt your Words preciſe,
Your ſoft Deſires denying;
When, Oh! he reads within your Eyes
Your tender Heart complying.
Your Tongue may cheat,
And with Deceit
Your ſofter Wiſhes cover;
But, Oh! your Eyes
Know no Diſguiſe,
Nor ever cheat your Lover.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Lettice, Charlotte, Valentine.

Val. My deareſt *Charlotte!* this is meeting my Wiſhes indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

Lett. It's very lucky that you do meet her here, for her Houſe is forbidden Ground, you have ſeen your laſt of that, Mrs. *Highman* ſwears.

Val. Ha! not go where my dear *Charlotte* is? What Danger cou'd deter me? What Difficulty prevent me? Not Cannon, nor Plagues, nor all the moſt frightful Forms of Death, ſhould keep me from her Arms.

Charl. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your Valour to any Proof; the Danger is to be mine, I am to be turn'd out of Doors, if ever you are ſeen in them again.

Val. The Apprehenſions of your Danger wou'd, indeed, put it to the ſevereſt Proof: but why will my deareſt *Charlotte* continue in the Houſe of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will ſhe not know another Home, one, where ſhe would find a Protector from every kind of Danger?

Charl. How can you pretend to love me, *Valentine*, and ask me that in our preſent deſperate Circumſtances?

Lett. Nay, nay, don't accuſe him wrongfully: I won't indeed inſiſt, that he gives you any great Inſtance of his Prudence by it; but I'll ſwear, it is a very ſtrong one of his Love, and ſuch an Inſtance, as when a Man has once ſhewn, no Woman of any Honeſty, or Honour, or Gratitude, can refuſe him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a Lover who had not wicked mercenary Views upon my Fortune, I ſhould have married him, whatever he had been.

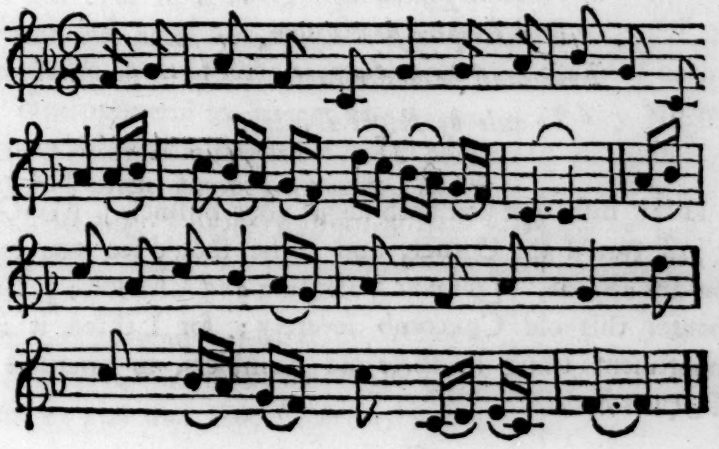
Charl. Thy Fortune!

Lett. My Fortune! Yes, Madam, my Fortune; I was worth Fifty Six Pounds before I put into the Lottery; what it will be now, I can't tell; but you know, ſome body muſt get the great Lot, and why not I?

Val. Oh, *Charlotte!* wou'd you had the ſame Sentiments with me! for, by Heavens! I apprehend no Danger but that of loſing

loſing you; and, believe me, Love will ſufficiently reward us for all the Hazards we run on his account.

AIR III. *Fanny* blooming Fair, *&c.*



Let bold Ambition lie
Within the Warrior's Mind;
Falſe Honours let him buy,
With Slaughter of Mankind:
To Crowns a doubtful Right,
Lay thouſands in their Grave:
While wretched Armies fight
Which Maſter ſhall enſlave.

Love took my Heart with Storm,
Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's *charming Form,*
Still ſitting on his Throne:
How will my Soul rejoice,
At his Commands to fly,
If ſpoken in that Voice,
Or look'd from that dear Eye!

To Univerſal Sway
Love's Title is the beſt;
Well, ſhall we him obey,
Who makes his Subjects bleſt?
If Heaven for Human good
Did Empire firſt deſign,
Love muſt be underſtood
To rule by Right Divine.

Lett. Hiſt! hiſt! get you both about your Buſineſs; Mr. *Oldcaſtle* is juſt turn'd the Corner, and if he ſhou'd ſee you together, you are undone. [*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Charlotte.] Now will I banter this old Coxcomb ſeverely; for I think it is a moſt impertinent thing in theſe old Fumblers, to interpoſe in young People's Sport.

SCENE IV.

Lettice, Oldcaſtle.

Old. Hem! hem! I profeſs it is a very ſevere Eaſterly Wind, and if it was not to ſee a Miſtreſs, I believe I ſhould ſcarce have ſtirred abroad all Day.

Lett. Mr. *Oldcaſtle*, your very humble Servant.

Old. Your humble Servant, Madam: I ask your Pardon, but I profeſs I have not the Honour of knowing you.

Lett. Men of your Figure, Sir, are known by more than they are themſelves able to remember; I am a poor Handmaid of a young Lady of your Acquaintance, Miſs *Charlotte Highman.*

Old. Oh! your very humble Servant, Madam. I hope your Lady is well?

Lett. Hum! ſo, ſo: She ſent me, Sir, of a ſmall Meſſage to you.

Old. I am the happieſt Man in the World.

Lett. To deſire a particular Favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her Commands.

Lett.

Lett. She begs, if you have the leaſt Affection for her, that ſhe may never ſee you here again.

Old. What! what!

Lett. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natur'd Lady, and does not care to ſend a rude Meſſage; therefore only bids me tell you, ſhe hates you, ſcorns you, deteſts you more than any Creature upon the Earth; that if you are reſolv'd to marry, ſhe wou'd recommend to you a certain excellent Dry Nurſe, who might poſſibly be brought by your Money to do any thing, but go to Bed with you; and laſtly, ſhe bids me tell you, in this cold Weather, never to go to Bed without a good warm Poſſet, and never to lie without, at leaſt, a pair of Flannel Shirts.

Old. Hold your impertinent, ſaucy Tongue!

Lett. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my Meſſage; and that too, in as civil and conciſe a manner as poſſible.

Old. Your Miſtreſs is a pert young Huſſy, and I ſhall tell her Mother of her.

Lett. That will never do; you had better truſt to her own Good-nature; 'tis I am your Friend, and if we can get over three little Obſtacles, I don't deſpair of marrying you to her, yet.

Old. What are thoſe Obſtacles?

Lett. Why, Sir, there is in the firſt Place, your great Age, you are at leaſt ſome Sixty-Six.

Old. It's a Lye; I want ſeveral——Months of it.

Lett. If you did not, I think we may get over this: one Half of your Fortune makes a very ſufficient Amends for your Age.

Old. We ſhan't fall out about that.

Lett. Well, Sir; then there is, in the ſecond Place, your terrible, ungenteel Air: This is a grand Obſtacle with her who is dotingly fond of every thing that is fine and foppiſh; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your Fortune ——And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to ſet aſide, I believe I may promiſe you, you ſhall

have her; and that is, Sir, that horrible Face of yours, which it is impoſſible for any one to ſee without being frighten'd.

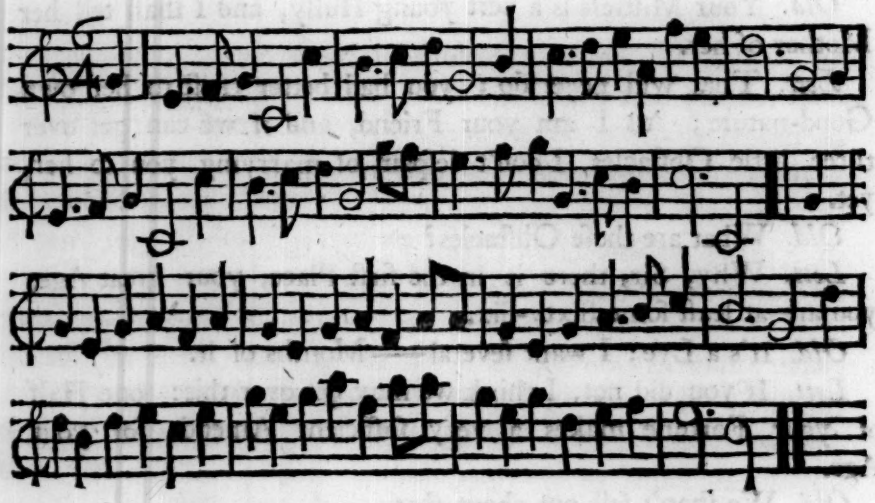
Old. Ye impudent Baggage! I'll tell your Miſtreſs, I'll have you turn'd off.

Lett. That will be well repaying me indeed, for all the Services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Lett. Services! yes, Sir, Services, and to let you ſee I think you fit for a Husband, I'll have you myſelf! Who can be more proper for a Husband, than a Man of your Age and Taſte? for I think you cou'd not have the Conſcience to live above a Year or a Year and half at moſt: And I think a good plentiful Jointure wou'd make amends for ones enduring you as long as that; provided we live in ſeparate parts of the Houſe, and one had a good handſom Groom of the Chambers to attend one.

AIR IV. Hark, hark, the Cock crows.



When a Lover like you,
Does a Woman purſue,
She muſt have little Wit in her Brain, Sir;
If for better and worſe,
She takes not the Purſe,
Alas, with her ſighing poor Swain, Sir;

Tho'

Tho' hugg'd to her Wiſhes,
Amidſt empty Diſhes,
Much Hunger her Stomach may prove, Sir;
But a Pocket of Gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will ſtill find her Food for her Love, Sir.

Old. You are an impertinent impudent Baggage! and I have a mind to——I am out of Breath with Paſſion; and I ſhall not recover it this half Hour. [*Exit*

SCENE V.

Lettice, Rakeit.

Lett. A very pretty Lover for a young Lady indeed.

Rak. Your Servant, Mrs. *Lettice*; what, have you and the great Squire *Oldcaſtle* been entertaining one another with?

Lett. With his Paſſion for your young Miſtreſs, or rather her Paſſion for him. I have been bantering him 'till he is in ſuch a Rage that I actually doubt whether he will not beat her or no.

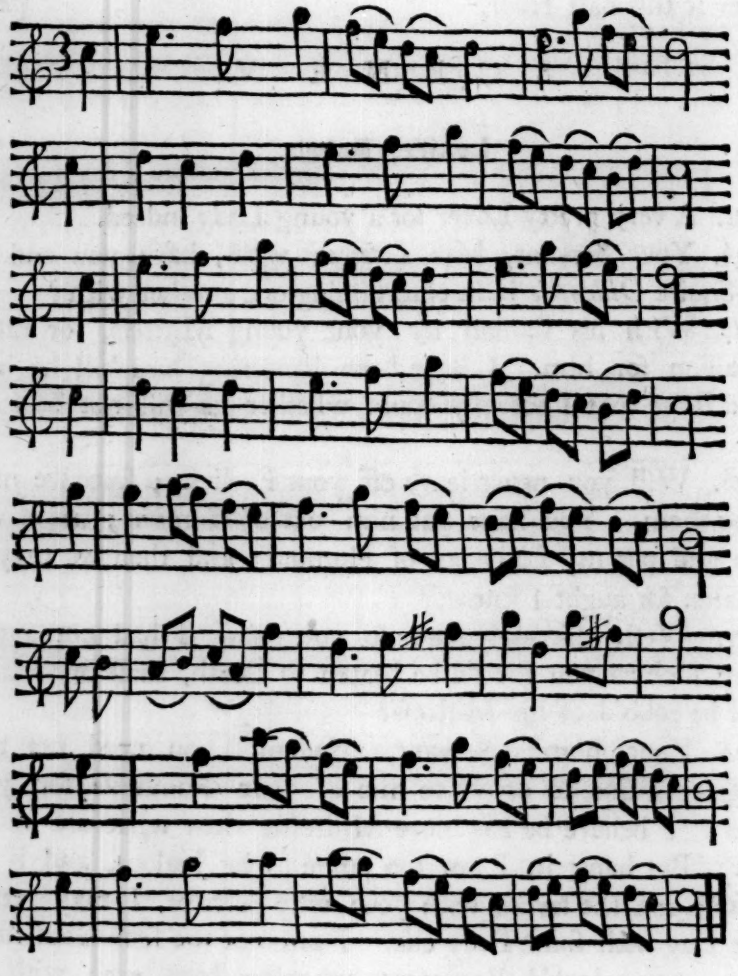
Rak. Will you never leave off your Frolicks; ſince we muſt pay for them. You have put him out of Humour; now will he go and put my Lady out of Humour; and then we may be all beaten for aught I know.

Lett. Well, Sirrah! And do you think I had not rather twenty ſuch as you ſhou'd be beaten to Death, than my Maſter ſhou'd be robb'd of his Miſtreſs?

Rak. Your humble Servant, Madam, you need not take any great Pains to convince me of your Fondneſs for your Maſter. I believe he has more Miſtreſſes than what are in our Houſe: But hang it, I am too polite to be Jealous, and if he has done me the favour with you: why perhaps, I may return it one Day with ſome Body elſe. I am not the firſt Gentleman of the party-colour'd Regiment, who has been even with his Maſter.

Lett. Not with ſuch Gentlemen as Mr. *Valentine.* Indeed with your little pert skipping Beaux, I don't know what may happen. Such Maſters and their Men are often both in Dreſs and Behaviour ſo very like one another, that a Woman may be innocently falſe, and miſtake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether ſuch a Change as you mention may not be ſometimes for the better.

AIR V. As down in a Meadow, *&c.*



See John *and his Maſter as together they paſs,*
Or ſee them admiring themſelves in the Glaſs:

Each

Each cocks fierce his Hat, each ſtruts and looks big,
Both have Lace on their Coat, and a Bag to their Wig.
Both ſwear, and both rattle, both game, and both drink,
When neither can write, or can read, or e'er think.
Say then where the Difference lies if you can,
Faith! Widows you'd give it on the ſide of the Man.

Rak. But, my dear *Lettice*, I do not approve this Match in our Families.

Lett. Why ſo?

Rak. You know how deſperate his Circumſtances are, and ſhe has no Fortune.

Lett. Se hath indeed no Fortune of her own; but her Aunt *Highman* is very rich.

Rak. She will be little the better for't.

Lett. Then there's the Chance of both her Brothers Death; beſides an Uncle in *Yorkſhire*, who hath but five Children only, one of which hath never had the Small-pox: nay, there are not above ſixteen or ſeventeen between her and an *Iriſh* Barony.

Rak. Ay, this Lady wou'd make a fine Fortune, after two or three good Plagues. In ſhort, I find there is but little hopes on our ſide, and if there be no more on yours——

Lett. Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There is hopes of my young Maſter's growing better, for I am ſure there is no poſſibility of his growing worſe. Hopes of my old Maſter's ſtaying abroad. Hopes of his being drown'd if he attempts coming Home. Hopes of the Stars falling.——

Rak. Dear Mrs. *Lettice*, do not jeſt with ſuch ſerious things, as Hunger and Thirſt. Do you ſeriouſly think that all your Maſter's Entertainments are at an end?

Lett. So far from it, that he is this Day to give a grand Entertainment to your Miſtreſs, and about a Dozen more Gentlemen and Ladies.

Rak. My Chops begin to water. I find your Maſter is a very honeſt Fellow, and it is poſſible may hold out two or three Weeks longer.

Lett. You are miſtaken, Sir, there will be no Danger of his giving any more Entertainments; for there is a certain Gentleman call'd an Upholſterer, who, the moment that the Company

pany is gone, is to make his Entrance into the Houſe, and carry every thing out on't.

Rak. A very good way, faith, of furniſhing a Houſe to receive a Wife in; your Maſter has ſet me a very good Pattern againſt you and I marry, Mrs. *Lettice.*

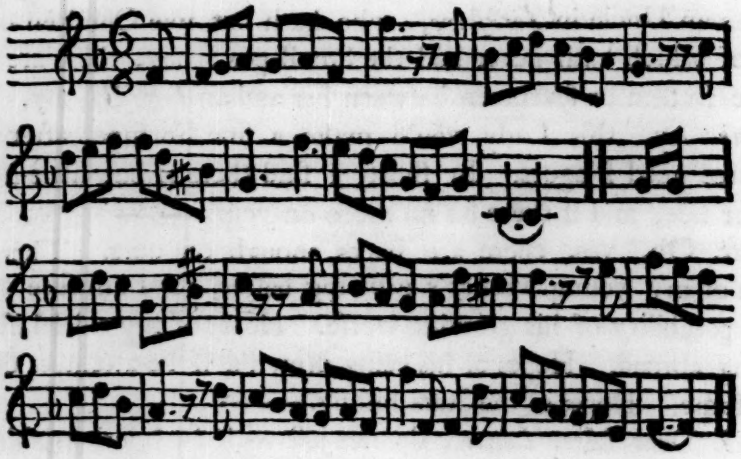
Lett. Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

Rak. Unleſs I can provide better for myſelf.

Lett. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain, and what I am fond of I can't imagine; unleſs it be thy invincible Impudence.

Rak. Why, faith, I think I have the Impudence of a Gentleman, and there is nothing better to ſucceed with the Ladies.

A I R VI.



When Modeſty ſues for a Favour,
What anſwers the Politick Laſs?
Lett. *That ſhe mightily likes his Behaviour,*
And thinks in her Heart he's an Aſs;
And thinks in her Heart he's an Aſs.
Rak. *But when bolder Impudence ruſhes,*
And manfully ſeizes her Charms?
Lett. *Lard! you're rude, Sir, ſhe cries, then ſhe bluſhes,*
And folds the brisk Youth in her Arms.
And folds, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Valentine, Trick.

Val. You ſay I owe you 500 *l.* Principal and Intereſt?

Trick. Yes, Sir, you will pleaſe to caſt it up yourſelf, and I believe our Accounts will correſpond.

Val. I'll take your Word for it, Sir; and if you pleaſe to let me have 500 more, I ſhall owe you 1000.

Trick. Sir, the Money was none of my own, I had it from another; and it muſt be paid, Sir, he hath called it in.

Val. He may call as long as he pleaſes; but 'till I call it in, it will ſignify not much, Sir. I have thought of an Expedient, if the Money you lent me was another's, and he be impatient for it; you may pay him off: Lay me down the other 500, and take the whole Debt upon yourſelf.

Trick. I am quite out of Caſh, Sir, or you know you might command me; and therefore I hope you will not put off the Payment any longer.

Val. I am extremely buſy to Day, and beg you would call another time.

Trick. I have called ſo often that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within theſe three Days, I ſhall ſend a Lawyer for my Money——and ſo your Servant. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Valentine, Truſty.

Val. So, honeſt *Truſty*, what Succeſs?

Truſty. I went to the Jeweller's with the Ring which your Honour told me coſt an Hundred Pound, but he refus'd to give me any more than fifty for it, ſo I e'en took that.

Val. Very well!

Truſty. As for the old Silver Bowl which your Father valu'd at Fourſcore Pounds, Mr. *Whiting* ſaid, there was ſo much reckon'd for the Faſhion; and that it was ſo old and ungen-

ungenteel, that he offer'd me but twenty: But I knew your Honour wanted Money, and ſo I took it.

Val. Very well.

Truſty. The Gold repeating Watch I carried to the Maker, and told him he had received fifty odd Guineas for it, two Years ago; but he ſaid it was much the worſe for wearing; and that the Nobility and Gentry run ſo much into *Pinchbeck* that he had not diſpos'd of two Gold Watches this Month. However he ſaid he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing, ſo I let him have it.

Val. Very well.

Truſty. But this was nothing to that Rogue in *Monmouth-Street*, who offer'd me but 16*l.* for the two Suits of fine Clothes, that I dare ſwear ſtood your Honour in above a 100*l.* I flew into a great Paſſion with him, and have brought them back again.

Val. You ſhou'd have taken the Money.

Truſty. One piece of ſurpriſing good Fortune was the ſaving of your Medals, which as I was juſt going to diſpoſe of, a Gentleman whiſper'd in my Ear, that a certain Knight that wou'd be in Town in a Fortnight, wou'd give ſix times as much for them.

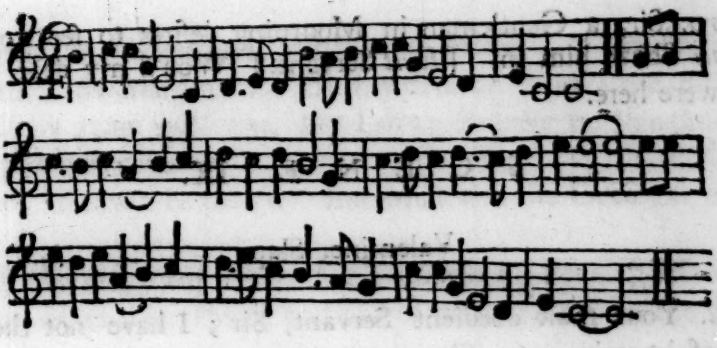
Val. A Fortnight! what of a Fortnight? a Fortnight's an Age. I wou'd not give a Shilling for the Reverſion of an Eſtate ſo long to come. Here give me what Money you have brought, and go and diſpoſe of the reſt immediately.

Truſty. But, Sir, I wiſh your Honour would conſider: for my part I dread my old Maſter's coming home, and yet if he does not, what you will do any longer, Heaven knows.

Val. Don't trouble thyſelf about that; but go execute my Commands. [*Exit* Truſty.

SCENE

AIR VII. Excuſe me.



Let Miſers with Sorrow To-day,
Lay up, for To-morrow's Array,
Like Tantalus *thirſty, who craves,*
Drink up to his Chin in the Waves.
But Fortune, like Women, To-day may be kind,
And yield to your Mind,
To-morrow ſhe goes,
An on others beſtows
The Bleſſing.
The Lover who yields to the Fair one's Delays,
Oft loſes the Day,
Then fly to her Arms,
For we are ſure
Of her Charms
When Poſſeſſing.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Gentleman in Mourning deſires to ſee you.

Val. Shew him in. [*Exit* Servant.] Wou'd my dear *Charlotte* were here.

SCENE IX.

Valentine, Slap.

Val. Your moſt obedient Servant, Sir; I have not the Honour of knowing you, Sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, Sir; I ask pardon, but I have a ſmall Writ againſt you.

Val. A Writ againſt me.

Slap. Don't be uneaſy, Sir; it is only for a trifle, Sir; about 200 *l.*

Val. What muſt I do, Sir!

Slap. Oh, Sir! whatever you pleaſe, only pay the Money, or give Bail, which you pleaſe.

Val. I can do neither of them this Inſtant, and I expect Company every Moment. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you'll take my Word till To-morrow Morning?

Slap. Oh, yes, Sir; with all my Heart. If you will be ſo good as to ſtep to my Houſe hard by, you ſhall be extremely well us'd, and I'll take your Word.

Val. Your Houſe! 'Sdeath you Raſcal!

Slap. Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then!——who's there——my Servants. [*Enter* Servants.] Here kick this Fellow down Stairs.

Slap. This is a Reſcue, remember that——a Reſcue, Sir, I'll have my Lord Chief Juſtice's Warrant.

[Slap *is forc'd off by the Servants.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Valentine, Charlotte.

Charl. Oh *Valentine*! What's the matter? I am frighten'd to Death. Swords drawn! Oh my Heart! you are not hurt?

Val. By none but you, my Love; I have no Wounds but thoſe you can cure.

Charl. Heaven be prais'd! But what was the Occaſion of this Buſtle?

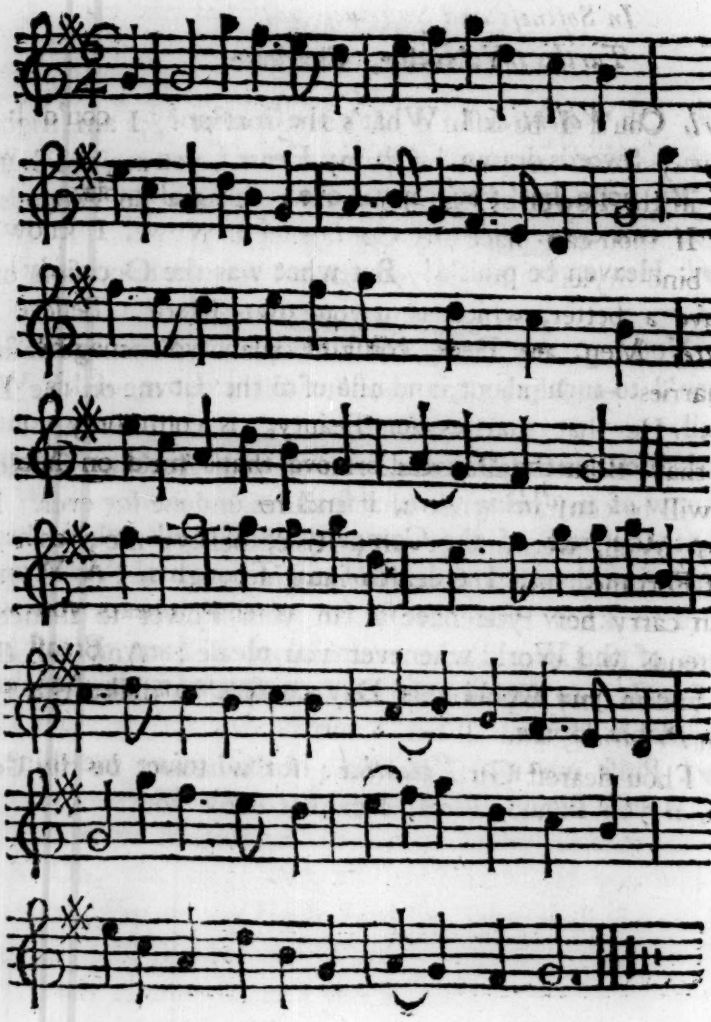
Val. Nothing, my Dear, but a Couple of Fencing-Maſters—I happen'd to turn about, and one of them cut me on the Back, that's all.

Charl. You ſee the Dangers I run on your Account, ſhould my Aunt know of my being here, I ſhall be undone for ever. Nay, and what the reſt of the Company will think when they ſee me here before them, I dread to imagine.

Val. You know you have it in your Power to ſilence the Tongues of the World whenever you pleaſe: And Oh *Charlotte!* I wiſh you would this Day conſent to make this Houſe your reputable Home.

Charl. Preſs me not, *Valentine:* for whatever be the Conſequence, if you ſhould, I feel, I cannot deny you.

AIR VIII. Spring's a coming.



Virgins wary
Wou'd ne'er miſcarry,
If Lovers wou'd take a Denial or two:
If he purſues her ſtill,
Can ſhe refuſe him ſtill,
What ſhe herſelf hath a mind to do?

Val. *Turtles, tho' with each other they die,*
Shall be leſs conſtant and fond than I:

For

For April's *ſoft Showers,*
Nor June's *ſweet Flowers,*
In Softneſs and Sweetneſs with thee can vie.
Charl. *Turtles tho'*, &c.

Charl. Cou'd I be aſſur'd of your Conſtancy; cou'd I find you always fond and endearing as now; believe me it wou'd not be in the Power of Fortune to make me miſerable.

Val. If thou can place any Confidence in Vows, I know not how to bind myſelf faſter to you, than I have done already; but you have a better, which is in your own Merit. Believe me, *Charlotte*, Men are more conſtant than you imagine. He that marries for Money, is conſtant to the Love of his Wife's Money. He that marries for Beauty, is commonly conſtant while that Beauty laſts, and a Love that's fix'd on Merit as mine, will be conſtant while that endures.

Charl. Well, we muſt all run a Risk, believe me; as to the point of Fortune, it is the leaſt of my Thoughts. A Woman, who can carry her Prudence ſo far as that, cheats you when ſhe pretends to Love. Love reigns alone in every Breaſt it inhabits, and in my Opinion makes us amends for the Abſence of Madam *Prudence*, and all her Train.

Val. Thou deareſt Girl, this Knight ſhall make me thine.

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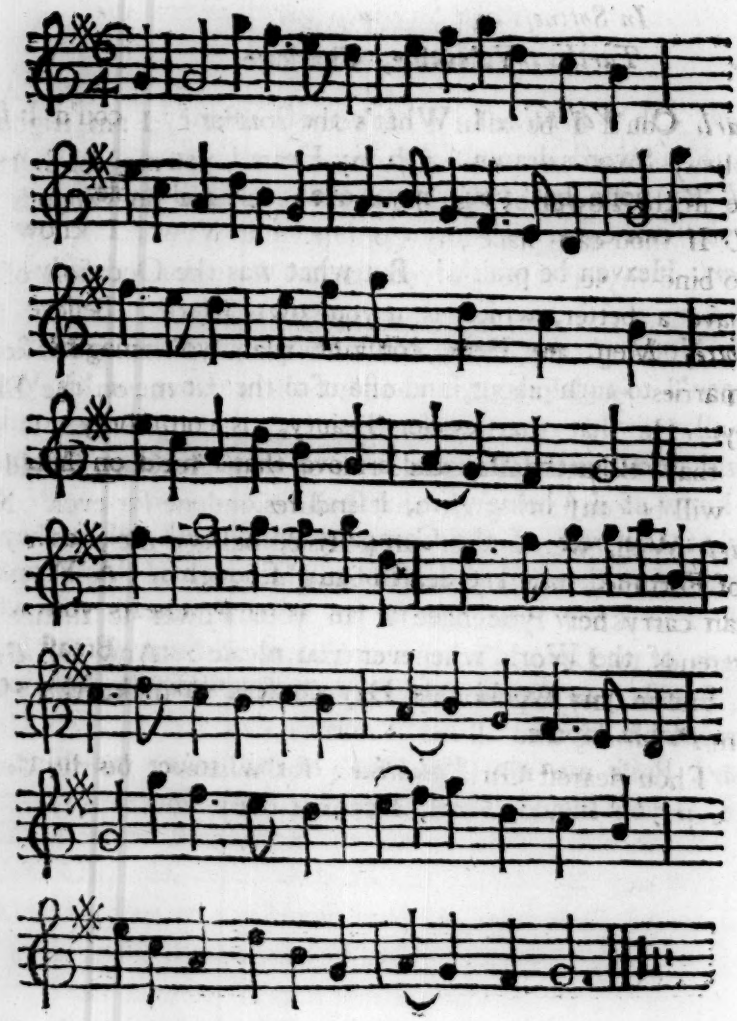

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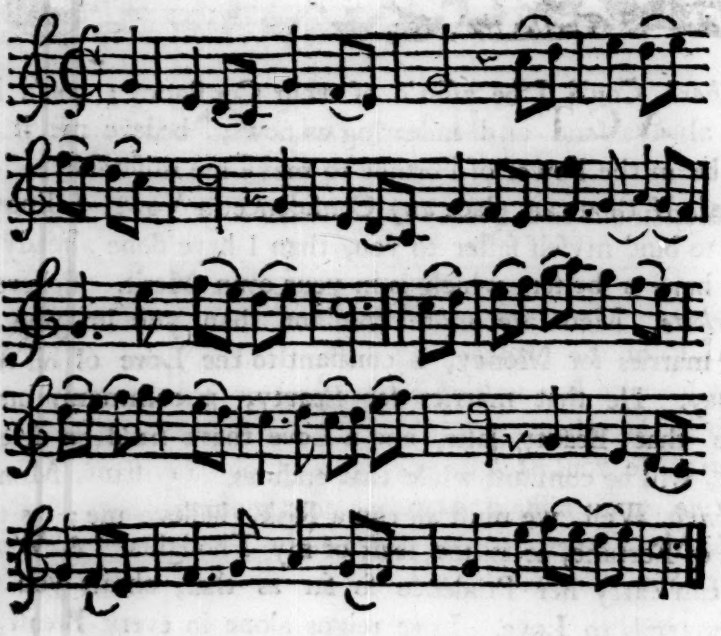
AIR

AIR IX. *Polworth* on the Green.



Come, Charlotte, *let's be gay,*
Let's enjoy ourſelves To-day;
To-morrow's in the Hands of the Powers,
To-day alone is ours.
Let Fools for Wealth,
Spend Time, and Health;
While we, more happy, try,
In each ſoft Kiſs,
Tranſporting Bliſs,
Which Treaſures ne'er can buy.

Charl. *Let Age grave Leſſons preach,*
'Gainſt what ſhe cannot reach;
Let Prudes condemn, what they eſteem,
All Fools our Joys impeach.

Beth. Let Fools, &c.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Valentine *and Company, ſeated as after Dinner.*

VALENTINE.

CALL in the Dancers. I hope, Ladies, your Good-nature will make you as kind to this part of the Entertainment as it hath to the other.

Marg. Je vous felicite de votre Gout raviſſant, Monſieur *Valentine*, mais allons! Dancons nous meſmes.

Val. My Father arriv'd, ſay you?

Lett. Yes, Sir, and will be here inſtantly.

Val. Death and Hell! what ſhall I do, *Lettice!* I muſt truſt to the Contrivance of my Brain, or I am undone.

Lett. Well, I will do the beſt I can for you; in the mean time be not chagrin, enjoy your Friends, and take no Notice of it. I will lie perdue for him, and meet him at the Door. Be ſure to keep cloſe Garriſon, and after I am gone out, open the Doors to none.

Val. Send thee good Luck, my beſt Wench. Come, Gentlemen and Ladies, what ſay you, are you for Cards or Hazard?

All. Hazard, Hazard.

Marg. Hazard! ma voix eſt tousjours pour Hazard!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Goodall, Lettice, *and Servant with a* Portmantua.

Good. This curſed Stage-Coach from *Portſmouth* hath fatigu'd me more than my Voyage from the *Cape of Good-hope:* but

but Heav'n be prais'd, I am once more arriv'd within ſight of my own Doors. I cannot help thinking how pleas'd my Son will be to ſee me returned a full Year ſooner than my Intention.

Lett. He would be much more pleaſed to hear you were at the *Cape of Good-hope* yet. [*Aſide.*

Good. I hope I ſhall find my poor Boy at Home, I dare ſwear he will die with joy to ſee me.

Lett. I believe he is half dead already; but now for you my good Maſter. [*Aſide.*] Bleſs me, what do I ſee? An Apparition?

Good. Lettice!

Lett. Is it my dear Maſter *Goodall* returned, or is it the Devil in his Shape? Is it you, Sir, is it poſitively you yourſelf?

Good. Even ſo. How do you do, *Lettice?*

Lett. Much at your Honour's Service. I am heartily glad to ſee your Honour in ſuch good Health. Why, the Air of the *Indies* hath agreed vaſtly with you. Indeed, Sir, you ought to have ſtay'd a little longer there for the ſake of your Health—— and our Quiet. [*Aſide.*

Good. Well, but how does my Son do? And how hath he behaved himſelf in my Abſence? I hope he hath taken great care of my Affairs.

Lett. I'll anſwer for him, he hath put your Affairs into a Condition that will ſurpriſe you, take my Word for it.

Good. I warrant you, he is every Day in the Alley. Stocks have gone juſt as I imagined, and if he followed my Advice he muſt have amaſſed a vaſt Sum of Money.

Lett. Not a Farthing, Sir.

Good. How, how, how!

Lett. Sir, he hath paid it out as faſt as it came in.

Good. How!

Lett. Put it out I mean, Sir, to Intereſt, to Intereſt. Sir; why, our Houſe hath been a perfect Fair ever ſince you went, People coming for Money every Hour of the Day.

Good. That's very well done, and I long to ſee my dear Boy [*To* Lettice.] knock at the Door.

Lett.

Lett. He is not at home, Sir,—and if you have ſuch a deſire to ſee him——

SCENE III.

Security, Goodall, Lettice.

Sec. Your Servant, Mrs. *Lettice.*

Lett. Your Servant, Mr. *Security*——Here's a Rogue of a Uſurer, who hath found a very proper time to ask for his Money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs. *Lettice*, that I am weary of following your Maſter Day after Day in this manner, without finding him, and that, if he does not pay me To-day, I ſhall ſue out an Execution directly. A thouſand Pounds are a Sum—

Good. What, what, what's this I hear?

Lett. I'll explain it to you by and by, Sir.

Good. Does my Son owe you a thouſand Pounds?

Sec. Your Son, Sir!

Good. Yes, Sir, this Woman's young Maſter, who lives at that Houſe, Mr. *Valentine Goodall* is my Son.

Sec. Yes, Sir, he does, and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

Good. There go two Words tho' to that Bargain.

Lett. I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal of Joy, when you know that his owing this Money, is purely an Effect of his good Conduct.

Good. Good Conduct! Owing Money good Conduct?

Lett. Yes, Sir, he hath bought a Houſe of the Price of two thouſand Pounds, which every one ſays is worth more than four, and this he could not have done without borrowing this thouſand Pound. I am ſure, Sir, I and he, and *Truſty* ran all over the Town to get the Money, that he might not loſe ſo good a Bargain. I believe there will not go many Words to the Payment on't now. [*Aſide.*

Good. I am over-joy'd at my Son's Behaviour.——Sir, you need give yourſelf no pain about the Money; return To-morrow Morning, and you ſhall receive it.

Sec. Sir, your Word is ſufficient for a much greater Sum, and I am your very humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Good. Well, but tell me a little, in what part of the Town hath my Son bought this Houſe.

Lett. In what part of the Town?

Good. Yes, there are, you know, ſome Quarters better than others——as for example, this here——

Lett. Well, and it is in this that it ſtands.

Good. What, not the great Houſe yonder, is it?

Lett. No, no, no, do you ſee that Houſe yonder——where the Windows ſeem to have been juſt cleaned?

Good. Yes.

Lett. It is not that——and a little beyond, you ſee another very large Houſe higher than any other in the Square.

Good. I do.

Lett. But it is not that——Take particular Notice of the Houſe oppoſite to it, a very handſom Houſe, is it not?

Good. Yes, indeed is it.

Lett. That is not the Houſe——but you may ſee one with great Gates before it, almoſt oppoſite to another that fronts a Street, at the End of which ſtands the Houſe which your Son hath bought.

Good. There is no good Houſe in that Street, as I remember, but Mrs. *Highman*'s.

Lett. That's the very Houſe.

Good. That is a very good Bargain, indeed; but how comes a Woman in her Circumſtances to ſell her Houſe?

Lett. It is impoſſible, Sir, to account for Peoples Actions; beſides, ſhe is out of her Senſes.

Good. Out of her Senſes!

Lett. Yes, Sir, her Family hath taken out a Commiſſion of Lunacy againſt her, and her Son, who is a moſt abandon'd Prodigal, hath ſold all ſhe had for half its Value.

Good. Son! why, ſhe was not marry'd when I went away.

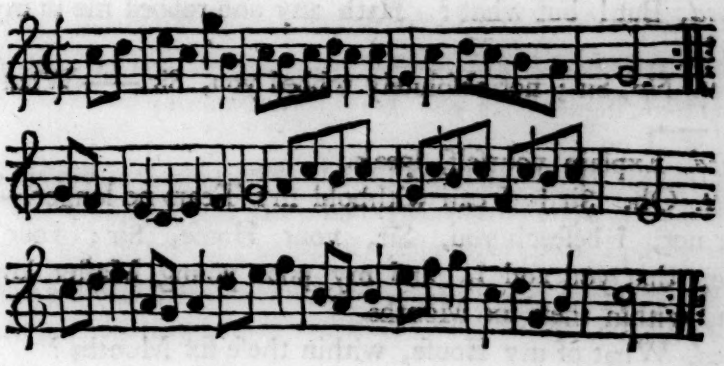
Lett. No, Sir; but to the great Surpriſe of every one, and to the great Scandal of all our Sex, there appeared all of a ſudden a very luſty young Fellow, of the Age of Three and Twenty,

Twenty, whom ſhe owned to have been her Son, and that his Father was a Grenadier in the firſt Regiment of Guards.

Good. Oh, monſtrous!

Lett. Ah, Sir! if every Child in this City knew his own Father; if Children were to inherit only the Eſtates of thoſe who begot them, it would cauſe a great Confuſion in Inheritances.

AIR X. *Pierot's* Dance.



Were all Womens Secrets known,
Did each Father know his own,
Many a Son now bred to Trade,
Then had ſhin'd in rich Brocade;
Many Cits
Had been Wits,
In Eſtate, tho' not in Senſe;
Many Beaux,
Birth-Day Clothes,
Had not worn at Cits Expence:
For did our Women wiſe, indeed,
Contrive no way to mend the Breed,
Our Sparks ſuch pretty Maſters grow,
So ſpruce, ſo taper, and ſo low;

From Britons *tall,*
Our Heroes ſhall
Be Lilliputians all.

Good. Well, but I ſtand here talking too long; knock at the Door.

Lett. What ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

Good. You ſeem in a Conſternation! no Accident hath happened to my Son, I hope!

Lett. No, Sir, but———

Good. But! but what? Hath any one robbed me in my Abſence?

Lett. No, Sir; not abſolutely robbed you, Sir.——What ſhall I ſay?——

Good. Explain yourſelf, ſpeak.

Lett. Oh, Sir! I can withhold my Tears no longer.——Enter not, I beſeech you, Sir, your Houſe, Sir; your dear Houſe, that you and I, and my poor young Maſter lov'd ſo much, within theſe ſix Months.

Good. What of my Houſe, within theſe ſix Months?

Lett. Hath been haunted, Sir, with the moſt terrible Apparitions that were ever heard or beheld! you'd think the Devil himſelf had taken Poſſeſſion of it: Nay, I believe he hath too; all the wild Noiſes in the Univerſe, the ſqueaking of Pigs, the grinding of Knives, the whetting of Saws, the whiſtling of Winds, the roaring of Seas, the hooting of Owls, the howling of Wolves, the braying of Aſſes, the ſqualling of Children, and the ſcolding of Wives, all put together, make not ſo hideous a Conſort. This I myſelf have heard; nay, and I have ſeen ſuch Sights! one with about twenty Heads, and a hundred Eyes, and Mouths, and Noſes in each

Good. Heyday! the Wench is mad. Stand from before the Door! I'll ſee whether the Devil can keep me out from my own Houſe. Haunted indeed!——

Lett. Sir, I have a Friendſhip for you, and you ſhall not go in.

Good.

Good. How! not go into my own Houſe?

Lett. No, Sir, not till the Devil is driven out on't; there are two Prieſts at work upon him now. Hark, I think the Devils are dancing. Nay, Sir, you may liſten yourſelf, and get in too, if you can. [*Laughing within.*

Good. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a Noiſe.

Lett. I have nothing but his monſtrous Superſtition to rely on. [*Shriek within.*

Good. Oh Heavens! what monſtrous Squalling is that?

Lett. Why, Sir, I am ſurpris'd you ſhou'd think I wou'd impoſe upon you. I aſſure you, your Houſe is haunted by a whole Legion of Devils. Your whole Family hath been driven out of it; and this was one Reaſon why your Son bought Madam *Highman*'s Houſe, not being able to live any longer in this.

Good. I am in a cold Sweat! What, my Son left this Houſe!

Lett. Oh! Sir, I am ſure, had you known the Terrors we underwent for a whole Fortnight, eſpecially poor I, Sir, who lay every Night frightned, with the Sight of the moſt monſtrous large things, fearing every Minute what they would do to me ——

Good. Can all this be true, or are you impoſing on me? I have indeed heard of ſuch things as Apparitions, on juſt Cauſes, and believe in them; but why they ſhou'd haunt my Houſe, I can't imagine.

Lett. Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the Houſe, there was a Murder committed in it.

Good. I muſt inquire into all theſe things. But, in the mean time, I muſt ſend this Portmanteau to my Son's new Houſe.

Lett. No, Sir, that's a little improper at preſent.

Good. What, is that Houſe haunted! Hath the Devil taken Poſſeſſion of that Houſe too?

Lett. No, Sir, but Madam *Highman* hath not yet quitted Poſſeſſion of it. I told you before, Sir, that ſhe was out of her Senſes; and if any one does but mention the Sale of her Houſe to her, it throws her into the moſt violent Convulſions.

Good.

Good. Well, well, I ſhall know how to humour her Madneſs.

Lett. I wiſh, Sir, for a Day or two——

Good. You throw me out of all manner of Patience. I am reſolv'd I will go thither this Inſtant.

Lett. Here ſhe is herſelf; but, pray remember the Condition ſhe is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

SCENE IV.

Lettice, Goodall, *Mrs.* Highman.

Mrs. High. What do I ſee! Mr. *Goodall* return'd?

Lett. Yes, Madam, it is him; but alas! he's not himſelf—he's diſtracted; his Loſſes in his Voyage have turn'd his Brain, and he is become a downright Lunatick.

Mrs. High. I am heartily concern'd for his Misfortune. Poor Gentleman!

Lett. If he ſhou'd ſpeak to you by chance, have no Regard to what he ſays; we are going to ſhut him up in a Mad-houſe, with all Expedition.

Mrs. High. [*Aſide.*] He hath a ſtrange wand'ring in his Countenance.

Good. [*Aſide.*] How miſerably ſhe is alter'd! She hath a terrible Look with her Eyes.

Mrs. High. Mr. *Goodall*, your very humble Servant. I am glad to ſee you return'd, tho' I am ſorry for your Misfortune.

Good. I muſt have Patience, and truſt in Heaven, and in the Power of the Prieſts, who are now endeavouring to lay theſe wicked Spirits, with which my Houſe is haunted.

Mrs. High. His Houſe haunted! poor Man! but I muſt not contradict him, that wou'd make him worſe.

Good. In the mean time, Mrs. *Highman*, I ſhou'd be oblig'd to you, if you wou'd let me order my Portmanteau to your Houſe.

Mrs. High. My Houſe is at your Service, and I deſire you wou'd uſe it in the ſame manner as your own.

Good.

Good. I wou'd not, Madam, on any Account, inſult your unfortunate Condition. —— *Lettice*, this Lady does not carry any Marks of Madneſs about her.

Lett. She hath ſome lucid Intervals, Sir, but her Fit will ſoon return.

Good. I am extremely ſorry for your Misfortune, Mrs. *Highman*, which indeed, had I not been ſo well aſſur'd of, I cou'd not have believ'd: But I have known ſome in your way, who, during the Intervals of their Fits, have talked very reaſonably; therefore give me leave to ask you the Cauſe of your Phrenſy; for I much queſtion, whether this Commiſſion of Lunacy that has been taken out againſt you, be not without ſufficient Proof.

Mrs. High. A Commiſſion of Lunacy againſt me! me!

Good. Lettice, I ſee ſhe is worſe than I imagin'd.

Mrs. High. However, if you are not more miſchievous than you at preſent ſeem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a Madhouſe.

Good. Confine me! Ha, ha, ha! This is turning the Tables upon me, indeed! But, Mrs. *Highman*, I wou'd not have you be uneaſy that your Houſe is ſold; at leaſt, it is better for you that my Son hath bought it, than another; for you ſhall have an Apartment in it ſtill, in the ſame manner as if it was ſtill your own, and you were in your Senſes.

Mrs. High. What's all this? As if I was ſtill in my Senſes! Let me tell you, Mr. *Goodall*, you are a poor diſtracted Wretch, and ought to have an Apartment in a dark Room, and clean Straw.

Good. Since you come to that, Madam, I ſhall ſhew you the neareſt way out of Doors; and I give you warning to take away your things, for I ſhall fill all the Rooms with Goods within theſe few Days.

SCENE V.

Lettice, Goodall, *Mrs.* Highman, Slap, Conſtable, *and Aſſiſtants.*

Slap. That's the Door, Mr. Conſtable.

Lett. What's to be done now, I wonder? *Conſt.*

Conſt. Open the Door, in the King's Name, or I ſhall break it open.

Good. Who are you, Sir, in the Devil's Name? And what do you want in that Houſe?

Slap. Sir, I have a Priſoner there, and I have my Lord-Chief-Juſtice's Warrant againſt him.

Good. For what Sum, Sir? Are you a Juſtice of Peace?

Slap. I am one of his Majeſty's Officers, Sir; and this Day I arreſted one Mr. *Valentine Goodall*, who lives in this Houſe, for Two Hundred Pounds; his Servants have reſcu'd him, and I have a Judge's Warrant for the Reſcue.

Good. What do I hear? But harkee, Friend, that Houſe that you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it, but a couple of Prieſts who are laying the Devil.

Slap. I warrant you, I lay the Devil better than all the Prieſts in *Europe*. Come, Mr. *Conſtable*, do your Office, I have no time to loſe: Sir, I have ſeveral other Writs to execute before Night.

Lett. I have defended my Paſs as long as I can, and now I think it is no Cowardiſe to ſteal off. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Colonel Bluff, Monſieur la Marqueſs, Slap, Goodall, Conſtable.

Col. What, in the Devil's Name, is the meaning of this Riot? What is the Reaſon, Scoundrels, that you dare diſturb Gentlemen, who are getting as drunk as Lords?

Slap. Sir, we have Authority for what we do.

Col. Damn your Authority, Sir! if you don't go about your Buſineſs, I ſhall ſhow you my Authority, and ſend you all to the Devil.

Slap. It is he! I have a Warrant againſt him too: I wiſh it was in my Pocket.

Conſt. Mr. *Slap*, ſhall we knock him down?

Slap. Sir, I deſire you wou'd give us leave to enter the Houſe and ſeize our Priſoner.

Col.

Col. Not I, upon my Honour, Sir.

Monſ. Que veut due cette Bruit quelle vilain Anglois! quelle pouſcon ventre bleu! allons! Monſieur le Colonel! allons! frappons!

Slap. If you oppoſe us any longer, I ſhall proceed to Force.

Col. If you love Force, I'll ſhew you the way, you Dogs.

[Col. *drives them off.*]

Good. I find I am diſtracted, I am ſtark raving mad, I am undone, ruin'd! cheated, impos'd on! but pleaſe Heaven I'll go ſee what's in my Houſe.

Col. Hold, Sir, you muſt not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own Houſe, Sir.

Col. No, Sir, if it be yours, you muſt not come within it.

Monſ. Il ne faut pas entrer icy.

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to ſpeak with the Maſter of the Houſe.

Col. Sir, the Maſter of the Houſe deſires to ſpeak with no ſuch Fellows as you are; you are not fit Company for any of the Gentlemen in this Houſe.

Good. Sir, the Maſter of this Houſe is my Son.

Col. Sir, your moſt obedient humble Servant; I am over-joy'd to ſee you return'd; give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this Gentleman: Monſieur le Marquis Quelque Choſe, le Perre de Monſieur Valentine.

Monſ. Ah, Monſieur que je ſuis ravi de vous voir.

Good. Gentlemen, your moſt obedient humble Servant.

Col. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you have the Honour of being Father to one of the fineſt Gentlemen of the Age: a Man ſo accompliſh'd, ſo well bred, and ſo generous; that I believe he never wou'd part with a Gueſt, while he had a Shilling in his Pocket, nor indeed while he cou'd borrow one.

Good. I believe it indeed, Sir, therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to ſee him.

Col. Be not in ſuch haſte, dear Sir; I want to talk with you about your Affairs; I hope you have had good Succeſs in the *Indies*; have cheated the Company handſomly; and made an immenſe Fortune.

Good. I have no Reaſon to complain.

Col. I am glad on't, Sir, and ſo will your Son, I dare ſwear: and let me tell you, it will be very opportune, he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, what a fine Life he has led ſince you went away: It wou'd do your Heart good, if you was but to know what an Equipage he has kept, what Balls and Entertainments he has made: he is the talk of the whole Town, Sir, a Man wou'd work with Pleaſure for ſuch a Son: he is a Fellow with a Soul, Damn me! Your Fortune won't be thrown away upon him, for get as much as you pleaſe, my Life he ſpends every Farthing.

Good. Pray, Gentlemen, let me ſee this Miracle of a Son of mine.

Col. That you ſhou'd, Sir, long ago, but really, Sir, the Houſe is a little out of order at preſent, there is but one Room furniſh'd in it; and that is ſo full of Company, that I am afraid there wou'd be a ſmall deficiency of Chairs. You can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the Houſe to raiſe any Money upon.

Good. What, all my Pictures gone?

Col. He ſold them firſt; Sir, he was oblig'd to ſell them for the delicacy of his Taſte: He certainly is the modeſteſt young Fellow in the World, and has complain'd to me a hundred times of the indecent Liberty Painters take in expoſing the Breaſts and Limbs of Women; you had indeed, Sir, a very ſcandalous Collection, and he was never eaſy while they were in the Houſe.

SCENE VII.

Valentine, Colonel, Goodall, Monſieur.

Val. My Father return'd, oh, let me throw myſelf at his Feet, and believe me, Sir, I am at once overjoy'd and aſham'd to ſee your Face.

Col. I told you, Sir, he was one of the modeſteſt young Fellows in *England*.

Good. You may very well be aſham'd; but come, let me ſee the inſide of my Houſe; let me ſee that both ſides of my Walls are ſtanding.

Val.

Val. Sir. I have a great deal of Company within, of the firſt Faſhion, and beg you wou'd not expoſe me before them.

Good. Oh, Sir! I am their very humble Servant; I am infinitely oblig'd to all the Perſons of Faſhion, that they will ſo generouſly condeſcend to eat a poor Citizen out of Houſe and Home.

Col. Harkye, *Val*, ſhall we toſs this old Fellow in a Blanket?

Val. Sir, I truſt in your Good-nature and Forgiveneſs; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I ſhou'd live to ſee this Day!

Monſ. Pardie voila Homme extraordinaire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. A Dining-Room.

Lord Pride, *Lord* Puff, *&c.*

L. Pride. I told you, my Lord, it would never hold long; when once the Chariot diſappear'd, I thought the Maſter wou'd ſoon follow.

L. Puff. I help'd him on with a ſmall Lift, the other Day, at Piquet.

L. Pride. Did you do any thing conſiderable?

L. Puff. A mere Trifle, my Lord: It wou'd not have been worth mentioning, if it had been of any other; but I fanſy, in his preſent Circumſtances, it cut pretty deep.

L. Pride. Damn me! there's a Pleaſure in ruining theſe little mechanical Raſcals, when they preſume to rival the extravagant Expences of us Men of Quality.

L. Puff. That ever ſuch Plebeian Scoundrels, who are oblig'd to pay their Debts, ſhou'd preſume to engage with us Men of Quality, who are not!

SCENE IX.

Goodall, Valentine, Charlotte, Colonel, Monſieur, *Lord* Pride, *Lord* Puff, *&c.*

Val. Gentlemen, and Ladies, my Father being juſt arriv'd from the *Indies*, deſires to make one of this good Company.

Good. My good Lords (that I may affront none, by calling him beneath his Title) I am highly ſenſible of the great Honour you do my Self, and my Son, by filling my poor Houſe with your noble Perſons, and your noble Perſons with my poor Wine and Proviſions. I dare ſwear you have been all highly inſtrumental in the Extravagancies of my Son; for which I am very much oblig'd to you, and humbly hope that I ſhall never ſee him, or any of your Faces again.

L. Pride. Brother *Puff*, what does the Fellow mean?

L. Puff. Curſe me, if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my Son hath ruin'd himſelf in ſo good a Company; that when I diſinherit him, he can't fail of being provided for. I promiſe myſelf that your Intereſt will help him to Places and Preferments in abundance.

L. Pride. Sir, any thing in my Power, he may always command.

L. Puff. Or mine.

L. Pride. But let me whiſper a Word in your Ear. —— Your Son is a very extravagant Fellow.

Good. That's very true, Sir; but I hope that you will conſider that you have aſſiſted him in it; and therefore will help his Neceſſities with a Brace of Thouſands.

L. Pride. I don't underſtand you, Sir.

Good. Why then, Sir, that you may underſtand me, I muſt tell you in plain Words, that he owes his Ruin to entertaining ſuch fine Gentlemen as yourſelf.

L. Pride. Me, Sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much Honour in entering into your Doors: But I am glad you have taught me at what diſtance to keep ſuch

ſuch Mechanicks for the future: Come, *Puff*, let's to the Opera. I ſee, if a Man hath not good Blood in his Veins, Riches won't teach him to behave like a Gentleman.

L. Puff. Cannille! [*Exeunt L.* Pride *and L.* Puff.

Good. S'bodlikins! I am in a Rage; that ever a Fellow ſhou'd upbraid me with good Blood in his Veins, when, Odſheart! the beſt Blood in his Veins hath run thro' my Bottles.

1 *Lady.* My Lord *Pride*, and my Lord *Puff*, gone! Come, my Dear, the Aſſembly is broke up; let us make haſte away, or we ſhall be too late for any other.

2 *Lady.* With all my Heart, for I am heartily ſick of this.

3. *Lady.* Come, come, come; away, away!

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Monſ. Allons, quittons le Bourgion.

Col. Sir, you are a Scrub; and if I had not a Friendſhip for your Son; I'd ſhew you how you ought to treat People of Faſhion. [*Exeunt* Col. *and* Monſieur.

Charl. Poor *Valentine!* how tenderly I feel his Misfortunes!

Good. Why don't you follow your Companions, Sir?

Val. Ah! Sir, I am ſo ſenſible of what I have done, that I could fly into a Deſart from the Apprehenſions of your juſt Wrath; nay, I will, unleſs you can forgive me.

Good. Who are you, Madam, that ſtay behind the reſt of your Company? There is no more Miſchief to be done here, ſo there is no more Buſineſs for a fine Lady.

Char. Sir, I ſtay to intreat you to forgive your poor unhappy Son, who will otherwiſe ſink under the weight of your Diſpleaſure.

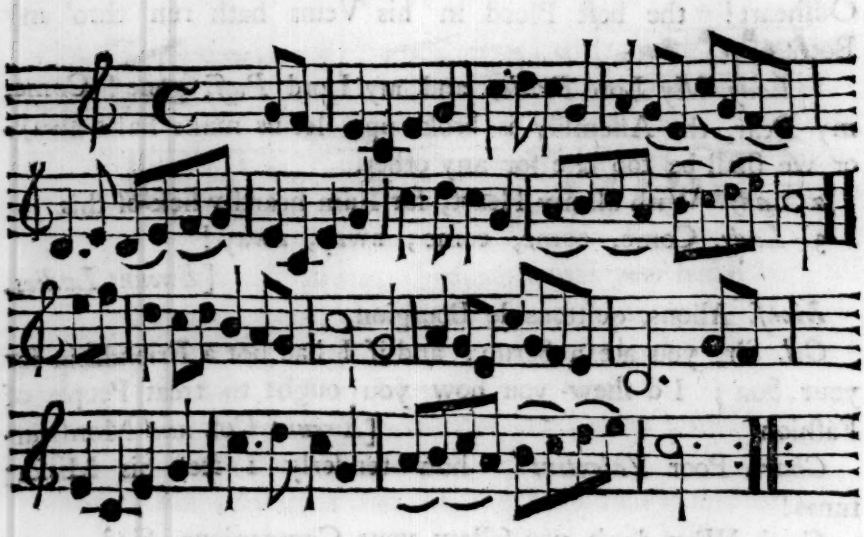
Good. Ah, Madam, if that be all the Buſineſs, you may leave this Houſe as ſoon as you pleaſe; for him I am determin'd to turn directly out on't.

Charl. Then, Sir, I am determin'd to go with him. Be comforted, *Valentine*, I have ſome Fortune which my Aunt cannot prevent me from, and it will make us happy, for a while at leaſt; and I prefer a Year, a Month, a Day, with the Man I love, to a whole ſtupid Age without him.

Val.

Val. O, my dear Love! and I prefer an Hour with thee, to all that Heaven can give me. Oh! I am ſo bleſt, that Fortune cannot make me miſerable.

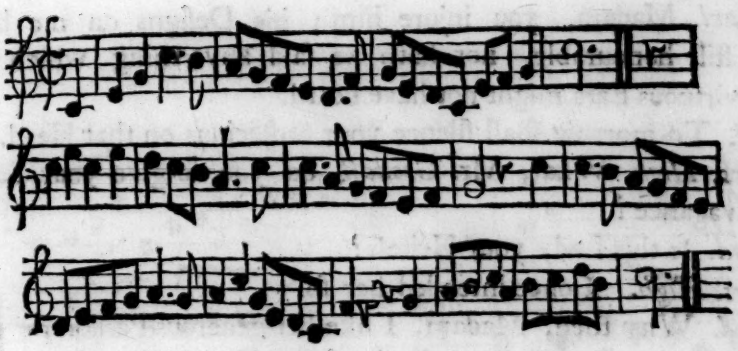
AIR XI. The Laſs of *Patie*'s Mill.



Thus when the Tempeſt high,
Roars dreadful from above,
The Conſtant Turtles fly
Together to the Grove:
Each ſpreads its tender Wings,
And hovers o'er its Mate;
They kiſs, they cooe, and ſing,
And love, in ſpite of Fate.

AIR.

AIR XII.



My tender Heart me long beguil'd,
I now firſt my Paſſions prov'd;
Had Fortune on you ever ſmil'd,
I'd known not how I lov'd.
Baſe Paſſions, like baſe Metals, cold,
With true may ſeem the ſame;
But wou'd you know true Love and Gold,
Still try them in the Flame.

SCENE X.

Goodall, Valentine, Charlotte, Oldcaſtle, *Mrs.* Highman.

Old. Here, Madam, now you may truſt your own Eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs. High. What do I ſee? My Neice in the very Arms of her Betrayer, and his Father an Abettor of the Injuſtice! —— Sir, give me leave to tell you, your Madneſs is a poor Excuſe for this Behaviour.

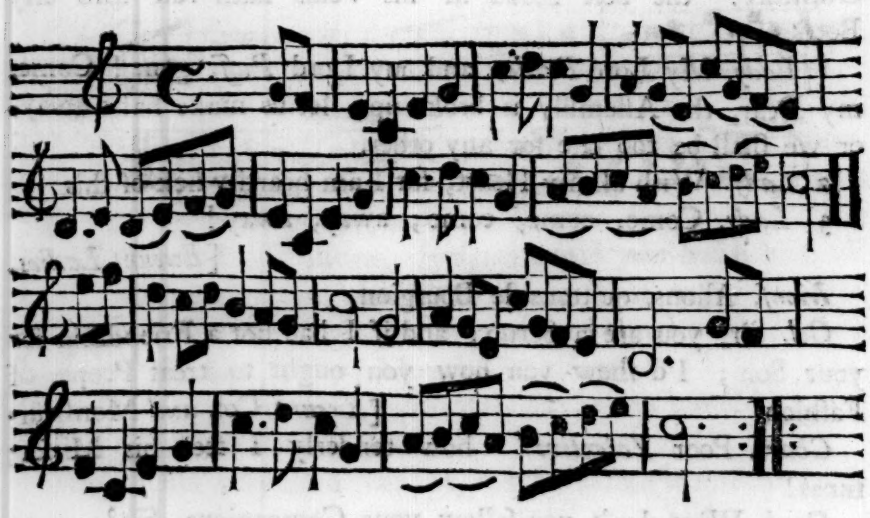
Good. Madam, I ask your Pardon for what I ſaid to you to-day. I was impos'd on by a vile Wretch, who, I dare ſwear, miſrepreſented each of us to the other. I aſſure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you ſo.

Mrs. High. Thou vile Wretch, thou Diſhonour of thy Family! How doſt thou dare to appear before my Face?

Charl. Madam, I have done nothing to be aſham'd of; and I dare appear before any one's Face. *Good.*

Val. O, my dear Love! and I prefer an Hour with thee, to all that Heaven can give me. Oh! I am ſo bleſt, that Fortune cannot make me miſerable.

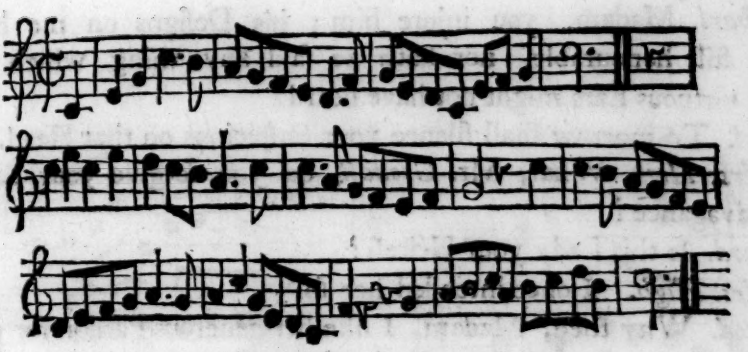
AIR XI. The Laſs of *Patie*'s Mill.



Thus when the Tempeſt high,
Roars dreadful from above,
The Conſtant Turtles fly
Together to the Grove:
Each ſpreads its tender Wings,
And hovers o'er its Mate;
They kiſs, they cooe, and ſing,
And love, in ſpite of Fate.

AIR.

AIR XII.



My tender Heart me long beguil'd,
I now firſt my Paſſions prov'd;
Had Fortune on you ever ſmil'd,
I'd known not how I lov'd.
Baſe Paſſions, like baſe Metals, cold,
With true may ſeem the ſame;
But wou'd you know true Love and Gold,
Still try them in the Flame.

SCENE X.

Goodall, Valentine, Charlotte, Oldcaſtle, *Mrs.* Highman.

Old. Here, Madam, now you may truſt your own Eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs. High. What do I ſee? My Neice in the very Arms of her Betrayer, and his Father an Abettor of the Injuſtice!—— Sir, give me leave to tell you, your Madneſs is a poor Excuſe for this Behaviour.

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Mrs. High. Thou vile Wretch, thou Diſhonour of thy Family! How doſt thou dare to appear before my Face?

Charl. Madam, I have done nothing to be aſham'd of; and I dare appear before any one's Face.

Good.

Good. Is this young Lady a Relation of yours?

Mrs. High. She was, before your Son had accompliſh'd his baſe Deſigns on her.

Charl. Madam, you injure him; his Deſigns on me have been ſtill honourable, nor hath he ſaid any thing which the moſt virtuous Ears might not have heard.

Val. To-morrow ſhall ſilence your Suſpicions on that Head.

Mrs. High. What, Mr. *Goodall*, do you forgive your Son's Extravagance?

Good. Is this Lady your Heireſs?

Mrs. High. I once intended her ſo.

Good. Why then, Madam, I like her generous Paſſion for my Son ſo much, that if you will give her a Fortune equal to what I ſhall ſettle on him, I ſhall not prevent their Happineſs.

Mrs. High. Won't you? And I ſee ſhe is ſo intirely his, in her Heart, that ſince he hath not dared to think diſhonourably of her, I ſhall do all in my Power to make it a Bargain.

Val. Eternal Bleſſings on you both! Now, my *Charlotte*, I am bleſs'd indeed.

Old. And pray, Madam, what's to become of me?

Mrs. High. That, Sir, I cannot poſſibly tell; you know I was your Friend; but my Neice thought fit to diſpoſe of herſelf another way.

Old. Your Neice has behaved like a——— Bodikins! I am in a Paſſion; and for her ſake, I'll never make Love to any Woman again, I am reſolv'd. [*Exit in a Pet.*

Mrs. High. No imprudent Reſolution.

Good. I hope, *Valentine*, you will make the only Return in your Power to my paternal Tenderneſs in forgiving you; and let the Miſery you ſo narrowly eſcap'd, from your former Extravagancies, be a Warning to you for the future.

Val. Sir, was my Gratitude to your great Goodneſs inſufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any Vice, whereby this Lady might be a Sufferer.

Single, I'd ſuffer Fate's ſevereſt Dart
Unmov'd; but who can bear the double Smart,
When Sorrow preys upon the fair One's Heart.

F I N I S.

DON QUIXOTE

IN

ENGLAND.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE in the *Hay-Market.*

By *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;

——— ——— ——— *facilè quis*
Speret idem, ſudet multùm, fruſtráque laboret,
Auſus idem ——— Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

MDCCLIV.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

To the Right Honourable

PHILIP

EARL of CHESTERFIELD,

Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the GARTER.

MY LORD,

HOWEVER unworthy theſe Scenes may be of Your LORDSHIP's Protection, the Deſign with which ſome of them

were written, cannot fail of recommending them to ONE who hath ſo glorioufly diſtinguiſhed Himſelf in the Cauſe of Liberty, to which the Corruption I have here endeavoured to expoſe, may one Day be a very fatal Enemy.

The Freedom of the Stage is, perhaps, as well worth contending for, as that of the Preſs. It is the Opinion of an Author well known to Your LORDSHIP, that Examples work quicker and ſtronger on the Minds of Men than Precepts.

This will, I believe, my LORD, be found truer with regard

regard to Politics than to Ethics: The moſt ridiculous Exhibitions of Luxury or Avarice may likewiſe have little Effect on the Senſualiſt or the Miſer; but I fanſy a lively Repreſentation of the Calamities brought on a Country by general Corruption, might have a very ſenſible and uſetul Effect on the Spectators.

Socrates, who owed his Deſtruction greatly to the Contempt brought on him by the Comedies of *Ariſtophanes*, is a laſting Inſtance of the Force of Theatrical Ridicule: Here, indeed, this Weapon was uſed to an ill Purpoſe;

but ſurely, what is able to bring Wiſdom and Virtue into Diſrepute, will with great Facility lay their Oppoſites under a general Contempt. There are among us who ſeem ſo ſenſible of the Danger of Wit and Humour, that they are reſolved to have nothing to do with them: And indeed they are in the right on't; for Wit, like Hunger, will be with great Difficulty reſtrained from falling on, where there is great Plenty and Variety of Food.

But while the powerful Sons of Dulneſs ſhed all their Influence on their inferior Brethren,

thren, be You, My LORD, who are the moſt favourite Offspring of the *Britiſh* Muſes, the Patron of their younger Children; whom Your LORDSHIP has as much Reaſon to love, as others to fear; for you muſt have ſeen, that to be celebrated by them, and applauded by the more diſcerning and worthy, are the only Rewards which true Patriotiſm (a Word ſcandalouſly ridicul'd by ſome) can ſecurely expect. And here I am pleading the Cauſe of others; for the only Title I have to inrol myſelf in the Number of thoſe I have recommended to Your Fa-

vour, is by being, with the moſt perfect Admiration and Reſpect,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's *moſt obedient*

and moſt humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE.

THIS Comedy was begun at Leyden *in the Year* 1728, *and after it had been ſketched out into a few looſe Scenes, was thrown by, and for a long while no more thought of. It was originally writ for my private Amuſement; as it would indeed have been little leſs than Quixotiſm itſelf to hope any other Fruits from attempting Characters wherein the inimitable* Cervantes *ſo far excelled. The Impoſſibility of going beyond, and the extreme Difficulty of keeping pace with him, were ſufficient to infuſe Deſpair into a very adventurous Author.*

I ſoon diſcovered too, that my too ſmall Experience in, and little Knowledge of the World, had led me into an Error. I ſoon found it infinitely more difficult than I imagined, to vary the Scene, and give my Knight

Knight an Opportunity of diſplaying himſelf in a different manner from that wherein he appears in the Romance. Human Nature is every where the ſame. And the Modes and Habits of particular Nations do not change it enough, ſufficiently to diſtinguiſh a Quixote *in* England *from a* Quixote *in* Spain.

In theſe Sentiments Mr. Booth *and Mr.* Cibber *concurred with me, who, upon ſeeing the aforeſaid Sketch, both diſſuaded me from ſuffering it to be repreſented on the Stage; and accordingly it was remanded back to my Shelf, where, probably, it would have periſhed in Oblivion, had not the Solicitations of the diſtreſt Actors in* Drury-Lane *prevail'd on me to reviſe it, at the ſame time that it came into my Head to add thoſe Scenes concerning our Elections.*

Being thus altered, it was often rehearſed on that Theatre, and a particular Day appointed for its Action; but the Giant Cajanus, *of a Race who were always*

Enemies

Enemies to our poor Don, *deferred his Appearance ſo long, that the Intervention of the Actor's Benefits would have put it off till the next Seaſon, had I not brought it on where now it appears.*

I have troubled the Reader thus long, to account for this Comedy's appearing as it now does, and that he might diſtinguiſh thoſe Parts of it which were the Production of this Seaſon from thoſe which were written in my more juvenile Years, and before moſt of the Pieces with which I have endeavoured to entertain the Public.

A

TABLE of the SONGS.

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Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don Quixote,	Mr. *Roberts.*
Sancho,	Mr. *Mullart.*
Sir Thomas Loveland,	Mr. *Machen.*
Squire Badger,	Mr. *Macklin.*
Fairlove,	Mr. *Warwell.*
Mayor,	Mr. *Turbutt.*
Voter,	Mr. *Machen.*
Guzzle,	Mr. *Jones.*
John,	Mr. *Hewſon.*
Brief, *a Lawyer,*	Mr. *Topham.*
Dr. Drench, *a Phyſician,*	Mr. *Hallam.*
Mr. Sneak,	Mr. *Hicks.*

WOMEN.

Dorothea,	Miſs *Atherton.*
Jezebel,	Mrs. *Hide.*
Mrs. Guzzle,	Mrs. *Martin.*
Mrs. Sneak,	Mrs. *Egerton.*
Miſs Sneak,	Miſs. *Jones.*

Stage-Coachman and Mob.

SCENE, *An Inn in a Country Borough.*

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

MANAGER, AUTHOR.

MANAGER.

NO Prologue, Sir! The Audience will never bear it. They will not bate you any thing of their due.

Auth. I am the Audience's very humble Servant; but they cannot make a Man write a Prologue, whether he can or no.

Man. Why, Sir, there is nothing eaſier: I have known an Author bring three or four to the Houſe with one Play, and give us our Choice which we would ſpeak.

Auth. Yes, Sir, and I have now three in my Pocket, written by Friends, of which I chooſe none ſhould be ſpoke.

Man. How ſo?

Auth. Becauſe they have been all ſpoke already twenty times over.

Man. Let me ſee them, pray.

Auth. They are written in ſuch damn'd cramp Hands, you will never be able to read them; but I will tell you the Subſtance of them. One of them begins with abuſing the Writings of all my Cotemporaries, lamenting the fallen State of the Stage; and laſtly, aſſuring the Audience that this Play was written with a Deſign to reſtore true Taſte, and their approving it is the beſt Symptom they can give of their having any.

Man.

Man. Well, and a very good Scheme.

Auth. May be ſo; but it hath been the Subject of almoſt every Prologue for theſe ten Years laſt paſt. The Second is in a different Caſt: The firſt twelve Lines inveigh againſt all Indecency on the Stage, and the laſt twenty Lines ſhew you what it is.

Man. That would do better for an Epilogue: But what is the Third?

Auth. Why, the Third has ſome Wit in it, and would have done very well, but for a Miſtake.

Man. Ay! What Miſtake?

Auth. Why, the Author never read my Play, and taking it for a regular Comedy of Five Acts, hath fallen very ſeverely on Farce: However, it is a pretty good one, and will do very well for the firſt genteel Comedy you bring on the Stage.

Man. But don't you think a Play, with ſo odd a Title as yours, requires to be a little explained? May they not be too much ſurpris'd at ſome things?

Auth. Not at all. The Audience, I believe, are all acquainted with the Character of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*. I have brought them over into *England*, and introduced them at an Inn in the Country, where, I believe, no one will be ſurpris'd that the Knight finds ſeveral People as mad as himſelf. This I could have told them in forty dull Lines, if I would, but I rather choſe to let it alone; for, to tell you the Truth, I can draw but one Concluſion from the Prologues I have ever ſeen, that the Authors are ſo ſenſible of the Demerits of their Plays, that they deſire to ſet the Audience aſleep before they begin: But of what real Uſe is a Bill of Fare to any Entertainment, where the Gueſts are not left to their Choice what Part they will pick at, but are oblig'd to ſwallow the Whole Indifferently?

Enter

Enter a Player.

Play. Sir, the Audience make ſuch a Noiſe with their Canes, that, if we don't begin immediately, they will beat the Houſe down before the Play begins; and it is not adviſable to put them out of Humour, for there are two or three of the loudeſt Cat-calls, in the Gallery, that ever were heard.

Auth. Be not frightned at that. Thoſe are only ſome particular Friends of mine, who are to put on the Face of Enemies at firſt, and be converted at the End of the Firſt Act.

Man. Order then to play away the Overture immediately. Come, Sir, what do you do with yourſelf?

Auth. I ſhall diſpoſe myſelf in ſome Part of the Houſe, where I ſhall ſee, and not be ſeen: And I can aſſure you, Sir, if the Audience are but half as well entertain'd with this Play, as I ſhall be myſelf, it will go off with univerſal Applauſe.

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

GUZZLE, SANCHO.

GUZZLE.

NEVER tell me, Sir, of Don *Quixote*, or Don *Beelzebub*; here's a Man comes into my Houſe, and eats me out on't, and then tells me he's a Knight-Errant; he is an arrant Rogue, and if he does not pay me my Bill, I'll have a Warrant for him.

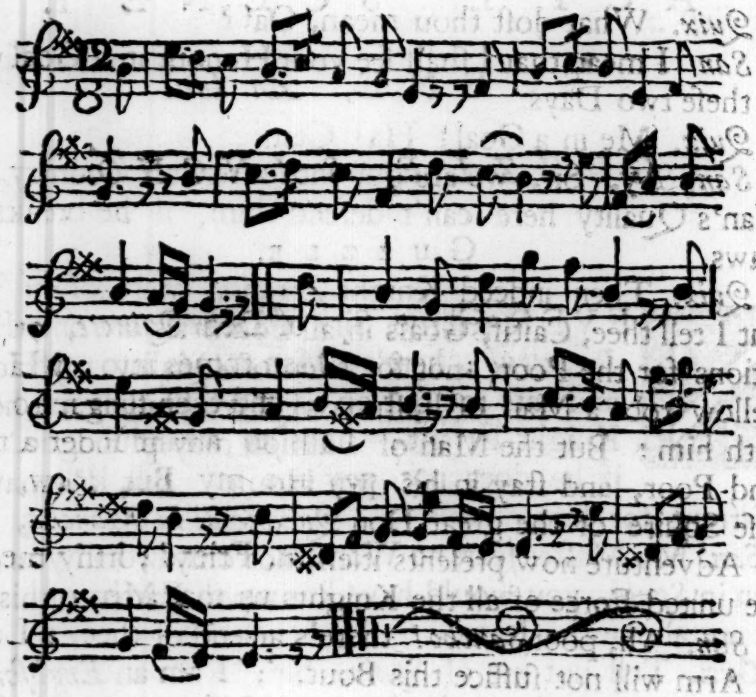
San. My Maſter fears no Warrant, Friend; had you ever been in *Spain*, you would have known that Men of his Order are above the Law.

Guz. Tell not me of *Spain*, Sir; I am an *Engliſhman*, where no one is above the Law; and if your Maſter does not pay me, I ſhall lay his *Spaniardſhip* faſt in a Place, which he ſhall find it as difficult to get out of, as your Countrymen have found it to get into *Gibraltar*.

San. That's neither here nor there, as the old Saying is; many are ſhut into one Place, and out of another. Men bar Houſes to keep Rogues out, and Jails to keep them in. He that's hang'd for ſtealing a Horſe to-day, has no reaſon to buy Oats for him to-morrow.

Guz. Sirrah, your Horſe, nor your Aſs neither, ſhall have any more Oats at my Expence; never were Maſters and their Beaſts ſo like one another. The *Don* is juſt ſuch another lean Ramſcallion as his —— what d'ye call him—his *Rozinante*; and thou art juſt ſuch another ſquat Bag of Guts as thy *Dapple.* Send my Houſe and my Stable once well emptied of you, and if ever I ſuffer a *Spaniard* to enter my Doors again, may I have a whole Company of Soldiers quartered on me; for if I muſt be eaten up, I had rather ſuffer by my own Country Rogues, than foreign ones. [*Exit.*

A I R I.



San. *Rogues there are of each Nation,*
Except among the Divines;
And Vinegar, ſince the Creation,
Hath ſtill been made of all Wines.

Againſt

Againſt one Lawyer Lurch
A County ſcarce can guard;
One Parſon does for a Church,
One Doctor for a Churchyard.

SCENE II.

Don Quixote, Sancho.

Quix. Sancho!

San. An't pleaſe your Honour ——

Quix. Come hither, *Sancho*, I ſmell an Adventure.

San. And ſo do I, an't pleaſe your Worſhip; the Landlord of the Houſe ſwears bitterly that he will have a Warrant againſt us.

Quix. What Landlord! What Houſe! Wilt thou never be in thy Senſes? Are we not in a Caſtle?

San. No, marry are we not; but we are in a fair way to be in one.

Quix. What doſt thou mean, Oaf?

San. I mean that I ſhall ſee your Honour in a Goal within theſe two Days.

Quix. Me in a Goal! Ha! Caitif!

San. Ay, Sir, we are got into a terrible Country. A Man's Quality here can't defend him, if he breaks the Laws.

Quix. Then indeed Knight-Errantry were of no Uſe: But I tell thee, Caitif, Goals in all Countries are only Habitations for the Poor, not for Men of Quality. If a poor Fellow robs a Man of Faſhion of Five Shillings, to Goal with him: But the Man of Faſhion may plunder a thouſand Poor, and ſtay in his own Houſe. But know, thou baſe Squire of the great Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, that an Adventure now preſents itſelf, not only worthy me, but the united Force of all the Knights upon Earth.

San. Ah, poor *Sancho!* there's an end of thee, a Leg or an Arm will not ſuffice this Bout.

Quix. There is now arrived in this Caſtle, one of the moſt accurſed Giants that ever infeſted the Earth. He marches at the Head of his Army, that howl like *Turks* in an Engagement.

San. Oh Lud! Oh Lud! this is the Country Squire at the Head of his Pack of Dogs.

Quix. What doſt thou mutter, Varlet?

San. Why, Sir, this Giant that your Worſhip talks of, is a Country Gentleman who is going a courting, and his Army is neither more nor leſs than his Kennel of Fox-hounds.

Quix. Oh, the prodigious Force of Inchantment! Sirrah, I tell thee this is the Giant *Toglogmoglogog*, Lord of the Iſland of *Gogmogog*, whoſe Belly hath been the Tomb of above a thouſand ſtrong Men.

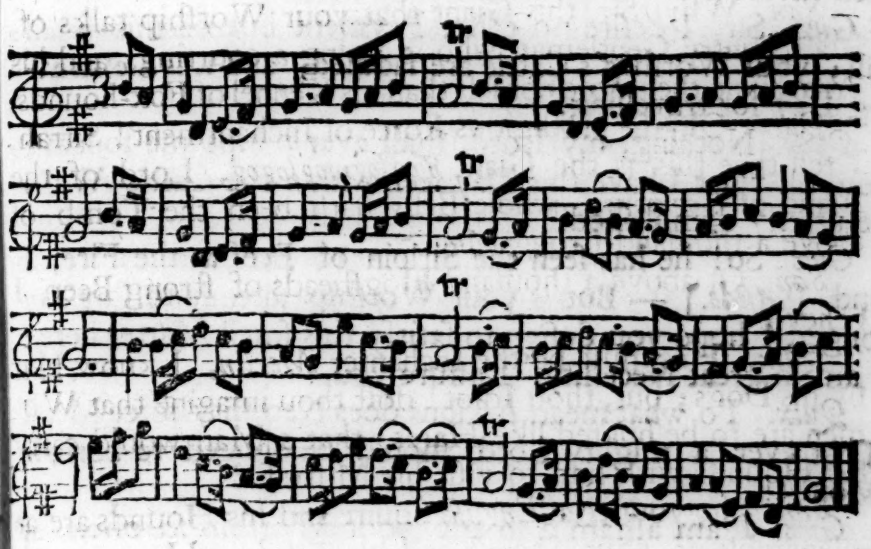
San. Of above a thouſand Hogſheads of ſtrong Beer, I believe.

Quix. This muſt be the Inchanter *Merlin*, I know him by his Dogs; but, thou Idiot! doſt thou imagine that Women are to be hunted like Hares, that a Man would carry his Hounds with him to viſit his Miſtreſs?

San. Sir, your true *Engliſh* Squire and his Hounds are as inſeparable as your *Spaniſh* and his *Toledo*. He eats with his Hounds, drinks with his Hounds, and lies with his Hounds; your true Errant *Engliſh* Squire is but the firſt Dog-Boy in his Houſe.

Quix. 'Tis pity then, that Fortune ſhould contradict the Order of Nature. It was a wiſe Inſtitution of *Plato* to educate Children according to their Minds, not to their Births; theſe Squires ſhould ſow that Corn which they ride over. *Sancho*, when I ſee a Gentleman in his own Coach-box, I regret the Loſs which ſome one has had of a Coachman; the Man who toils all Day after a Partridge or a Pheaſant, might ſerve his Country by toiling after a Plough; and when I ſee a low, mean, trickling Lord, I lament the Loſs of an excellent Attorney. [*Singing within.*] But, hark, ſome courteous Lady in the Caſtle prepares an Entertainment for my Ears.

AIR II. *Tweed* Side.



Oh! think not the Maid whom you ſcorn,
With Riches delighted can be;
Had I a great Princeſs been born,
My Billy *had dear been to me.*
In Grandeur and Wealth we find Woe,
In Love there is nothing but Charms;
On others your Treaſures beſtow,
Give Billy *alone to theſe Arms.*

In Title and Wealth what is loſt,
In Tenderneſs oft' is repaid;
Too much a great Fortune may coſt;
Well purchas'd may be the poor Maid.
Let Gold's empty Show cheat the Great;
We more real Pleaſures will prove;
While they in their Palaces hate,
We in our poor Cottage will love.

SCENE III.

Don Quixote, Guzzle, Sancho.

Quix. Moſt illuſtrious and moſt mighty Lord, how ſhall

I ſufficiently pay you for thoſe Sounds with which I have been raviſh'd?

Guz. Sir, I deſire no other Payment but of this ſmall Bill; your Worſhip's Cattle are ſaddled, and it is a charming Day for travelling.

Quix. Nothing, my Lord, ſhall ever tempt me to leave you, till what I have this Day ſeen within the Caſtle-Walls be utterly demoliſhed.

Guz. So! he has ſeen the Sirloin of Beef at the Fire, I find. [*Aſide.*] — But if your Worſhip intends to ſtay any longer, I hope you deſign to ſatisfy this ſmall Matter here: I am in great Neceſſity, I aſſure you.

Quix. To what mean Actions does Neceſſity force Men! That ever a mighty Lord ſhould be obliged to borrow Money!

Guz. I am aſham'd to ask your Worſhip ſo often for this Trifle, but ———

Quix. My Lord, I ſee you are; I ſee the generous Confuſion which ſpreads your Face.

Guz. I am ſo poor, an't pleaſe your Honour, that it will be quite Charity in you. It is the ſame as if you gave it me.

Quix. My Lord, I am more confus'd than you; but do not think it a Gift, ſince I ſee you ſo backward to receive it in that Light. And ſince, my Lord, every thing I have, ſaving to the charming *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, her fixt and unalterable Right, be juſtly yours. Give me leave to call it a Debt, my Lord. *Sancho*, pay his Lordſhip a thouſand *Engliſh* Guineas.

San. If your Worſhip will pleaſe to tell me where I ſhall get them; but there's no paying with an empty Hand; where nothing is, nothing can come on't. Twelve Lawyers make not one honeſt Man.

Quix. Ceaſe thy Impertinence, and pay the Money immediately.

San. If I have ſeen the Colour of Gold this Fortnight, may I never ſee *Tereſa Pancha* again.

Quix. I am confounded, my Lord, at the Extravagance of my Squire, who, out of the Spoils of ſo many Giants he hath plunder'd, ſhould not have reſerv'd enough to oblige your Lordſhip with ſuch a Trifle; but, if you know any

one

one who will diſemburſe that Sum, or any other, I will ſell him the Reverſion of the next Iſland I conquer.

Guz. Do you make a Jeſt of me, Sir?

Quix. Be not incens'd; I am ſorry I am not able to give it you.

Guz. Sorry, forſooth! a pretty way of paying Debts, truly; I fanſy if I was to tell the Exciſeman, and my Brewer, I was ſorry I could not pay 'em, they would ſend me and my Sorrow to Goal together: In ſhort, Sir, I muſt and I will have my Money.

San. You muſt get the *Philoſophers Stone*, before you can make any Money of us.

Guz. You ſhall neither eat nor drink any more in my Houſe, 'till I am paid, that I'm reſolv'd.

San. I wiſh your Worſhip would think of changing your Quarters; if it muſt be a Blanketing, why let it be a Blanketing. I have not eat any thing theſe twelve hours; and I don't find I am like to fare much better for the next twelve; and by that time I ſhall be ſo light, you may as well toſs a Feather in a Blanket.

Quix. *Sancho*, come hither; I intend to make thee my Ambaſſador.

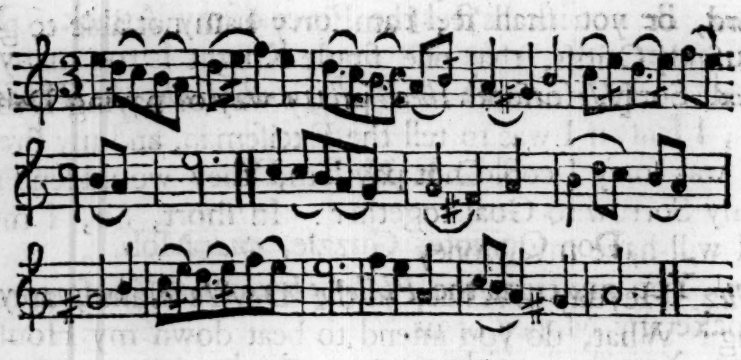
San. Why truly, Sir, that's a Poſt I ſhould like hugeouſly well; your Baſſadours lead rare fat Lives, they ſay; and I ſhould make a very good Baſſadour, I can aſſure your Worſhip.

Quix. Thou ſhalt go my Ambaſſador to the Court of *Dulcinea del Toboſo.*

San. I ſuppoſe it is equal to your Worſhip what Court you ſend me to; and, to ſay the Truth, I had rather go to ſome other; for tho' my Lady *Dulcinea* be a very good Woman, yet ſhe has got ſuch a waundy Trick of being chanted, and I fanſy your Baſſadours fare but ill at your chanted Courts.

Quix. Reptile! reply not on thy Life, but go and prepare thyſelf for thy Journey; then come to me and receive farther Inſtructions, for thou ſhalt ſet out this very Evening.——But, Ha! the charming Voice begins again.

AIR III. Why will *Florella*, &c.



[Dorothea *ſings within.*]

The Pain which tears my throbbing Breaſt,
What Language can deplore?
For how ſhould Language have expreſt
A Pain ne'er felt before?
In other Virgin wounded Hearts,
Love's cruel Sport we ſee;
But the moſt cruel of his Darts,
He has reſerv'd for me.

Quix. Unhappy Princeſs!

Dor. *Thy Curſe, O* Tantalus! *I'd prize;*
Thy Curſe a Bliſs would prove.
Ah! Heaven were kind, if with my Eyes
I could enjoy my Love.
Inchanted thus, Romances tell
Their Moans poor Virgins make;
But where is found the powerful Spell,
Can this Inchantment break?

Quix. In this Arm 'tis found. Look forth, moſt adorable, tho' moſt unhappy Princeſs; look forth, and behold whom Fate hath ſent to your Relief; the moſt renowned Knight of the woful Figure, the invincible *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, for whoſe victorious Arm alone this Adventure

venture is reſerv'd.——Oh curſed Inchanter, doſt thou keep this charming Princeſs inviſible to my Eyes? Open the Caſtle-Gates, open them this Inſtant, whoever is on the Guard, or you ſhall feel the Force of my Attack. You ſhall find, Caitifs, that one ſingle Knight is too many for you all. [*He attacks the Walls, and breaks the Windows.*

SCENE IV.

Don Quixote, Guzzle, *and* Mob.

Guz. Heyday! What, in the Devil's Name, are you doing? What, do you intend to beat down my Houſe?

Quix. Thou moſt uncourteous Lord, deliver the Princeſs whom thou ſo unjuſtly doſt detain; or think not that all the Inchanters on Earth ſhall preſerve thee from my Vengeance.

Guz. Don't tell me of Princeſſes and Lords, I'm no Lord, I am an honeſt Man; and I can tell you, you may be a Gentleman, but you don't act like one, to break a poor Man's Windows in this manner.

Quix. Deliver the Princeſs, Caitif.

Guz. Pay me my Bill, Sir, and go out of my Houſe, or I'll fetch a Warrant for you; I'll ſee whether a Man is to have his Victuals eat up, and Drink drank out, and Windows broke, and his Walls ſhatter'd, and his Gueſt diſturb'd, for nothing.

Quix. Ungracious Knight! who ſo often throweſt in my Teeth that ſmall Entertainment, which thou art oblig'd to give Men of my heroic Profeſſion.

Guz. I believe, indeed, your Profeſſion does oblige People ſometimes to give, whether they will or no.

Quix. It is too plain, thou Wretch, why thou wouldeſt have me gone; thou knoweſt the Delivering of this high Lady thou doſt detain, is reſerved for me alone; but deliver her this Moment, with all her Attendants, all her Plate and Jewels which thou haſt robb'd her of.

Guz. Hear this, Neighbours, I am accus'd of ſtealing Plates and Jewels, when every Body knows I have but five Dozen of Plates, and thoſe I bought and paid for honeſtly; and as for Jewels, the Devil of any Jewels are there

there in this Houſe, but two Bobs that my Wife wears in her Ears, which were given her by Sir *Thomas Loveland* at his laſt Election.

Quix. Ceaſe thy Equivocations, and deliver them this Inſtant, or thou ſhalt find how vainly thou doſt truſt to all thoſe Giants at thy Heels. [*The Mob laugh.*] Do you mock me, Caitifs? Now, thou moſt incomparable *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, aſſiſt thy valiant Knight.

[*He drives them off, and Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Chamber.*

Dorothea, Jezebel.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! in ſpite of all my Misfortunes, I cannot help laughing at the pleaſant Adventure of the Knight of the woful Figure.

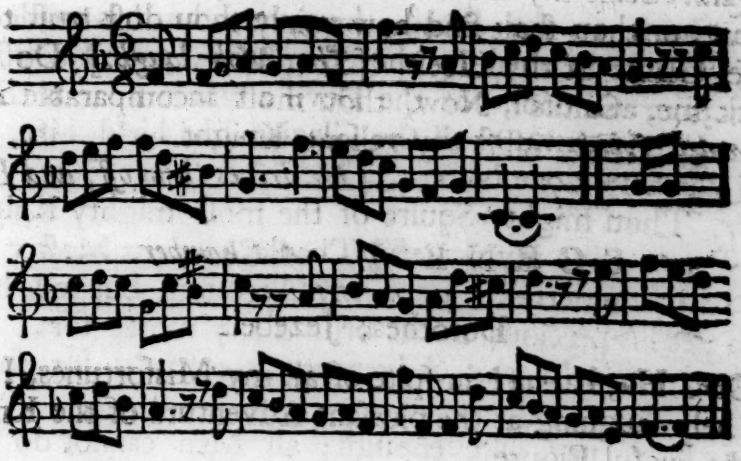
Jez. Do you think, Madam, this is the very ſame *Don*— what d'ye call him, whom your Father ſaw in *Spain*, and of whom he has told us ſuch pure pleaſant Stories?

Dor. The ſame, it can be no other. Oh, *Jezebel!* I wiſh my Adventure may end as happily as thoſe of my Name-ſake *Dorothea*'s did; I am ſure they are very near as romantic: But have not I reaſon to blame *Fairlove* for ſuffering me to be here before him? The Lover that does not outfly his Miſtreſs's Deſires, is ſlow indeed.

Jez. And let me tell you, Madam, he muſt be very ſwift who does.

AIR

AIR IV.



Dor. *Oh haſten my Lover, dear* Cupid,
Wing hither the Youth I admire;
The Wretch is too lazy and ſtupid,
Who leaves me but Time to deſire.
Let Prudes, who leave Lovers in Anguiſh,
Themſelves in their fonder Fits ſtay;
But leave not the Virgin to languiſh,
Who meets her true Lover half way.

Well, I'm a mad Girl: Don't you think this Husband of mine, that is to be, will have a delightful Task to tame me?

Jez. By what I can ſee, he's in a pretty fair way to be tamed himſelf.

SCENE VI.

Sancho, Dorothea, Jezebel.

San. Pray, Ladies, which of you is the chanted Princeſs; or are you both chanted Princeſſes?

Jez. What is it to you what we are, Saucebox?

Dor. Peace, dear *Jezebel.*——This muſt be the illuſtrious *Sancho* himſelf.——I am the Princeſs *Indoccalambria.*

San.

San. My Maſter, the Knight of the Woful Figure (and a woful Figure he makes, ſure enough) ſends your Ladyſhip his humble Service, and hopes you will not take it amiſs that he has not been able to knock all the People in the Houſe on the Head; however, he has made it pretty well up in breaking the Windows; your Ladyſhip will lie pure and cool, for the Devil a whole Pane is there in all your Apartment; if the Glazier had hir'd him, he cou'd not have done better.

Dor. Thou mighty Squire of the moſt mighty Knight upon Earth, give my grateful Thanks to your Maſter for what he has undertaken upon my Account; but tell him not to get his precious Bones bruis'd any more, for I am ſufficiently aſſur'd this Adventure is reſerv'd for ſome other Knight.

San. Nay, nay, like enough; all Men cannot do all things; one Man gets an Eſtate, by what another gets a Halter. All is not Fiſh that ſwims. Many a Man wants a Wife, but more want to get rid of one. Two Cuckolds ſee each other's Horns when neither of them can ſee his own. Money is the Fruit of Evil, as often as the Root of it. Charity ſeldom goes out of her own Houſe; and Ill-nature is always a rambling abroad. Every Woman is a Beauty, if you will believe her own Glaſs; and few, if you will believe her Neighbours.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Mr. *Sancho*, might not one hope to ſee your illuſtrious Maſter?

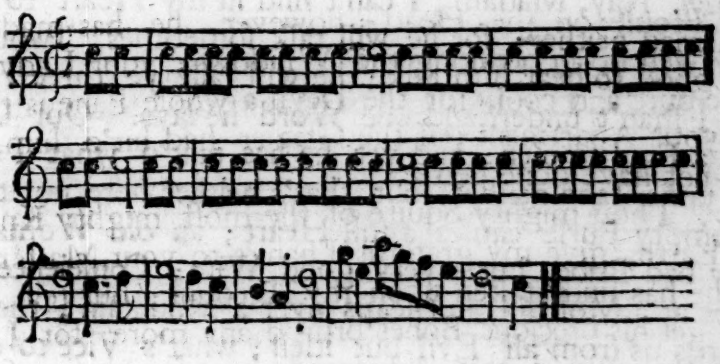
San. Nothing would rejoice his Heart ſo much, Madam, unleſs it were to ſee my Lady *Dulcinea* herſelf. Ah, Madam, might I hope your Ladyſhip would ſpeak a good Word for me?

Dor. Name it, and be aſſur'd of any thing in my Power, honeſt *Sancho*.

San. If your Princeſs-ſhip could but prevail on my Maſter, that I might not be ſent home after my Lady *Dulcinea*; for, to tell you the Truth, Madam, I am ſo fond of the *Engliſh* roſt Beef and ſtrong Beer, that I don't intend ever to ſet my Foot in *Spain* again, if I can help it: Give me a Slice of roſt Beef before all the Rarities of *Camacho*'s Wedding.

Dor. Bravely ſaid, noble Squire. AIR

AIR V. The King's Old Courtier.



When mighty roſt Beef was the Engliſhman's *Food,*
It enobled our Hearts, and enriched our Blood;
Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good.
Oh the Roſt Beef of Old England,
And Old England's *Roſt Beef!*

Then, Britons, *from all nice Dainties refrain,*
Which effeminate Italy, France, *and* Spain;
And mighty Roſt Beef ſhall command on the Main.
Oh the Roſt Beef, &c.

San. *Oh the Roſt Beef,* &c.

Dor. I have been told, noble Squire, that you once impos'd a certain Lady for *Dulcinea* on your Maſter; now what think you if this young Lady here ſhould perſonate that incomparable Princeſs?

Jez. Who, I?

San. Adod! your Princeſs-ſhip has hit it; for he has never ſeen this *Dulcinea,* nor has any body elſe that I can hear of; and who my Lady *Dulcinea* ſhould be, I don't know, unleſs ſhe be one of your chanted Ladies: The Curate of our Pariſh, and Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber, have often told me there was no ſuch Woman, and that my Maſter was a Madman; and ſometimes I am half at a loſs to gueſs whether he be mad or no. I'm ſure, if it was not

for

for the ſake of a little Iſland that I am to govern, I ſhould not have follow'd his Errantries ſo long.

Dor. Fy, do no entertain ſuch unworthy Thoughts of that moſt glorious Knight.

San. Nay, Madam, I can't find in my Heart to think him mad neither; for he will talk ſometimes, 'twould do one good to hear him talk; he will talk ye three Hours, and I ſhan't underſtand one Word he ſays. Our Curate was a Fool to e'en; and yet he has talk'd what I could not underſtand neither, but that's neither here nor there; an empty Purſe cauſes a full Heart; an old Woman's a very bad Bribe, but a very good Wife; Conſcience often ſtops at a Molehill, and leaps over a Mountain; the Law guards us from all Evil but itſelf; what's Vice to-day is Virtue to-morrow; 'tis not only Plumbs that make a Pudding; Phyſic makes you firſt ſick, and then well; Wine firſt makes you well, and then ſick.

Jez. And your Proverbs would make the Devil ſick.

Dor. Loſe no time, good *Sancho*, but acquaint the moſt invincible Knight that the Lady *Dulcinea* is in the Caſtle; we'll manage the matter ſo dexterouſly, you ſhall be in no danger of a Diſcovery.

San. Since my bringing the laſt *Dulcinea* to him, I do not fear that; he that can ſwallow a Gooſe will hardly keck at a Gander; the Bear may well dance when the Aſs plays on the Fiddle. [*Exit* Sancho.

SCENE VII.

Dorothea, Jezebel.

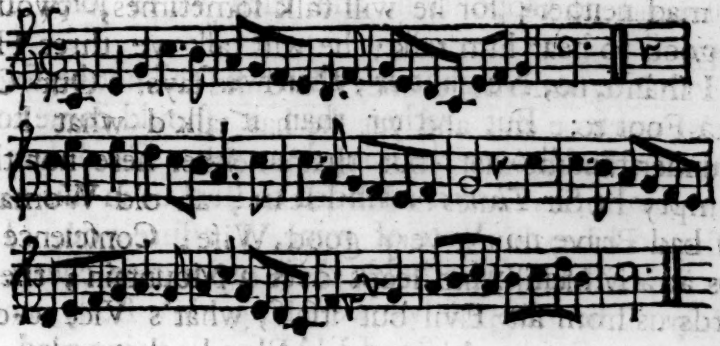
Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Well, for the future, I will never disbelieve a Traveller; the Knight and his Squire are full as ridiculous as they were deſcrib'd: We ſhall have rare Diverſion.

Jez. Poor *Fairlove!* thou art quite forgotten.

Dor. I've rather reaſon to think *Dorothea* ſo: I am ſure, when a Lover ſuffers his Miſtreſs to come firſt to the Place of Appointment, he cannot blame any innocent Amuſement with which ſhe would ſhorten his Abſence; and to confeſs a Truth to you, while I am ſtill under Apprehenſions

henſions of the Match my Father intends for me, I have too great Cauſe to try to divert my Grief.

AIR VI. From *Aberdeen* to *Edinburgh*.



Happy the Animals who ſtray,
In Freedom thro' the Grove;
No Laws in Love they e'er obey,
But thoſe preſcrib'd by Love:
While We, confin'd to Parents Rules,
Unfortunate, are told,
None follows Love's ſweet Laws, but Fools;
The Wiſe are Slaves to Gold. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *The Street.*

Mr. Mayor, *and a Voter.*

May. Well, Neighbour, what's your Opinion of this ſtrange Man that is come to Town, *Don Quixote*, as he calls himſelf?

Vot. Think! why, that he's a Madman. What ſhou'd I think?

May. 'Ecod! it runs in my Head that he is come to ſtand for Parliament-man.

Vot. How can that be, Neighbour, they tell me he's a *Spaniard*?

May. What's that to us? Let him look to his Qualifications when we have choſe him. If he can't ſit in the Houſe, that's his Fault.

Vot.

Vot. Nay, nay, he can't be choſe if he ſhould ſtand; for, to my certain Knowledge, the Corporation have promis'd Sir *Thomas Loveland* and Mr. *Bouncer*.

May. Pugh! all Promiſes are conditional; and let me tell you, Mr. *Retail*, I begin to ſmoke a Plot. I begin to apprehend no Oppoſition, and then we're ſold, Neighbour.

Vot. No, no, Neighbour; then we ſhall not be ſold, and that's worſe; But rather than it ſhould come to that, I would ride all over the Kingdom for a Candidate; and if I thought Sir *Thomas* intended to ſteal us in this manner, he ſhould have no Vote of mine, I aſſure you. I ſhall vote for no Man who holds the Corporation cheap.

May. Then ſuppoſe we were to go in a Body, and ſolicit Sir *Don Quixote* to ſtand? As for his being mad, while he's out of *Bedlam* it does not ſignify.

Vot. But there is another Objection, Neighbour, which I am afraid the Corporation will never get over.

May. What's that, pr'ythee?

Vot. They ſay he has brought no Money with him.

May. Ay, that indeed: But tho' he hath no Money with him here, I am aſſur'd by his Servant that he hath a very large Eſtate: And ſo, if the other Party come down handſomly with the Ready, we may truſt him; for you know, at laſt, we have nothing to do but not to chooſe him, and then we may recover all he owes us.

Vot. I do not care to be ſold, Neighbour.

May. Nor I neither, Neighbour, by any but myſelf. I think that is the Privilege of a free *Briton*.

SCENE IX.

Guzzle, Mayor, Retail.

Guz. Mr. Mayor, a good Morrow to you, Sir; are you for a Whet, this Morning?

May. With all my Heart; but what's become of the Gentleman, the Traveller?

Guz. He's laid down to ſleep, I believe; pretty well tired with Work. What the Devil to do with him, I can't tell.

May.

May. My Neighbour and I have a ſtrange Thought come into our Heads; you know, Mr. *Guzzle*, we are like to have no Oppoſition, and that I believe you will feel the want of, as much as any Man. Now, d'ye ſee, we have taken it into Conſideration, whether we ſhould not ask this Sir *Don* to repreſent us.

Guz. With all my Heart; if either of you will hang out a Sign and entertain him; but he is far enough in my Books already.

May. You are too cautious, Maſter *Guzzle*; I make no doubt but he is ſome very rich Man, who pretends to be poor in order to get his Election the cheaper; he can have no other Deſign in ſtaying among us. For my part, I make no doubt but that he is come to ſtand on the Court Intereſt.

Guz. Nay, nay, if he ſtands at all, it is on the Court Side, no doubt; for he talks of nothing but Kings, and Princes, and Princeſſes, and Emperors, and Empreſſes.

May. Ay, ay, an Officer in the Army too, I warrant him, if we knew but the bottom.

Guz. He ſeems, indeed, to be damnably fond of Free-Quarter.

Ret. But if you think he intends to offer himſelf, would it not be wiſer to let him; for then, you know, if he ſpends never ſo much, we ſhall not be oblig'd to chooſe him.

May. Brother Alderman, I have reproved you already for that way of Reaſoning; it ſavours too much of Bribery. I like an Oppoſition, becauſe otherwiſe a Man may be oblig'd to vote againſt his Party; therefore when we invite a Gentleman to ſtand, we invite him to ſpend his Money for the Honour of his Party; and when both Parties have ſpent as much as they are able, every honeſt Man will vote according to his Conſcience.

Guz. Mr. Mayor talks like a Man of Senſe and Honour, and it does me good to hear him.

May. Ay, ay, Mr. *Guzzle*, I never gave a Vote contrary to my Conſcience. I have very earneſtly recommended the Country-Intereſt to all my Brethren: But before that, I recommended the Town-Intereſt, that is, the

Intereſt of this Corporation; and firſt of all I recommended to every particular Man to take a particular Care of himſelf. And it is with a certain way of Reaſoning, That he that ſerves me beſt, will ſerve the Town beſt; and he that ſerves the Town beſt, will ſerve the Country beſt.

Guz. See what it is to have been at *Oxford*; the Parſon in the Pariſh himſelf can't out-talk him.

May. Come, Landlord, we'll have one Bottle, and drink Succeſs to the Corporation: Theſe Times come but ſeldom, therefore we ought to make the beſt of them. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Inn.*

Don Quixote, Sancho.

Quix. THOU haſt, by this time, fully perceiv'd, *Sancho*, the extreme Difficulties and Dangers of Knight-Errantry.

San. Ay, and of 'Squire-Errantry too, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Quix. But Virtue is its own Reward.

San. Your Worſhip may have a Reliſh for theſe Rewards, perhaps; but to ſpeak truly, I am a poor plain Man, and know nothing of theſe fine things; and for any Reward I have hitherto got, I had much rather have gone without it. As for an Iſland, I believe I could reliſh it as well as another; but a Man may catch cold while his Coat is making: And ſince you may provide for me in a much eaſier way, if I might be ſo bold as to ſpeak——

Quix. Thou knoweſt I will deny thee nothing, which is fit for me to give, or thee to take.

San. Then if your Worſhip wou'd be ſo good as to ſet me up in an Inn, I ſhould make a rare Landlord; and it is a very thriving Trade among the *Engliſh*.

Quix. And couldſt thou deſcend ſo low, ignoble Wretch?

San. Any thing to get an honeſt Livelihood, which is more than I find we are like to do in the way we are going on: For, if I durſt ſpeak it———

Quix. Speak fearleſly. —— I will only impute it to thy Ignorance.

San. Why then I find, Sir, that we are look'd on here to be, neither more nor leſs, better or worſe, than a couple of Madmen.

Quix. Sancho, I am not concern'd at the evil Opinion of Men. Indeed, if we conſider who are their Favourites, we ſhall have no reaſon to be ſo fond of their Applauſe. Virtue, *Sancho*, is too bright for their Eyes, and they dare not behold her. Hypocriſy is the Deity they worſhip. Is not the Lawyer often call'd an honeſt Man, when for a ſneaking Fee he pleads the Villain's Cauſe, or attempts to extort Evidence to the Conviction of the Innocent? Does not the Phyſician live well in his Neighbourhood, while he ſuffers them to bribe his Ignorance to their Deſtruction? But why ſhould I mention thoſe whoſe Profeſſion 'tis to prey on others? Look thro' the World. What is it recommends Men, but the Poverty, the Vice, and the Miſery of others? This, *Sancho*, they are ſenſible of, and therefore, inſtead of endeavouring to make himſelf better, each Man endeavours to make his Neighbour worſe. Each Man riſes to Admiration by treading on Mankind. Riches and Power accrue to the One, by the Deſtruction of Thouſands. Theſe are the general Objects of the good Opinion of Men: Nay, and that which is profeſs'd to be paid to Virtue, is ſeldom more to any thing than a ſupercilious Contempt of our Neighbour. What is a good-natur'd Man? Why, one, who ſeeing the Want of his Friend, cries he pities him. Is this real? No: If it was, he would relieve him. His Pity is triumphant Arrogance and Inſult: It ariſes from his Pride, not from his Compaſſion. *Sancho*, let them call me mad; I'm not mad enough to court their Approbation.

San. Oh! good your Worſhip, proceed: I could faſt an Hour longer to hear your Diſcourſe.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Guzzle, Don Quixote, Sancho.

Guz. An't pleaſe your Honour, the Mayor of the Town is come to wait on you.

Quix. Give him Admittance. This is the chief Magiſtrate of the Place, who comes, I ſuppoſe, to congratulate me on my Arrival; he might have come ſooner; but the Neglect of his Duty is better than the total Omiſſion. In the mean while, *Sancho*, poſt thou away this Inſtant to *Toboſo*; and Heaven proſper thy Embaſſy.

San. Proſperity may travel with me, without tiring itſelf. [*Aſide.*

SCENE III.

Mayor, Don Quixote.

May. I am your Honour's moſt humble Servant.

Quix. Sir, I am glad to ſee you; I think you are the chief Officer of the Town.

May. Yes, an't pleaſe your Honour, I am Mr. Mayor of this Town. I ſhould have done myſelf the Pleaſure to have waited on you ſooner, but I was quite ignorant of the Deſign with which you came hither.

Quix. Be ſeated, Sir; you are a worthy Man, and to your Praiſe be it ſpoken, the firſt that has done his Duty ſince my Arrival.

May. I can't anſwer for the whole Town; but the Corporation is as well affected a Corporation as any in all *England*, and I believe highly ſenſible of the Honour you intend them. No Man knows his Strength till he tries it; and, notwithſtanding what you may have heard of the Knight of the *Long-Purſe*, if you oppoſe him briskly, I dare anſwer for your Succeſs.

Quix. Is there a Knight on Earth I dare not oppoſe? Tho' he had as many Hands as *Briareus*, as many Eyes as *Argus*, I ſhould not fear him.

May. This is a ſpecial Stick of Wood, I find.——A Benefit-Ticket, adod. [*Aſide.*

Quix. I ſee the Reaſon of your Apprehenſion; you have heard of my ill Succeſs in my laſt Adventure—— that was not my Fault! [*Sighing.*

May. I ſee he has been thrown out at ſome other Place already.——I don't in the leaſt, Sir, apprehend it was your Fault; but there is nothing to be done without bleeding freely on theſe Occaſions.

Quix. Ha! do you think I fear to bleed?

May. Be not ſo paſſionate, Sir; this I aſſure you, you will do your Buſineſs with leſs than any other. I ſuppoſe, Sir, it may lie in your Power to do ſome Services to this Town.

Quix. Be aſſur'd it does. I will, for your ſake, preſerve it for ever from any Inſults. No Armies ſhall ever do you any Harm.

May. I aſſure you, Sir, that will recommend you very much: If you can keep Soldiers from quartering upon us, we ſhall make very little Difficulty in the Affair: But I hope your Honour will conſider that the Town is very poor, Sir; a little Circulation of Money among us would ——

Quix. Sir, you make me concern'd that it is not now in my Power to give whatever you deſire; but reſt ſecure of this, there is not one whom you ſhall recommend, that ſhall not, within this Twelvemonth, be Governor of an Iſland.

May. This is a Courtier, I find, by his Promiſes. [*Aſide.*

Quix. But who is this Knight whom I am to encounter? Is he now in the Caſtle?

May. Yes, Sir, he is now at *Loveland* Caſtle, a Seat of his about ten Miles off. He was here the very Day before your Honour came to Town, randying for a Knight of his Acquaintance, with no leſs than Six Hundred Freeholders at his Heels.

Quix. Humph! thoſe are a ſort of Soldiers I never heard of in *Spain* ——How were they arm'd?

May. Arm'd, Sir?

Quix.

Quix. Ay; with Carbines, with Muskets, Spears, Piſtols, Swords, or how? I ask, that I may chooſe proper Weapons to encounter them.

May. Ha, ha! your Honour is pleas'd to be merry; why truly, Sir, they were pretty well arm'd when they went out of Town; every Man had four or five Bottles in his Head at leaſt.

Quix. Baſe-born Cowards! who owe their Courage to the Spirit of their Wine! But be eaſy, Sir, within theſe two Days not one of them ſhall be alive.

May. Marry, Heaven forbid! Some of them are as honeſt Gentlemen as any in the County.

Quix. Ha! honeſt! and in the Train of the Knight of the *Long-Purſe!* Do I not know him to be a Deflowerer of Virgins, a Deſtroyer of Orphans, a Deſpoiler of Widows, a Debaucher of Wives——

May. Who, Sir *Thomas Loveland*, Sir? Why, you don't know him. He's as good-natur'd, civil a Gentleman, as a Man may ſay——

Quix. Why then do you petition me againſt him?

May. Nay, Sir, for that matter, let him be as civil as he pleaſes, one Man's Money is as good as another's. You ſeem to be a civil Gentleman too; and if you ſtand againſt him, I don't know which would carry it: But this, I believe, you gueſs already, that he who ſpends moſt would not have the leaſt Chance.

Quix. Ha! Caitif! doſt thou think I would condeſcend to be the Patron of a Place ſo mercenary? If my Services cannot procure me the Election, doſt thou think my Money ſhould make me their Knight? What ſhould I get by undertaking the Protection of this City and Caſtle, but Dangers, Difficulties, Toils, and Inchantments? Hence from my Sight! or by the peerleſs *Dulcinea*'s Eyes, thy Blood ſhall pay the Affront thou haſt given my Honour.——Was it for this that I was choſen in full Senate the *Patron of la Mancha?* Gods! to what will Mankind degenerate! where not only the vile Neceſſaries of Life; but even Honours, which ſhould be the Reward of Virtue only, are to be bought with Money.

SCENE IV. *Another Chamber.*

Squire Badgar, Scut *his Huntſman, and* Guzzle.

Badg. That's it, Honey's, Oh! that's it.——What, have you no Company in the Houſe, Landlord? Could not you find out an honeſt Lad, one that could take a hearty Pot?

Guz. Faith, noble Squire, I wiſh you had ſpoke a little ſooner, Mr. *Permit* the Officer is juſt gone out of the Houſe; your Worſhip wou'd have lik'd him hugely; he is rare good Company.

Badg. Well, but hang it, haſt thou no body?

Guz. I have not one Gueſt in the Houſe, Sir, but a young Lady and her Maid, and a Madman, and a Squire, as he calls himſelf.

Badg. Squire! who, pr'ythee?

Guz. Squire——It is a curſed hard Name, I never can remember it. Squire *Pancho Sancho*——he calls himſelf.

Badg. Pr'ythee, what is he, a Whig or a Tory? Hey!

Guz. Sir, I don't know what he is: His Maſter and he have been here in my Houſe this Month, and I can't tell what to make of 'em; I wiſh the Devil had 'em before I had ſeen 'em, the Squire and his Maſter both.

Badg. What, has the Squire a Maſter?

Guz. I don't know which is Maſter, nor which is Man, not I; ſometimes I think one is Maſter, and then again I think it is t'other.—I am ſure I had rather be the Squire, for he ſleeps moſt, and eats moſt; he is as bad as a Grayhound in a Houſe; there is no laying down any thing eatable, but if you turn your Back, ſlap, he has it up.——As for the Knight, as he calls himſelf, he has more to pay for breaking Windows, than eating: Wou'd I were well rid of him! He will ſit you ſometimes in the Yard to guard the Caſtle, as he calls it; but I am afraid his Deſign is to rob the Houſe, if he could catch an Oppotunity. I don't underſtand one Word in ten of what he ſays; he talks of Giants, and Caſtles, and Queens and Princeſſes,

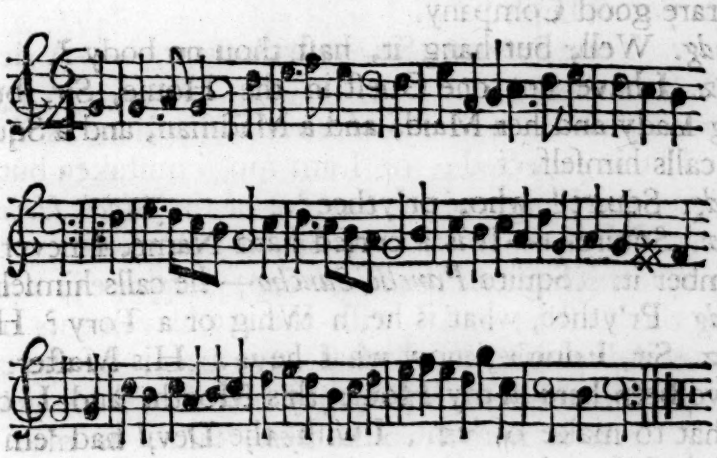
Princeſſes, and Chanters, and Magicians, and *Dulcineas*; he has been a mighty Traveller it ſeems.

Badg. A comical Dog, I fancy; go, give my Service to him, tell him I ſhould be glad of his Company, go.

Guz. I am afraid he is not in any of the beſt Humours, for he was moſt confoundedly drubb'd juſt now.

Badg. Well, pr'ythee go and call him; here is ſome of the beſt Phyſic for him. Come, *Scut*, ſit down, and ſing that Song once more.

AIR VII. Mother, quoth *Hodge*, &c.



Scut. *The Doctor is feed for a dangerous Draught,*
Which cures half a Dozen, and kills half a Score;
Of all the beſt Drugs the Diſpenſaries *taught,*
'Twere well could each cure one Diſeaſe, and no more.
But here's the Juice,
Of ſovereign Uſe,
'Twill cure your Diſtempers, whatever they be;
In Body, or Spirit,
Wherever you bear it;
Take of this a large Doſe, and it ſoon ſets you free.

By cunning Directors, if trick'd of your Pelf,
Your Loſſes a Doſe of good Claret can heal;
Or if you have been a Director yourſelf,
'Twill teach you no Loſs of your Honour to feel:

Stocks

Stocks fall or riſe,
Tell Truth or Lies,
Your Fame and your Fortune here Remedy find;
If Silvia *be cruel,*
Take this Water-Gruel,
'Twill ſoon cure the Fever that burns up your Mind.

SCENE V.

Don Quixote, Guzzle, Scut, *and* Badger.

Quix. Moſt illuſtrious and mighty Knight, I'm proud to kiſs your Hands.

Badg. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.——A deviliſh odd Figure this. [*Aſide.*

Quix. To meet a Perſon of your Diſtinction, is a Happineſs I little expected; for I am much miſtaken but you are either the Knight of the *Sun*, or of the *Black Helmet*.

Badg. Or of the *Black Cap*, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Quix. Sir Knight of the *Black Cap*, I rejoice in meeting you in this Caſtle; and I wiſh the Atchievements of this glorious Adventure, in which I have been, by the curſed Power of Inchantment, foil'd, may be reſerv'd for you.

Badg. This is honeſt Couſin *Tom*, faith, as mad as a *March*-Hare. [*Aſide.*

Quix. Would you gueſs, Sir Knight of the *Black Cap*, that this uncourteous Perſon, the Lord of this Caſtle, ſhould detain within his Walls, the moſt beautiful Princeſs in the Univerſe?

Badg. The Devil he does.

Quix. Inchanted; and, if I miſtake not, by that Inchanter *Merlin*; I humbly ſuppoſe, the Delivery of this Princeſs was the Deſign with which you came to this Caſtle.

Badg. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll deliver her, I warrant you: But come Sir——Pray, Sir, may I crave the Honour of your Name?

Quix. I am known, Sir, in Chivalry, by the Name of the Knight of the *Woful Figure*.

Badg. Sir Knight of the *Woful Figure*, will you pleaſe to ſit down? Come, Sir, Here's to you. Landlord, draw your

your Chair. How long, Sir Knight of the *Woful Figure*, have you been in theſe Parts?

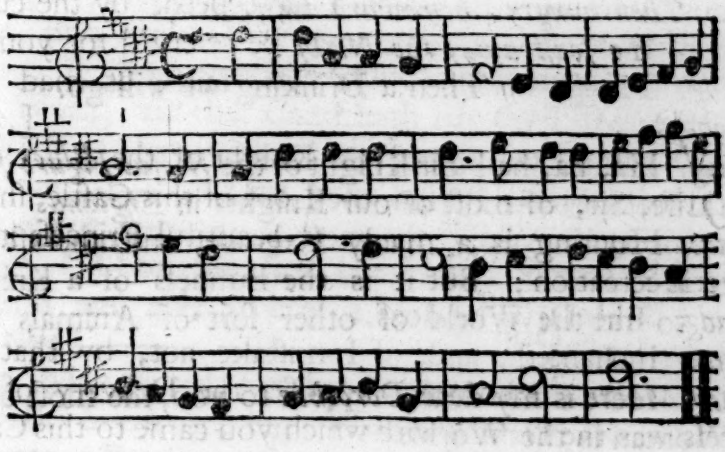
Quix. It is not, Sir Knight of the *Black Cap*, the Buſineſs of a Knight-Errant to number Time, like the inferior Part of Mankind, by the Days which he lives, but by the Actions he performs; perhaps you may have ſojourn'd longer here than I. Are there many Knights in this Kingdom?

Badg. Oh, numberleſs!— there are your Knights and Baron Knights, and Knights of the Poſt; and then there are your blue Knights, and your red Knights, and your green Knights.

Quix. Well, may this Kingdom be ſaid to be happy, when ſo many Knights conſpire for its Safety.

Badg. Come, let us be merry; we'll have a Hunting-Song —— Sir Knight, I ſhould be glad to ſee you at my Country-Seat. Come, *Scut*, ſing away.

AIR VIII. There was a Jovial Beggar, *&c.*



Scut. *The dusky Night rides down the Sky,*
And uſhers in the Morn;
The Hounds all join in glorious Cry,
The Huntſman winds his Horn:
And a Hunting we will go.

The

The Wife around her Husband throws
Her Arms, and begs his Stay;
My Dear, it rains, and hails, and ſnows,
You will not hunt to-day.
But a Hunting we will go.

A bruſhing Fox in yonder Wood,
Secure to find we ſeek;
For why, I carry'd ſound and good,
A Cartload there laſt Week.
And a Hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the Rout,
Their Steeds all ſpur and ſwitch;
Some are thrown in, and ſome thrown out,
And ſome thrown in the Ditch:
But a Hunting we will go.

At length his Strength to Faintneſs worn,
Poor Renard *ceaſes Flight;*
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feaſt away the Night:
Then a Drinking we will go.

Badg. Ha, ha, ha! Sir Knight of the *Woful Figure*; this is the Life, Sir, of moſt of our Knights in *England.*

Quix. Hunting is a manly Exerciſe, and therefore a proper Recreation: But it is the Buſineſs of a Knight-Errant to rid the World of other ſort of Animals than Foxes.

Badg. Here is my dear *Dorothea* to you, the moſt beautiful Woman in the World.

Quix. Ha, Caitif! doſt thou dare ſay that in my Preſence, forgetting that the peerleſs *Dulcinea* yet lives? Confeſs thy Fault this Inſtant, and own her inferior to *Dulcinea*, or I will make thee a dreadful Example to all future Knights who ſhall dare diſpute the Incomparableneſs of that divine Lady.

Badg.

Badg. Throw by your Spit, Sir, throw by your Spit, and I don't fear you. 'Sbud! I'll beat your Lanthorn-Jaws into your Throat, you Raſcal.

[*Squire* Badger *offers to ſtrike* Don Quixote.

Guz. Oh, that this Fellow were at the Devil! Dear Squire, let him alone.

Quix. Ha! have I diſcover'd thee, Impoſtor? Thanks, moſt incomparable Lady, that haſt not ſuffered thy Knight to pollute his Hands with the baſe Blood of that Impoſtor Squire.

SCENE VI.

Don Quixote, Sancho, *Squire* Badger.

San. Oh, Sir, I have been ſeeking your Honour, I have ſuch News to tell you!

Quix. Sancho, uncaſe this Inſtant, and handle that Squire as he deſerves.

San. My Lady *Dulcinea*, Sir ——

Quix. Has been abus'd, has been injur'd, by the ſlanderous Tongue of that Squire.

San. But, Sir —

Quix. If thou expecteſt to live a Moment, anſwer me not a Word, 'till that Caitif hath felt thy Fiſt.

San. Nay, Sir, with all my Heart, as far as a Cuff or two goes. —— I hate your Squire-Errants that carry Arms about them.

Badg. I'll box you firſt one Hand, ſecond with both. Sirrah, I am able to beat a Dozen of you.—If I don't lamb thee! —— [*They both ſtrip.*

San. May be not, Brother Squire, may be not; threatned Folks live long, high Words break no Bones; many walk into a Battle, and are carry'd out on't; one Ounce of Heart is better than many Stone of Fleſh; dead Men pay no Surgeons; ſafer to dance after a Fiddle than a Drum, tho' not ſo honourable; a wiſe Man would be a Soldier in time of Peace, and a Parſon in time of War.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Mrs. Guzzle, *Squire* Badger, Sancho.

Mrs. Guz. What in the Devil's Name is the matter with you? Get you and your Maſter out of my Houſe, for a couple of Pickpockets as you are. —— Sir, I hope your Worſhip will not be angry with us.

Badg. Stand away, Landlord, ſtand away. —— If I don't lick him!

San. Come along, out into the Yard, and let me have fair Play, and I don't fear you—I don't fear you.

Mrs. Guz. Get you out, you Raſcal, get you out, or I'll be the Death of you; I'll teach you to fight with your Betters, you Villain, you; I'll curry you, Sirrah.

SCENE VIII.

Fairlove, *Squire* Badger.

Fair. I am ſorry to ſee a Gentleman inſulted, Sir. What was the Occaſion of this Fray?

Badg. I hope you are no Knight-Errant, Sir?

Fair. Sir!

Badg. I ſay, Sir, I hope you are no Knight-Errant, Sir?

Fair. You are merry, Sir.

Badg. Ay, Sir, and you wou'd have been merry too, had you ſeen ſuch a Sight as I have. Here is a Fellow in this Inn, that outdoes all the Shows I ever ſaw. He was going to knock my Brains out for drinking my Miſtreſs's Health.

Fair. Perhaps he is your Rival, Sir.

Badg. Odd! that's like enough, now I think on't; who knows but this may be that Son of a Whore, *Fairlove*, whom I have been told on?

Fair. Ha!

Badg. As ſure as a Gun — this is he — Odsbodlikins! Mrs. *Dorothea*, you have a very ſtrange ſort of a Taſte, I can tell you that.

Fair.

Fair. Do you travel towards *London*, Sir? becauſe I ſhall be glad of your Company.

Badg. No, Sir, I have not above Fifteen ſhort Miles to go, and quite acroſs the Country.

Fair. Perhaps you are going to Sir *Thomas Loveland*'s?

Badg. Do you know Sir *Thomas* then, Sir?

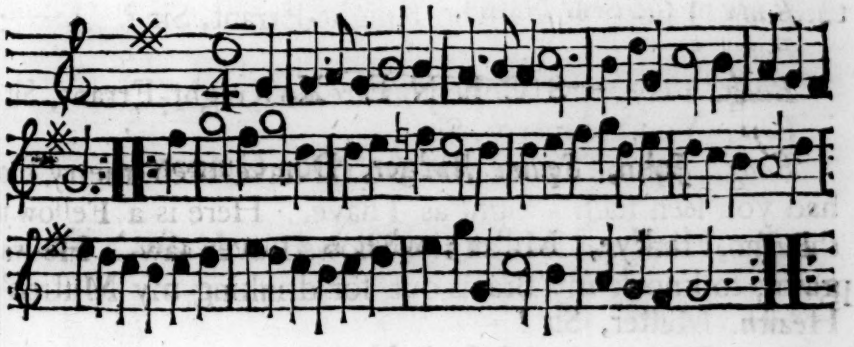
Fair. Very intimately well, Sir,

Badg. Give me your Hand, Sir.——You are an honeſt Cock, I warrant you.—— Why, Sir, I am going to fall in Love with Sir *Thomas*'s Daughter.

Fair. You can't avoid that, Sir, if you ſee her; for ſhe is the moſt agreeable Woman in the World.

Badg. And then ſhe ſings like a Nightingale! Now that is a very fine Quality in a Wife; for you know, the more ſhe ſings, the leſs ſhe'll talk. Some Folks like Women for their Wit; Odsbodlikins! it is a ſign they have none of their own; there is nothing a Man of good Senſe dreads ſo much in a Wife, as her having more Senſe than himſelf.

AIR. IX. Lillibulero.



Like Gold to a Miſer, the Wit of a Laſs,
More Trouble than Joy to her Husband may bring.
Fair. *That Fault's in the Miſer, and not in the Maſs;*
He knows not to uſe ſo precious a Thing.

Badg.

Badg. *Wit teaches how*
To arm your Brow;
A Price for that Treaſure ſome Husbands have paid.
Fair. *But Wit will conceal it;*
And if you don't feel it,
A Horn's but a Pimple ſcarce ſeen on your Head.

SCENE IX.

Fairlove, *Squire* Badger, John.

John. Sir, Sir!
Fair. Well, what now?
John. [*Whiſpers.*]
Fair. How! here?
John. I ſaw her, Sir, upon my Honour.
Fair. I am the happieſt of Mankind. [*Aſide.*] —— Brother Traveller, farewel.
Badg. What, ſhan't we drink together?
Fair. Another time, Sir; I am in a little haſte at preſent. — [*Aſide.*] Harkye, *John*, I leave you with my Rival, I need ſay no more. — Dear *Dorothea*, ten thouſand Raptures are in the dear Name. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

John, *Squire* Badger, Don Quixote.

Badg. Harkye, Miſter; what is your Maſter's Name, pray?
John. Maſter, Sir?
Badg. I ſay, your Maſter's Name.
John. What do you ſee in me that ſhould make you ask me my Maſter's Name? I ſuppoſe you would take it very ill of me, if I were to ask you what your Maſter's Name is. Do I look ſo little like a Gentleman as to ſtand in need of a Maſter?

Badg.

Badg. Oh, Sir, I ask your Pardon; your Dreſs, Sir, was the Occaſion of my Miſtake.

John. Probable enough; among you Country Gentlemen, and really in Town, Gentlemen and Footmen dreſs ſo very like one another, that it is ſomewhat difficult to know which is which.

Badg. May be, Sir, then, you are only an Acquaintance of this Gentleman's.

John. A travelling Acquaintance.

Badg. May I crave his Name, Sir?

John. Oh, Sir, his Name, his Name, Sir, is Sir *Gregory Nebuchaddonnezzar.* He is a very rich *Jew*, an *Italian* by Birth, born in the City of *Cork.* He is a going into *Cornwal* to take poſſeſſion of a ſmall Eſtate of Twenty thouſand Pounds a Year, left him the other Day by a certain *Dutch* Merchant's Miſtreſs, with whom he had an Intrigue. He is a Gentleman, Sir, univerſally eſteem'd in the *Beau Monde.*

Badg. Beau Monde! Pray, what's that?

John. Beau Monde, Sir, is as much as to ſay, a Man of Figure; when you ſay, he is a Man of the *Beau Monde*, you mean juſt ſuch another Perſon as I am.

Badg. You will pardon the Ignorance of a Country Gentleman.

John. Oh, Sir! we of the *Beau Monde* are never offended at Ignorance.

Quix. [*Within.*] Avant, Caitifs! —— think not, thou moſt accurſed Giant, ever to enter within this Caſtle, to bring any more captive Princeſſes hither.

Badg. Heyday! What's the matter now?

Coachman. [*Within.*] Open the Gates, will you? Are you Mad?

Quix. You, my Lord of the Caſtle, ſuffer them to be open'd at your Peril.

John. One might think, by this Noiſe, that we were at the Outſide of the Opera-Houſe, at a *Ridotto.*

SCENE XI.

Mrs. Guzzle, John, *Squire* Badger.

Mrs. Guz. For Heaven's ſake, Gentlemen, come and aſſiſt us; this mad *Don Quixote* will ruin my Houſe; he won't ſuffer the Stage-Coach to come into the Yard. Dear, good Gentlemen, come and ſpeak to him.——Oh! that ever I ſhould live to ſee him!

John. I am too much a Gentleman not to aſſiſt a Lady in Diſtreſs.——— Come, Sir.

Badg. After you, Sir; I am not quite unbred.

John. O dear, Sir.

SCENE XII. *A Yard.*

Don Quixote *arm'd Cap-a-pee, his Lance in his Hand*; Sancho, Guzzle, *Squire* Badger, John, *Mrs.* Guzzle.

Coachman. [*Within.*] If you don't open the Gates this Inſtant, I'll go to another Inn.

Brief. [*Within.*] Sir, I'll have your Houſe indicted; I'll have your Sign taken down.

Guz. Gentlemen, here is a Madman in the Yard.—— Will you let me open the Gates, or no, Sir?

Quix. Open them, and I will ſhew thee, that I want no Walls to ſecure me.——Open them, I ſay——You ſhall ſee the Force of one ſingle Knight.

Mrs. Guz. Dear Gentlemen, will no body knock his Brains out?

John. This is the moſt comical Dog I ever ſaw in my Life. [*Aſide.*

Badg. If I have any thing to ſay to him while he has that Thing in his Hand, may I have it in my Guts that Moment.

Guz. There, the Gates are open.

Quix. Now, thou peerleſs Princeſs, *Dulcinea.* [*Exit.*

Coachman.

Coachman. Gee, Gee, Boys, Hup!

[*Exeunt* Sancho, *&c.*

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. Guzzle, *Mr.* Brief, *Dr.* Drench, *Mr.* Sneak, *Mrs.* Sneak, *Miſs* Sneak; *Maid with Candles.*

Mrs. Sneak. Don't be frightned, my Dear, there is no Danger now.

Mr. Sneak. That's owing to me, my Dear; if we had not got out of the Coach, as I advis'd, we had been in a fine Condition.

Brief. Who is this Fellow, Woman, that has caus'd all this Rout?

Mrs. Guz. Oh! dear Mr. Counſellor, I am almoſt frightned out of my Wits; he is the Devil, I think.——I can't get him out of my Houſe.

Brief. What, have you no Juſtice of the Peace near you? You ſhould apply to a Juſtice of Peace. The Law provides a very good Remedy for theſe ſort of People; I'll take your Affair into my Hands. Dr. *Drench*, do you know no neigbouring Juſtice?

Drench. What, do you talk of a Juſtice? The Man is mad, and Phyſic is properer for him than Law. I'll take him in hand myſelf, after Supper.

Mrs. Sneak. I wiſh, Mr. *Sneak*, you would go into the Kitchen, and ſee what we can have for Supper. [*Exit.*

Mr. Sneak. Yes, my Dear.

Brief. Ay, do; the freſh Air of the Downs, I proteſt, has got me an Appetite. ——Ladies, how do you do after your Fright? Doctor, I fanſy a Dram of that Cordial, you carry in your Pocket, would do the Ladies no harm.

Mrs. Sneak. You are a merry Man, Mr. Counſellor; come, Child.

Mrs. Guz. This way, Ladies. [*Exeunt Women.*

SCENE XIV.

Mr. Brief, *Dr.* Drench, Don Quixote, Sancho, *Squire* Badger, John.

Badg. Huzza! Hark! hark! —— Agad, he has routed the Coach and Horſes bravely! my Landlord and the Coachman won't overtake them one while, I warrant.

Quix. Moſt illuſtrious, and high Lords, it is with great Pleaſure that I congratulate you on your Delivery, which you owe only to the peerleſs *Dulcinea*; I deſire therefore no other Return, but that you both repair immediately to *Toboſo*, and render yourſelves at her Feet.

Drench. Poor Man! poor Man! he muſt be put to Bed. I ſhall apply ſome proper Remedies. His Frenzy is very high, but I hope we ſhall be able to take it off.

Brief. His Frenzy! his Roguery; the Fellow's a Rogue; he is no more mad than I am; and the Coachman and Landlord both have very good Actions at Law againſt him.

Quix. Sancho, do you attend thoſe Princes to the richeſt and moſt beautiful Apar ments. —— Moſt illuſtrious Princes, the Governor of this Caſtle is an Inchanter; but be not alarm'd at it, for all the Powers of Hell ſhall not hurt you. I will myſelf keep on the Guard all this Night for your Safety; and to-morrow I expect you ſet forward for *Toboſo*.

Drench. Galen calls this Phrenzy the *Phrenabracum.*

Brief. My Lord *Coke* brings theſe People into the Number of common Cheats.

Drench. I ſhall order him Bleeding, Gliſtering, Vomiting, Purging, Bliſtering, and Cupping.

Brief. He may, beſides an Action of Aſſault and Battery, be indicted in the Crown; he may alſo have an Action of Damages and Treſpaſſes laid on him ——— In ſhort, if he be worth Five thouſand Pounds, I don't queſtion

queſtion but to action him out on't.——Come, Doctor, if you pleaſe, we will attend the Ladies. [*Exeunt.*

Badg. Why, Mr. *Quixote*, do you know who theſe People were you call'd Princes?

Quix. One of them I take to be the Prince of *Sarmatia*, and the other of the *Five Mountains*.

Badg. One of them is a Lawyer, and t'other a Phyſician.

Quix. Monſtrous Inchantment! what odd Shapes this *Merlin* transforms the greateſt People into! but Knight-Errantry will be too hard for him at laſt. [*Exit.*

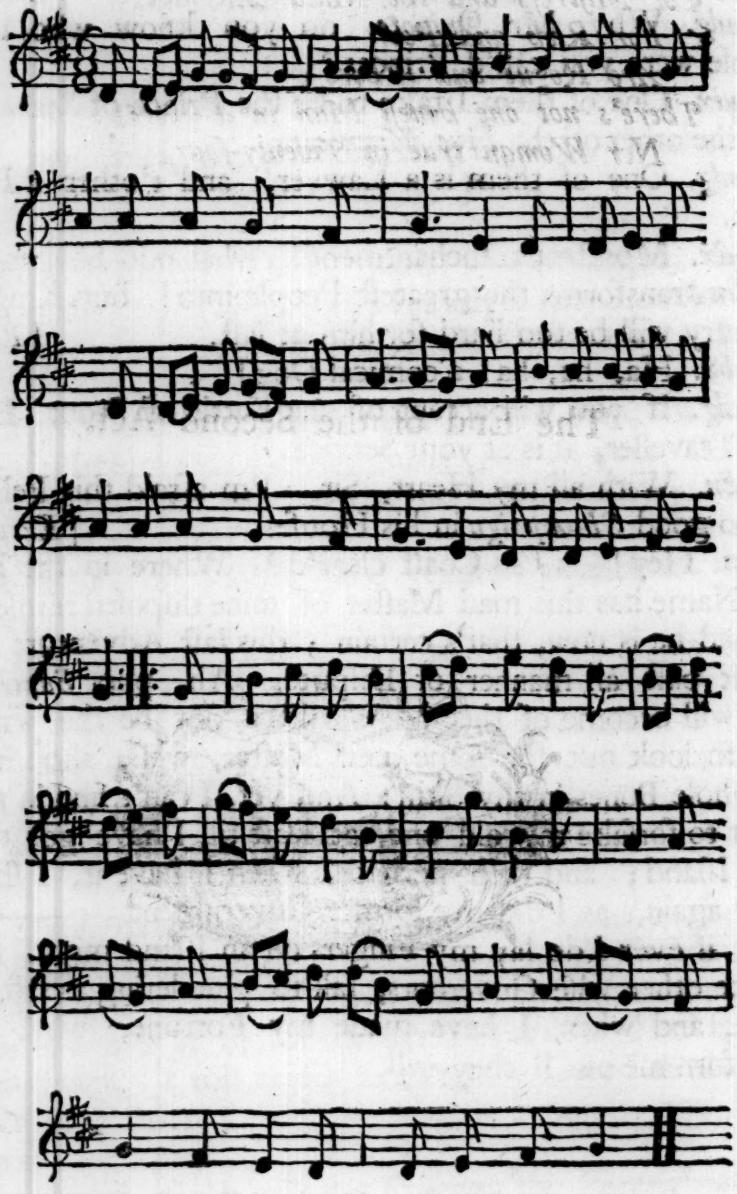
John. Ha, ha, ha! a comical Dog!

Badg. If you will accept of one Bottle of Stout, Brother Traveller, it is at your Service.

John. With all my Heart, Sir. I'm afraid this Fellow has no good *Champaign* in his Houſe. [*Exeunt.*

San. Hey! is the Coaſt clear'd? Where in the Devil's Name has this mad Maſter of mine diſpoſed himſelf? for mad he is now, that's certain; this laſt Adventure has put it paſt all manner of Diſpute. Ah, poor *Sancho!* what will become of thee? Would it not be the wiſeſt way to look out for ſome new Maſter, while thou haſt any whole Bones in thy Skin: And yet, I can't find in my Heart to forſake my old one, at leaſt till I have got this ſmall Iſland; and then perhaps, when I have it, I ſhall loſe it again, as I did my former Government.——Well, if ever I do lay my Fingers on an Iſland more, I'll act like other wiſe Governors, fall to plundering as faſt as I can, and when I have made my Fortune, why, let them turn me out if they will.

AIR X. Black Joke.



The more we ſee of Human-kind,
The more Deceits and Tricks we find,
In every Land, as well as Spain:
For wou'd he ever hope to thrive,
Upon the Mountains he muſt live;
For nought but Rogues in Vales remain:

The

The Miſer and the Man will trick,
The Miſtreſs and the Maid will nick.
For Rich and Poor
Are Rogue and Whore;
There's not one honeſt Man in a Score,
Nor Woman true in Twenty-four.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Rooom.*

Fairlove, Dorothea, *Mrs.* Guzzle.

FAIRLOVE.

DEPEND on it, you ſhall be made amends for your Damage you have ſuſtain'd from this heroic Knight and his Squire.

Mrs. Guz. You look like a very honourable Gentleman, Sir, and I would take your Word for a great deal more than he owes me.

Dor. But pray, Mrs. *Guzzle*, how came you by this fine Dreſs, in which the Lady *Dulcinea* is to be exhibited?

Mrs. Guz. About a Month ago, Madam, there was a Company of Stage-Players here, and they ſtaid for above a Fortnight acting their Shows: But I don't know how it happen'd, the Gentry did not give them much Encouragement; ſo at laſt they all run away, except the Queen, whom I made bold to ſtrip of her Finery, which is all that I have to ſhew for their whole Reckoning.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Queen! Poor travelling Princeſs!

Mrs. Guz. The Devil travel with her to the World's End, ſo ſhe travel not hither; ſend me any thing but Stage-players and Knight-Errants. I'm ſure Fifty Pounds won't make me whole again; I would your Ladyſhip think

think it, Madam? Beſide other Articles, ſhe ran in tick Twenty Shillings for Thunder and Lightning.

SCENE II.

Jezebel, Sancho, Fairlove, Dorothea, *Mrs.* Guzzle.

Dor. Behold the peerleſs Princeſs! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I ſhall die! Ha, ha, ha!

San. Zooks! ſhe'll put the real *Dulcinea* out of countenance, for no ſuch gorgeous fine Lady have I ſeen in all *Toboſo.*

Fair. Is the Knight appris'd, Mr. *Sancho*, of the Approach of his Miſtreſs?

San. Yes, Sir, it had like to have coſt me dear, I'm ſure; for when I told him of it, he gave me ſuch a Hug, that I thought I ſhou'd never have fetch'd Breath any more in this World. I believe he took me for the Lady *Dulcinea* herſelf.

Dor. But why booted and ſpurr'd, Mr. *Sancho?* Are you going a Journey?

San. Yes, Madam, your Ladyſhip knows I was ordered to go for my Lady *Dulcinea*; ſo what does me I, but rides into the Kitchen, where I whipt and ſpurr'd about a Sirloin of roſt Beef, for a full half Hour. Then ſlap, I return'd to my Maſter, whom I found leaning upon his Spear, with his Eyes lifted up to the Stars, calling out upon my *Toboſo* Lady, as if the Devil were in his Guts; as ſoon as he ſees me, *Sancho*, ſays he, with a Voice like a great Gun, wilt thou never have ſufficiently ſtuffed thy Wallet? Wilt thou never ſet out for *Toboſo?* Heavens bleſs your Honour's Worſhip, and keep you in your Senſes, ſays I; I am juſt return'd from thence; I am ſure, if you felt half the Wearineſs in your Bones that I do, you'd think you ſet out with a Vengeance. Truly then, *Sancho*, thou muſt have travelled by Chantment. I don't know whether I travelled by Chantment; but this

this I know, that about Five Miles off I met my Lady *Dulcinea*. How! ſays he, and gave ſuch a Spring, I thought he would have leapt over the Wall. Ay, ſays I, ſure I know her Ladyſhip. He that has ſtood in the Pillory ought to know what Wood it is made of; and a Woman, who walks the Streets, ought to know whether they are pav'd or no.

Jez. I hope he won't offer to be rude.

San. Your Ladyſhip need not fear that. I dare ſwear he loves your Ladyſhip ſo much, he would not take a Hundred Pound to come within a Yard of you; he's one of your high bred ſort of Gentry, and knows his Diſtance.

Jez. Shou'd he offer to touch me, I ſhou'd faint.

San. If your Ladyſhip pleaſes, I'll convey you to a proper Place where you may ſee my Maſter, and then I'll go and prepare him a little more for your Arrival.

Mrs. Guz. I'll go ſee this Show, I'm reſolv'd; and, faith, I begin to doubt which of my Gueſts is the maddeſt.

SCENE III.

Fairlove, Dorothea.

Dor. Shall we follow to the Window, and ſee the Sport?

Fair. How can my *Dorothea* think of trifling at this time?

Dor. Had I found you at my firſt Arrival, I ſhould ſcarce have invented this Deſign; but I cannot ſee any Retardment 'twill be to our purpoſe.

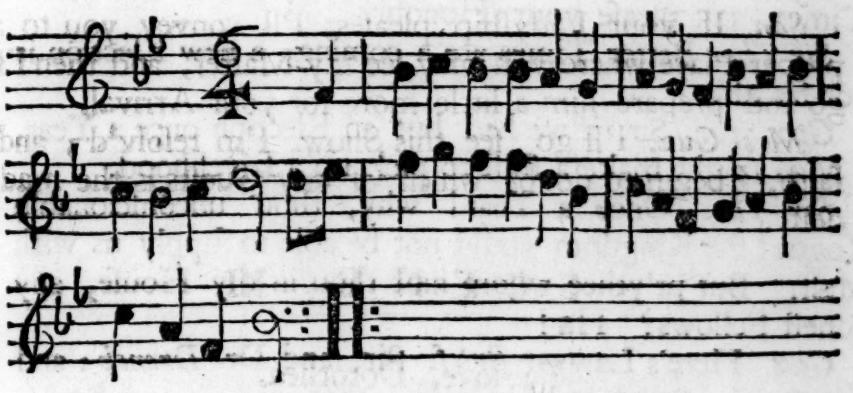
Fair. Why ſhould we not fly away this Inſtant; who knows but you may be purſued? I ſhall have no eaſy Moment till you are mine beyond any poſſibility of loſing you.

Dor. The Morning will be time enough; for I have taken ſuch Meaſures, I ſhall not be miſs'd till then; beſides,

ſides, I think there was ſomething ſo lucky in your coming hither without having received my Letter, that I cannot ſuſpect the happy Succeſs of our Affair. Ah, *Fairlove!* would I were as ſure it would be always in your Will, as it will be in your Power, to make me happy: But when I reflect on your former Life, when I think what a Rover you have been, have I not a juſt Occaſion then for Fear?

Fair. Unkind *Dorothea!*

AIR XI. Have you heard of a frolickſom Ditty, *&c.*



Wou'd Fortune, the Truth to diſcover,
Of him you ſuſpect as a Rover,
Bid me be to ſome Princeſs a Lover,
No Princeſs wou'd Billy *purſue.*

Dor. *Wou'd Heaven but grant me the Trial,*
A Monarch ſhou'd meet my Denial;
And while other Lovers I'd fly all,
I'd fly, my dear Billy, *to you.*

Fair. *Whole Ages my* Dolly *enjoying,*
Is a Feaſt that cou'd never be cloying;
With thee while I'm kiſſing and toying,
Kind Fortune can give me no more.

Dor.

Dor. *With thee I'm ſo bleſt beyond Meaſure,*
I laugh at all Offers of Treaſure;
I laugh at all Offers of Pleaſure;
Thou art all my Joy and my Store.
Both. *With thee,* &c.

SCENE IV.

Servants with Lights before Sir Thomas *and* Guzzle.

Sir Tho. Landlord, how fares it? You ſeem to drive a humming Trade here.

Guz. Pretty well, conſidering the Hardneſs of the Times, an't pleaſe your Honour.

Sir Tho. Better Times are a coming, a new Election is not far off.

Guz. Ay, Sir, if we had but an Election once a Year, a Man might make a ſhift to pick up a Livelihood.

Sir Tho. Once a Year! why, thou unconſcionable Rogue! the Kingdom would not be able to ſupply us with Malt. But pr'ythee whom haſt thou in thy Houſe, any honeſt Fellows? Ha!

Guz. Here's Lawyer *Brief*, Sir, and Dr. *Drench*; and there's Mr. *Sneak* and his Wife; then there's one Squire *Badger* of *Somerſetſhire*.

Sir Tho. Oho! give my Service to him inſtantly, tell him I ſhould be very glad to ſee him.

Guz. Yes, an't pleaſe your Honour. [*Exit.*

Sir Tho. This Fellow is not quite of a right Kidney, the Dog is not ſound at the Bottom; however, I muſt keep well with him till after the next Election. Now for my Son-in-law, that is to be, whom I long mightily to ſee; I'm ſure his Eſtate makes him a very advantageous Match for my Daughter, if ſhe can but like his Perſon; and if he be deſcrib'd right to me, I don't ſee how ſhe can fail of doing that.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Sir Thomas, *Squire* Badger, Guzzle, John.

Guz. Here's the Squire, an't pleaſe your Honour.

Sir Tho. Mr. *Badger*, I'm your moſt humble Servant; you're welcome into this Country; I've done myſelf the Honour, Sir, to meet you thus far, in order to conduct you to my Daughter.

Badg. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you may be Sir *Thomas Loveland.*

Sir Tho. At your Service, Sir.

Badg. Then I wiſh, when you had been about it, you had brought your Daughter along with you.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha! you are merry, Sir.

Badg. Ay, Sir, and you wou'd have been merry, if you had been in ſuch Company as I have been in. My Lord! 'Sbud! where's my Lord? 'Sbud! Sir *Thomas*, my Lord *Slang* is one of the merrieſt Men you ever knew in your Life; he has been telling me a Parcel of ſuch Stories!

John. I proteſt, Sir, you are ſo extremely well-bred, you put me out of countenance; Sir *Thomas*, I am your moſt obedient humble Servant.

Sir Tho. I ſuppoſe this Lord can't afford to keep a Footman, and ſo he wears his own Livery.

Badg. I wiſh, my Lord, you would tell Sir *Thomas* the Story about you and the Dutcheſs of what d'ye call her. ——Odsheart! it is one of the pleaſanteſt Stories! about how ſhe met him in the Dark at a Maskerade, and about how ſhe gave him a Letter; and then about how he carried her to a, to a, to a——.

John. To a Bagnio, to a Bagnio.

Badg. Ay, to a Bagnio. 'Sbud, Sir, if I was not partly engag'd in Honour to court your Daughter, I'd go to *London* along with my Lord, where Women are, it ſeems, as plenty as Rabbets in a Warren. Had I known as much of the World before, as I do now, I believe I ſhou'd

ſhou'd ſcarce have thought of marrying. Who'd marry, when my Lord ſays, here, a Man may have your great ſort of Ladies, only for wearing a broder'd Coat, telling half a Dozen Lies, and making a Bow.

Sir Tho. I believe, Sir, my Daughter won't force ye againſt your Inclination.

Badg. Force me! No; I believe not Icod! I ſhould be glad to ſee a Woman that ſhould force me. If you come to that, Sir, I'm not afraid of you, nor your Daughter neither.

Sir Tho. This Fellow's a great Fool; but his Eſtate muſt not be loſt. [*Aſide.*]—You miſunderſtand me, Sir, I believe you will have no Incivility to complain of, from either me or my Daughter.

Badg. Nay, Sir, for that matter, when People are civil to me, I know how to be civil to them again; come, Father-in-law of mine, that is to be, what ſay you to a cheriſhing Cup; and you ſhall hear ſome of my Lord's Stories?

Sir Tho. As far as one Bottle, Squire, but you muſt not exceed.

Badg. Nay, nay, you may e'en ſneak off when you pleaſe: My Lord and I here, are very good Company by ourſelves. Pray, my Lord, go firſt; I'd have you think I have got ſome Manners. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Tho. A very hopeful Spark this. But he has a great Eſtate; and I have no Notion of refuſing an Eſtate, let the Men be what he will.

SCENE VI. *The Yard.*

Don Quixote, Sancho.

Quix. How far doſt thou think the advanc'd Guards are yet from the Caſtle?

San. Sir!

Quix. But perhaps ſhe may chooſe to travel *incognita*, and may, for the greater Expedition, have left thoſe curs'd, uſeleſs, heavy Troops, her Horſe-Guards, to follow a Month

Month or two hence. How many Coaches didſt thou number?

San. Truly, Sir, they were ſo many, I could not number them. I dare ſwear there were a good round Baker's Dozen, at leaſt.

Quix. Sancho, thou wilt never leave debaſing the greateſt things in thy vile Phraſes. Wilt thou eternally put my Patience to the Teſt? Take heed, unworthy Squire, when thou art talking of this incomparable and peerleſs Princeſs, thou doſt it not in any of thy low Ribaldry; for if thou doſt, by all the Powers of this invincible Arm ——

San. Oh, ſpare me, ſpare me! — And if ever I offend your Worſhip any more, if ever I crack a Jeſt on my Lady *Dulcinea* ——

Quix. Proceed! What Knights attend her Preſence?

San. They make ſuch a Glittering, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to know one from the other; they look for all the World at a Diſtance, like a Flock of Sheep.

Quix. Ha! again!

San. Nay, Sir, if your Worſhip won't let a Man talk in his own Language, he muſt e'en hold his Tongue. Every Man is not bred at a Varſity, who looks for a Courtier's Tongue between the Teeth of a Clown. An ill Phraſe may come from a good Heart. Many Men, many Minds; many Minds, many Mouths; many Mouths, many Tongues; many Tongues, many Words.

Quix. Ceaſe thy Torrent of Impertinence, and tell me, is not the Knight of the black Eagle there?

San. Ay marry is he, Sir, and he of the black Ram too. On they trot, Sir, Cheek by Jole, Sir, for all the World like two Butter-Women to Market; then comes my Lady *Dulcinea* all Rampant in her Coach, with half a ſcore dozen Maids of Honour; 'twou'd have done your Heart good to ſee her, ſhe looks e'en juſt like ——

Quix. Like a milk-white Dove amongſt a Flight of Crows.

San. To all the World, like a new half Crown-Piece, amongſt a heap of old Braſs Farthings.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Drawer *with a Light*, Brief, *Don* Quixote, Sancho.

Draw. This Way, Sir, take care how you tread.

Quix. Ha! ſhe approaches! The Torches are already arriv'd at the Gate, the great *Fulgoran* is alighted. O thou moſt welcome of all Knights, let me embrace thee.

Brief. Let me alone pry'thee, Fellow, or I ſhall have you laid by the Heels; what do you mean to rob me, hey?

Quix. Is it poſſible, the mighty *Fulgoran* ſhould not know me?

Brief. Know ye! 'tis not to your Advantage, I believe, to be known. Let me tell you, Sirrah, you may be try'd on the Black Act, for going about diſguis'd in this Manner; and but that I ſhall go a better Way to work with you, as good an Indictment wou'd lie on that Act ——

Quix. Behold, Sir, my Lady *Dulcinea* herſelf.

Brief. Light on, Boy, the next Juſtice ought to be indicted for not putting the Laws in Execution againſt ſuch Fellows.

SCENE VIII.

Don Quixote, Sancho, Jezebel.

Quix. O moſt illuſtrious, and moſt mighty Princeſs with what Looks ſhall I behold you? with what Words ſhall I thank you for this infinite Goodneſs to your unworthy Knights?

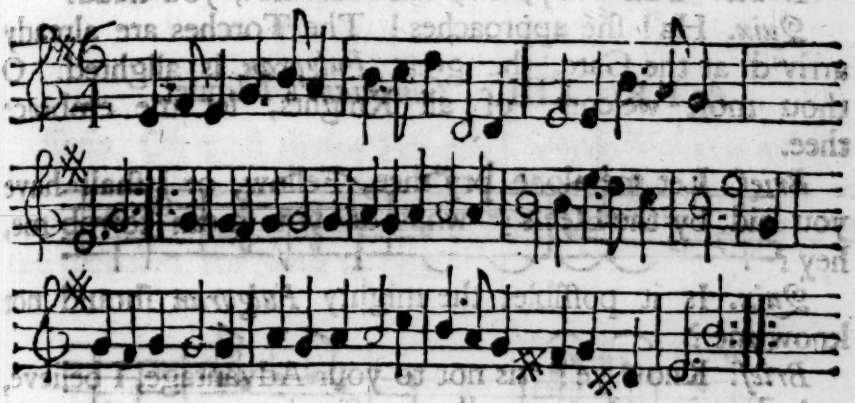
Jez. Riſe, Sir.

Quix. Do not overwhelm me with too much Goodneſs; tho' to ſee you be inexpreſſible Happineſs, yet to ſee you here gives me ſome Uneaſineſs: For, O moſt adorable Princeſs, this Caſtle is inchanted, Giants and captive Ladies inhabit only here.

Jez. Could I but be aſſured of your Conſtancy, I ſhould have no Fear; but, alas! there are ſo many Inſtances of perjur'd Men.

AIR

AIR XII. Cold and raw, *&c.*



A Virgin once was walking along,
In the ſweet Month of July,
Blooming, beautiful and young,
She met with a Swain unruly;
Within his Arms the Nymph he caught,
And ſwore he'd love her truly;
The Maid remember'd, the Man forgot,
What paſt in the Month of July.

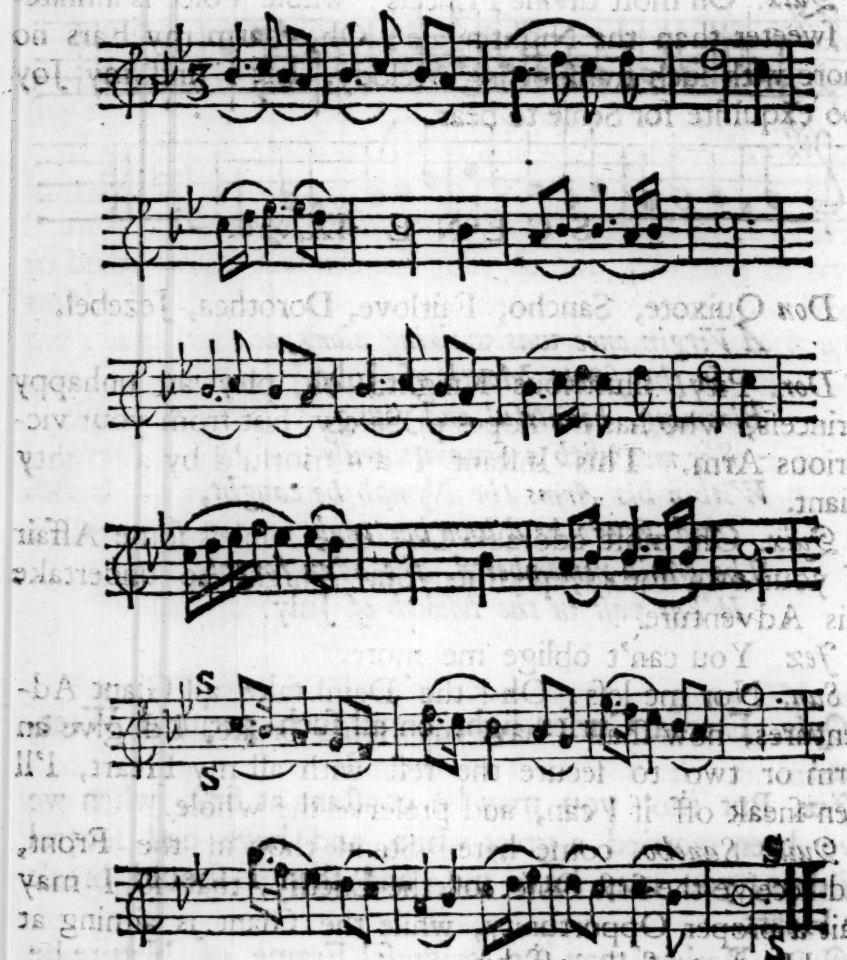
Quix. Eternal Curſes light on all ſuch perjur'd Wretches!

Jez. But tho' you may be conſtant at firſt, when we have been married a great while, and have had ſeveral Children, you may leave me, and then I ſhould break my Heart.

Quix. Rather may the univerſal Frame of Nature be diſſolv'd; periſh firſt, all Honeſty, Honour, Virtue, nay Knight-Errantry itſelf, that Quinteſſence of all.

Jez. Cou'd I always remain young as I am now, but alack-a day I ſhall grow old, and then you will forſake me for ſome younger Maiden; I know it is the way of all you Men, you all love young Fleſh. You all Sing,

AIR XIII. *Giminiani*'s Minuet.



Sweet's the little Maid,
That has not learnt her Trade,
Fears, yet languiſhes to be taught;
Tho' ſhe's ſhy and coy,
Still ſhe'll give you Joy.

When ſhe's once to Compliance brought,
Women full of Skill
Sooner grant your Will;
But often purchas'd are good for nought.
Sweet's the little Maid, &c.

Quix. Oh moſt divine Princeſs! whoſe Voice is infinitely ſweeter than the Nightingale: Oh, charm my Ears no more with ſuch tranſporting Melody, leſt I find my Joy too exquiſite for Senſe to bear.

SCENE IX.

Don Quixote, Sancho, Fairlove, Dorothea, Jezebel.

Dor. Pity, illuſtrious Knight; oh, pity an unhappy Princeſs, who has no hopes of Safety, but from your victorious Arm. This Inſtant I am purſu'd by a mighty Giant.

Quix. Oh, moſt adorable *Dulcinea!* unleſs ſome Affair of your own forbid, permit your Knight to undertake this Adventure.

Jez. You can't oblige me more.

San. Nor me leſs; Oh! the Devil take all Giant Adventures, now ſhall I have my Bones broke, I'd give an Arm or two to ſecure the reſt with all my Heart, I'll e'en ſneak off if I can, and preſerve the whole.

Quix. Sancho, come here! Stand thou in the Front, and receive the firſt Onſet of the Enemy, that ſo I may wait a proper Opportunity, while the Giant is aiming at thy Head, to ſtrike off his.

San. Ah, Sir, I have been a Squire-Erranting to ſome purpoſe truly, if I don't know better than to ſtand before my Maſter. Beſide, Sir, every Man in his Way. I am the worſt Man in the World at the beginning of the Battle, but a very Devil at the end of it.

SCENE X.

John, Fairlove, *Don* Quixote, Dorothea, Jezebel.

John. Oh Sir, undone, ruin'd! Sir *Thomas* himſelf is in the Inn; you are diſcover'd, and here he comes with a hundred and fifty People, to fetch away Madam *Dorothea.*

Fair. We know it, we know it.

Quix. And were he to bring as many thouſand—— I'll ſhew him one ſingle Knight may be too many for them all.

Fair. Ten thouſand Thanks, great Knight; by Heaven's I'll die by your Side, before I'll loſe her.

Quix. Now, thou moſt adorable Princeſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, now ſhine with all thy Influence upon me.

Sir Tho. [*Within*] Where is my Daughter, Villains? where is my Daughter?

Quix. Oh, thou curſed Giant *Tergilicombo*, too well I know thy Voice; have at thee, Caitif.

Dor. Dear *Jezebel*, I am frighten'd out of my Wits, my Father Mr. or *Fairlove* will be deſtroy'd —— I am reſolv'd I'll ruſh into the middle of them, and with my own Danger put an end to the Fray.

Jez. Do ſo, and in the mean time I'll into the Cloſet, and put an end to a ſmall Bottle I have there; I proteſt I am horribly frighten'd myſelf.

SCENE XI.

Sancho *ſolus.*

There they are at it Pell-mell, who will be knock'd on the Head I know not; I think I'm pretty ſure it won't be *Sancho.* I have made a ſhift to eſcape this Bout, but I ſhall never get out of this curſed fighting Country again as ſafe as I came into it. I ſhall leave ſome Pounds of poor *Sancho* behind me; if this be the effect of *Engliſh* Beef

and

and Pudding, would I were in *Spain* again. I begin to think this Houſe or Caſtle is chanted; nay, I fanſy the Devil lives in it, for we have had nothing but Battles, ſince we have been here. My Bones are not the Bones they were a Fortnight ago, nor are they in the ſame Places. As to my Skin the Rainbow is a Fool to it for Colours; it is like—What is it like? Ecod 'tis like nothing but my Maſter's. Well, Maſter of mine, if you do get the Day you deſerve it, I'll ſay that for you; and if you are well drub'd, why, you deſerve that too. What had we to do with the Princeſs and be hang'd to her? Beſides I verily believe ſhe's no more a Princeſs than I am. No good ever comes of minding other Mens Matters. I ſeldom ſee any Meat got by winding up another Man's Jack. I'll e'en take this Opportunity, and while all the reſt are knocking one another on the Head, I'll into the Pantry and ſtuff both Guts and Wallet as long as they'll hold.

SCENE XII.

Sir Thomas, Dorothea.

Sir Tho. See, ungracious Girl, ſee what your curſed Inclinations have occaſion'd!

Dor. I'm ſure they are the Cauſe of my Miſery; if *Fairlove* be deſtroy'd, I never ſhall enjoy a Moment's Quiet more.

Sir Tho. Perhaps it were better for him if he were; I ſhall handle him in ſuch a Manner, that the reſt of his Life ſhall not be much worth wiſhing for.

Dor. Thus on my Knees, Sir, I intreat you by all the Tenderneſs you ever profeſs'd to me! by all the Joy you have ſo often ſaid I gave you! by all the Pain I now endure! do not attempt to injure *Fairlove.* You can inflict no Puniſhment on him, but I muſt feel much more than half. Is it not enough to pull me, tear me bleeding from his Heart? Is it not enough to rob my Eyes of what they

love more than Light or than themſelves? Hinder me from all thoſe Scenes of Bliſs, I'd painted to myſelf? Oh, hear me, Sir, or kill me, and do not make this Life you gave a Curſe.

Sir Tho. Away, you're no Child of mine.

Dor. Wou'd you keep me from him, try to make him happy; that Thought would be ſome Comfort in his Abſence—I might perhaps bear to be no Partaker of his Happineſs, but not ſo of his Sufferings; were he in a Palace, you might keep me wretched alone; but were he in a Priſon, not all the Powers on Earth ſhould keep me from him.

SCENE XIII.

Guzzle, *Mrs.* Guzzle, Conſtable, *Don* Quixote, Fairlove, John.

Guz. We have made a ſhift, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, to ſecure this mad Fellow at laſt; but he has done us more Miſchief than ever it will be in his power to make us Reparation for.

Mrs. Guz. Our Houſe is ruin'd for ever, there is not one whole Window in it; the Stage-Coachman ſwears he'll never bring a Company to it again. There's Miſs *Sneak* above in Fits, and Mr. *Sneak*, poor Man, is crying, and Madam *Sneak*, ſhe's a ſwearing and ſtamping like a Dragoon.

Sir Tho. Mr. *Fairlove*, you ſhall anſwer for this — As for that poor Fellow there, I ſuppoſe you have hired him. Hark'e, Fellow, what did this Gentleman give you to do all this Miſchief?

Quix. It is your Time now, and you may uſe it. I perceive this Adventure is not reſerv'd for me, therefore I muſt ſubmit to the Inchantment.

Sir Tho. Do you banter me, you Raſcal?

Quix. Poor Wretch! I ſcorn to retort thy injurious Words.

Sir Tho. I'll make you know who I am presently, I will ſo.

Quix. Doſt thou then think I know thee not to be the Giant *Tergilicombo*? — yet think not becauſe I ſubmit to my Fortune, that I fear thee; No, the time will come, when I ſhall ſee thee the Prey of ſome more happy Knight.

Sir Tho. I'll Knight you, you Dog, I will.

Mrs. Guz. Do you hear, Husband? I ſuppoſe you won't doubt whether he be mad any longer or no; he makes no more of his Worſhip, than if he were talking to a Fidler.

Guz. I wiſh your Worſhip would ſend him to Goal, he ſeems to look moſt curſedly Miſchievous. I ſhall never think myſelf ſafe till he is under Lock and Key.

Fair. Sir *Thomas*, I do not deſerve this uſage at your Hands; and tho' my Love to your Daughter hath made me hitherto Paſſive, do not carry the Thing too far; for be aſſured if you do you ſhall anſwer for it.

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, Sir, we are not afraid of that.

SCENE XIV.

Squire Badger, *Sir* Thomas, Dorothea, Fairlove, Don Quixote, *Mrs.* Guzzle.

Badg. Oons! what's the Matter with you all? Is the Devil in the Inn that you won't let a Man ſleep? I was as faſt on the Table as if I had been in a Feather-bed. — 'Sbud, what's the Matter? Where's my Lord *Slang?*

Sir Tho. Dear Squire, let me intreat you would go to Bed, you are a little heated with Wine.

Badg. Oons, Sir! do you ſay that I am drunk? I ſay, Sir, that I am as ſober as a Judge; and if any Man ſays that I am drunk, Sir, he's a Liar, and a Son of a Whore. My Dear, an't I — ſober now?

Dor. O nauſeous, filthy Wretch!

Badg. 'Fore *George*, a good pretty Wench; I'll have a Kiſs; I'll warrant ſhe's twice as handſom as my Wife, that is to be.

Sir Tho. Hold, dear Sir, this is my Daughter.

Badg. Sir, I don't care whoſe Daughter ſhe is.

Dor. For Heaven's ſake, ſome body defend me from him.

Fair. Let me go, Dogs! Villain! thou hadſt better eat thy Fingers than lay 'em rudely on that Lady.

Sir Tho. Dear Mr. *Badger*, this is my Daughter, the young Lady to whom you intended your Addreſſes.

Badg. Well, Sir, and an't I making Addreſſes to her, Sir, Hey?

Sir Tho. Let me beſeech you, Sir, to attack her in no rude manner.

Badg. Pr'ythee, doſt thou know who I am? I fanſy if thou didſt know who I was, thou wou'dſt not talk to me ſo; if thou doſt any more, I ſhall ſend thee a Knock. Come, Madam, ſince I have promis'd to marry you, ſince I can't be off with Honour, as they ſay; why, the ſooner it's done, the better; let us ſend for a Parſon and be married, now I'm in the Humour. 'Sbodlikins! I find there's nothing in making Love, when a Man's but once got well into't. I never made a Word of Love before in my Life; and yet it is as natural, ſeemingly, as if I had been bound Prentice to it.

Quix. Sir, one Word with you, if you pleaſe; I ſuppoſe you look upon yourſelf as a reaſonable ſort of Perſon.

Sir Tho. What?

Quix. That you are capable of managing your Affairs; that you don't ſtand in need of a Governor.

Sir Tho. Hey!

Quix. And if this be true of you, is it poſſible you can prefer that Wretch, who is a Scandal to his very Species, to this Gentleman, whoſe Perſon and Parts would be an Honour to the greateſt of it.

Sir

Sir Tho. Has he made you his Advocate? Tell him, I can prefer Three Thouſand to One.

Quix. The uſual Madneſs of Mankind! Do you marry your Daughter for her ſake, or your own? If for her's, ſure 'tis ſomething whimſical, to make her miſerable in order to make her happy. Money is a Thing well worth conſidering in theſe Affairs; but Parents always regard it too much, and Lovers too little. No Match can be happy, which Love and Fortune do not conſpire to make ſo. The greateſt Addition of either, illy ſupplies the intire Abſence of the other; nor wou'd Millions a Year make that Beaſt, in your Daughter's Eye, preferable to this Youth with a Thouſand.

Sir Tho. What have we here, a Philoſophical Pimp! I can't help ſaying, but the Fellow has ſome Truth on his Side.

Dor. You are my eternal Averſion.

Badg. Lookye, Madam, I can take a Joke, or ſo, but if you are in earneſt ———

Dor. Indeed I am, I hate and deſpiſe you in the moſt ſerious earneſt.

Badg. Do you, then you may kiſs. — 'Sbud, I can hate as well as you. Your Daughter has affronted me here. Sir, what's your Name, and I'll have Satisfaction?

Quix. Oh, that I were diſinchanted for thy ſake!

Badg. Sir, I'll have Satisfaction.

Sir Tho. My Daughter, Sir ———

Badg. Sir, your Daughter, Sir, is a Son of a Whore, Sir. 'Sbud, I'll go find my Lord *Slang*. A Fig for you and your Daughter too; I'll have Satisfaction. [*Exit.*

Quix. A *Turk* wou'd ſcarce marry a Chriſtian Slave to ſuch a Husband.

Sir Tho. How this Man was miſrepreſented to me! Fellows, let go your Priſoner. Mr. *Fairlove*, can you forgive me? Can I make you any Reparation for the Injuſtice I have ſhewn you on this Wretch's Account?

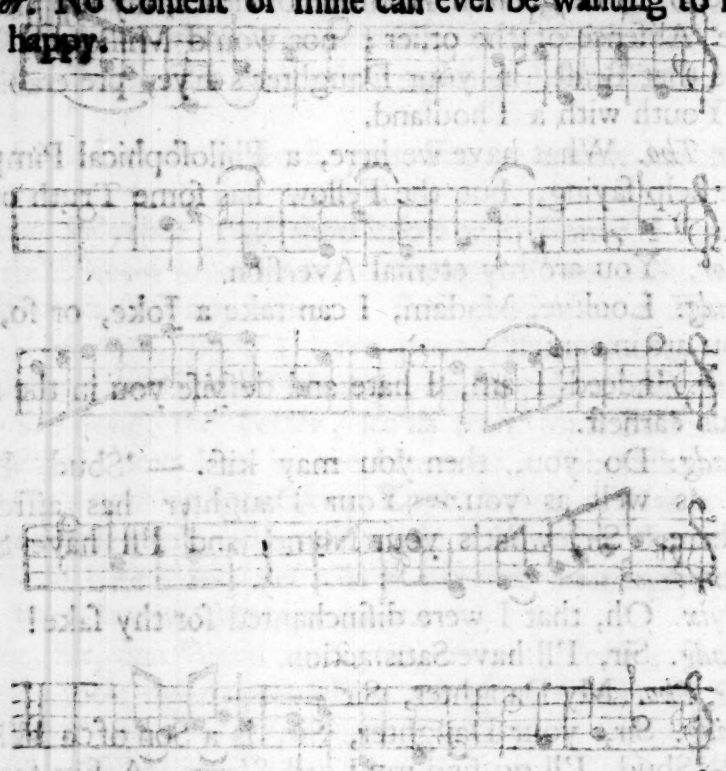
Fair.

Fair. } Ha!
Dor. }

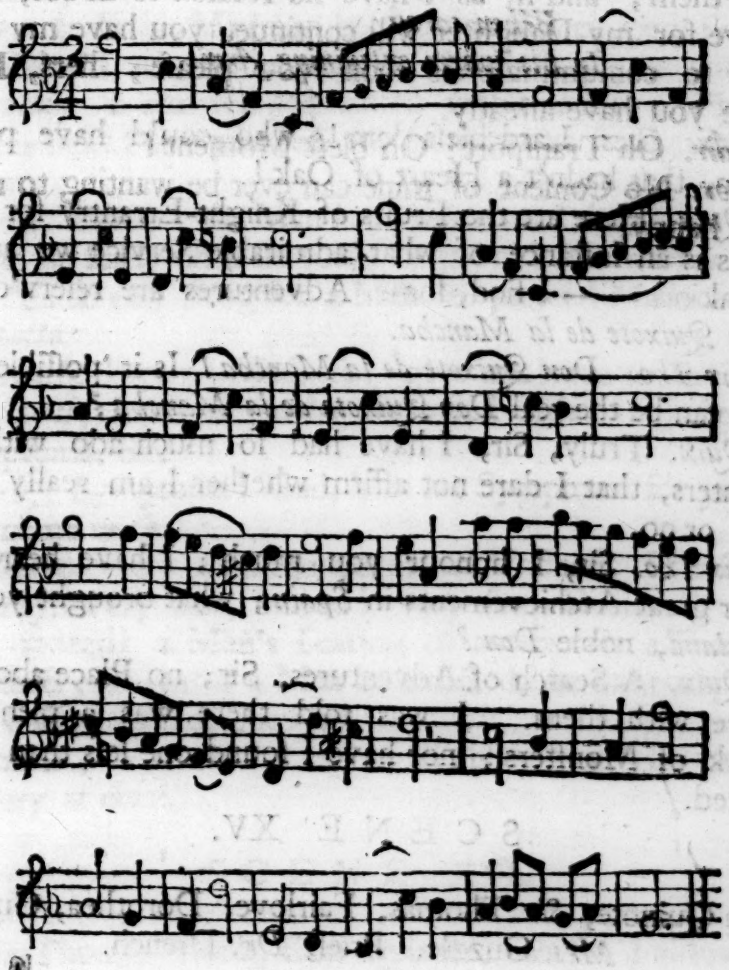
Sir Tho. If the immediate executing all my former Promiſes to you, can make you forget my having broken them; and if, as I have no Reaſon to doubt, your Love for my Daughter will continue, you have my Conſent to conſummate as ſoon you pleaſe; hers, I believe you have already.

Fair. Oh Tranſport! Oh bleſt Moment!

Dor. No Conſent of mine can ever be wanting to make him happy.



AIR XIV.



Fair. *Thus the Merchant, who with Pleaſure,*
Long adventur'd on the Main,
Hugging faſt his darling Treaſure,
Gaily ſmiles
On paſt Toils,
Well repaid for all his Pain.

She.

She. *Thus the Nymph whom Dream affrighting,*
With her Lover's Death alarms,
Wakes with Tranſports all delighting;
Madly bleſt,
When careſt
In his warm entwining Arms.

Mrs. Guz. Lard bleſs 'em! who cou'd have parted them, that hadn't a Heart of Oak!

Quix. Here are the Fruits of Knight-Errantry for you. This is an Inſtance of what admirable Service we are to Mankind. —— I find, ſome Adventures are reſerv'd for *Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

Sir Tho. Don Quixote de la Mancha! Is it poſſible that you can be the real *Don Quixote de la Mancha?*

Quix. Truly, Sir, I have had ſo much ado with Inchanters, that I dare not affirm whether I am really myſelf, or no.

Sir Tho. Sir, I honour you much; I have heard of your great Atchievements in *Spain*; what brought you to *England*, noble *Don?*

Quix. A Search of Adventures, Sir; no Place abounds more with them. I was told there was a plenteous Stock of Monſters; nor have I found one leſs than I expected.

SCENE XV.

Don Quixote, *Sir* Thomas, Fairlove, Dorothea, Guzzle, *Mrs.* Guzzle, Brief, *Dr.* Drench.

Brief. I'll have Satisfaction, I won't be us'd after this manner for nothing, while there is either Law, or Judge, or Juſtice, or Jury, or Crown-Office, or Actions of Damages, or on the Caſe, or Treſpaſſes, or Aſſaults, and Batteries.

Sir Tho. What's the matter, Mr. Counſeller?

Brief. Oh, Sir *Thomas!* I am abus'd, beaten, hurt, maimed, diſfigured, defaced, diſmember'd, kill'd, maſ-

ſacred, and murder'd, by this Rogue, Robber, Raſcal, Villain. I ſhan't be able to appear at *Weſtminſter*-Hall the whole Term; it will be as good a Three Hundred Pounds out of my Pocket as was ever taken.

Drench. If this Madman be not blooded, cupped, ſweated, bliſter'd, vomited, purg'd, this Inſtant, he will be incurable. I am well acquainted with this ſort of Phrenſy; his next Paroxyſm will be ſix times as ſtrong as the former.

Brief. Pſhaw! the Man is no more mad than I am — I ſhould be finely off if he could be prov'd *Non compos mentis*; 'tis an eaſy thing for a Man to pretend Madneſs *Ex poſt facto.*

Drench. Pretend Madneſs! give me leave to tell you, Mr. *Brief*, I am not to be pretended with; I judge by Symptoms, Sir.

Brief. Symptoms! Gad, here are Symptoms for you, if you come to that.

Drench. Very plain Symptoms of Madneſs, I think.

Brief. Very fine, indeed! very fine Doctrine! very fine, indeed! a Man's beating of another is a Proof of Madneſs; ſo that if a Man be indicted, he has nothing to do, but to plead, *Non compos mentis*, and he's acquitted of courſe; ſo there's an end of all Actions of Aſſaults and Battery at once.

SCENE XVI.

Sir Thomas, Cook, Don Quixote, Sancho, Fairlove, *Dr.* Drench, *Servants haling in* Sancho.

Sir Tho. Heyday! what's the matter now?

Cook. Bring him along, bring him along! Ah Maſter, no wonder you have complain'd ſo long of miſſing your Victuals, for all the time we were out in the Yard, this Rogue has been ſtuffing his Guts in the Pantry. Nay, he has not only done that, but every thing he cou'd not eat, he has cramb'd into that great Sack there, which he calls a Wallet.

Quix. Thou Scandal to the Name of Squire! wilt thou eternally bring Shame on thy Maſter by theſe little pilfering Tricks!

San. Nay, nay, you have no reaſon to talk, good Maſter of mine; the Receiver's as bad as the Thief; and you have been glad, let me tell you, after ſome of your Adventures, to ſee the Inſide of the Wallet, as well as I. What a Pox, are theſe your Errantry Tricks, to leave your Friends in the Lurch?

Quix. Slave! Caitif!

Sir Tho. Dear Knight, be not angry with the truſty *Sancho*, you know by the Laws of Knight-Errantry, ſtuffing the Wallet has ſtill been the Privilege of the Squire.

San. If this Gentleman be a Knight-Errant, I wiſh he wou'd make me his Squire.

Quix. I'm pacified.

Fair. Landlord, be eaſy. Whatever you may have ſuffer'd by Mr. *Sancho*, or his illuſtrious Maſter, I'll ſee you paid.

Sir Tho. If you will honour my Houſe, noble Knight, and be preſent at my Daughter's Wedding with this Gentleman, we will do the beſt in our Power for your Entertainment.

Quix. Sir, I accept your Offer, and, unleſs any immediate Adventure of moment ſhould intervene, will attend you.

San. Oh rare *Sancho!* this is brave News, i'faith! Give me your Wedding-Adventures, the Devil take all the reſt.

Drench. Sure, Sir *Thomas*, you will not take a Madman home with you to your Houſe.

Quix. I have heard thee, thou ignorant Wretch, throw that Word in my Face, with Patience; for alas! cou'd it be prov'd, what were it more than almoſt all Mankind in ſome degrees deſerve? Who would doubt the noiſy boiſt'rous Squire, who was here juſt now, to be mad? Muſt not this noble Knight here have been mad, to think of marrying his Daughter to ſuch a Wretch? You, Doc-

tor,

tor, are mad too, tho' not ſo mad as your Patients. The Lawyer here is mad, or he wou'd not have gone into a Scuffle, when it is the Buſineſs of Men of his Profeſſion to ſet other Men by the Ears, and keep clear themſelves.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha, ha! I don't know whether this Knight, by and by, may not prove us all to be more mad than himſelf.

Fair. Perhaps, Sir *Thomas*, that is no ſuch difficult Point.

AIR XV. Country Bumpkin.

All Mankind are mad, 'tis plain;
Some for Places,
Some Embraces;
Some are mad to keep up Gain,
And others mad to ſpend it.
Courtiers we may Madmen rate,
Poor Believers
In Deceivers;
Some are mad to hurt the State,
And others mad to mend it.

Dor. *Lawyers are for* Bedlam *fit,*
Or they never
Could endeavour
Half the Rogueries to commit,
Which we're ſo mad to let 'em.
Poets Madmen are no doubt,
With Projectors,
And Directors;
Women all are mad throughout,
And we more mad to get 'em.

Since

Since your Madneſs is ſo plain,
Each Spectator
Of Good-Nature,
With Applauſe will entertain
His Brother of La Mancha;
With Applauſe will entertain
Don Quixote *and* Squire Sancho.

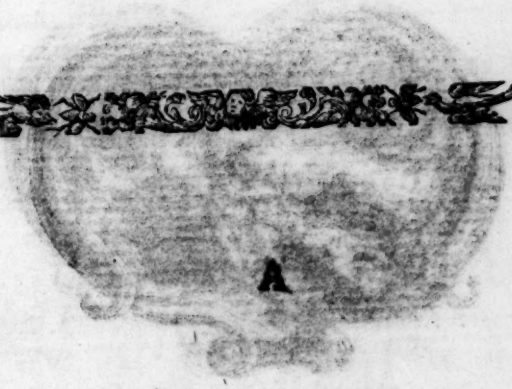
FINIS.

AN

OLD MAN

TAUGHT

WISDOM.



A

[Price One Shilling.]

AN

OLD MAN

TAUGHT

WISDOM:

OR, THE

VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

A FARCE.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

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With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

The FOURTH EDITION.

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A

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

Goodwill,	*Mr.* Shepard.
Lucy, *his Daughter*,	*Mrs.* Clive.
Bliſter, *an Apothecary*,	*Mr.* Harper.
Coupee, *a Dancing-Maſter*,	*Mr.* Laguerre.
Quaver, *a Singing-Maſter*,	*Mr.* Salway.
Wormwood, *a Lawyer*,	*Mr.* Macklin.
Mr. Thomas, *a Footman*,	*Mr.* Eſte.

SCENE, *A Hall in* Goodwill's *Houſe in the Country.*

AN OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM.

SCENE,

A HALL *in Mr.* GOODWILL's *House.*

GOODWILL *ſolus.*

WELL! it is to me ſurpriſing, that out of the Multitudes who feel a Pleaſure in getting an Eſtate, few or none ſhou'd taſte a Satisfaction in beſtowing it. Doubtleſs, a good Man muſt have vaſt Delight in rewarding Merit, nor will I believe it ſo difficult to be found. I am at preſent, I thank Heaven, and my own Induſtry, worth a good 10000 *l.* and an only Daughter, both which I have determin'd to give to the moſt worthy of my poor Relations. The Tranſport I feel

feel from the Hope of making ſome honeſt Man happy, makes me amends for the many weary Days and ſleepleſs Nights my Riches have coſt me. I have ſent to ſummon 'em. The Girl I have bred up under my own Eye; ſhe has ſeen nothing, knows nothing, and has conſequently no Will but mine. I have no Reaſon to doubt her Conſent to whatever Choice I ſhall make.——How happily muſt my Old Age ſlide away, between the Affection of an innocent and dutiful Child, and the grateful Return I may expect from a ſo much obliged Son-in-law! I am certainly the happieſt Man on Earth. Here ſhe comes.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you ſend for me, Papa?

Good. Yes, come hither, Child. I have ſent for you to mention an Affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to ſend me to a Boarding-School, Papa.

Good. I hope my Indulgence to you has been ſuch, that you have Reaſon to regard me as the beſt of Fathers. I am ſure I have never deny'd you any thing, but for your own Good: Indeed I have conſulted nothing elſe. It is that for which I have been toiling theſe many Years; for which I have deny'd myſelf every Comfort in Life; and from which I have, from renting a Farm of 500 a Year, amaſſed the Sum of 10000 *l.*

Lucy. I am afraid you are angry with me, Papa.

Good. Be not frighten'd, my dear Child, you have done nothing to offend me. But anſwer me one Queſtion—What does my little Dear think of a Husband?

Lucy. A Husband, Papa! O la!

Good. Come, it is a Queſtion a Girl in her Sixteenth Year may anſwer. Shou'd you like to have a Husband, *Lucy?*

Lucy.

Lucy. And am I to have a Coach?

Good. No, no: What has that to do with a Husband?

Lucy. Why you know, Papa, Sir *John Wealthy*'s Daughter was carry'd away in a Coach by her Husband; and I have been told by ſeveral of our Neighbours, that I was to have a Coach when I was marry'd. Indeed, I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a Husband in my whole Life, that I did not dream of a Coach. I have rid about in one all Night in my Sleep, and methought it was the pureſt thing!——

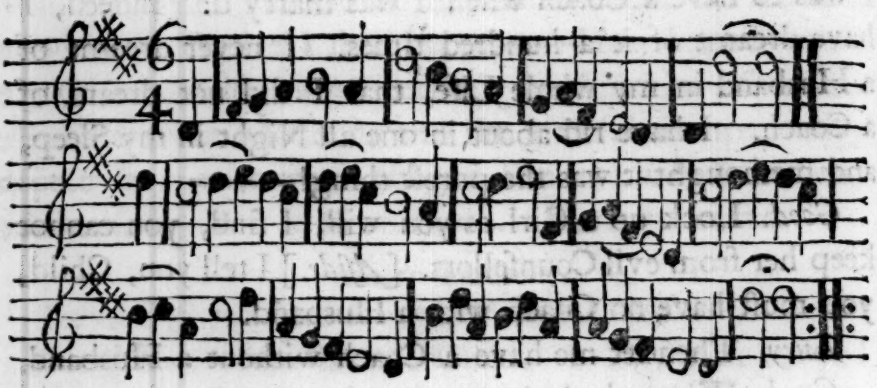
Good. Lock up a Girl as you will, I find, you cannot keep her from evil Counſellors. [*Aſide.*] I tell you, Child, you muſt have no Coach with a Husband:

Lucy. Then let me have a Coach without a Husband.

Good. What, had you rather have a Coach than a Husband?

Lucy. Hum——I don't know that——But, if you'll get me a Coach let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a Husband.

AIR I. *THOMAS,* I CANNOT.



Do you, Papa, but find a Coach,
And leave the other to me, Sir;
For that will make the Lover approach,
And I warrant we ſhan't diſagree, Sir.
No Sparks will talk
To Girls that walk,
I've heard it, and I confide in't:
Do you then fix
My Coach and Six,
I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't,
I warrant, &c.

Good. The Girl is out of her Wits, ſure. Huſſy! who put theſe Thoughts into your Head? You ſhall have a good ſober Husband, that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't tho', if I can help it; for Miſs *Jenny Flant-it* ſays, a ſober Husband is the worſt ſort of Husband in the World.

Good.

Good. I have a mind to ſound the Girl's Inclinations. Come hither, *Lucy*; tell me now, of all the Men you ever ſaw, whom ſhou'd you like beſt for a Husband?

Lucy. O fy, Papa, I muſt not tell.

Good. Yes, you may your Father.

Lucy. No, Miſs *Jenny* ſays I muſt not tell my Mind to any Man whatever. She never tells a Word of Truth to her Father.

Good. Miſs *Jenny* is a wicked Girl, and you muſt not regard her. Come, tell me the Truth, or I ſhall be angry.

Lucy. Why then, of all the Men I ever ſaw in my whole Life-time, I like Mr. *Thomas*, my Lord *Bounce*'s Footman the beſt, a hundred thouſand times.

Good. Oh, fy upon you! like a Footman?

Lucy. A Footman! he looks a thouſand times more like a Gentleman than either Squire *Foxchaſe* or Squire *Tankard*, and talks more like one, ay, and ſmells more like one too. His Head is ſo prettily dreſt, done all down upon the Top with Sugar, like a froſted Cake, with three little Curls on each ſide, that you may ſee his Ears as plain! and then his Hair is done up behind juſt like a fine Lady's, with a little little Hat, and a Pair of charming white Stockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legg'd Fowl; and he always carries a great ſwinging Stick in his Hand, as big as himſelf, that he wou'd knock any Dog down with, who was to offer to bite me. A Footman indeed! why Miſs *Jenny* likes him as well as I do, and ſhe ſays, all the fine young Gentlemen that the Ladies in *London* are ſo fond of, are juſt ſuch Perſons as he is.——Icod, I ſhou'd have had him before now, but that Folks told me I ſhou'd have a Man with a Coach, and that methinks I had rather have, a great deal.

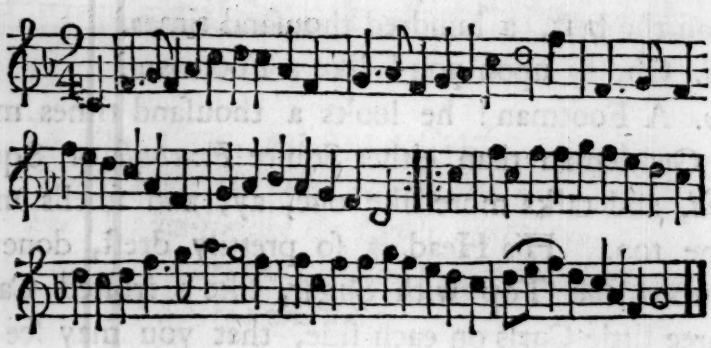
Good. I am amaz'd! But I abhor the mercenary Temper in the Girl, worſe than all.——What, Child, wou'd you have any one with a Coach? Wou'd you have Mr. *Achum?*

Lucy. Yes indeed, wou'd I, for a Coach.

Good. Why, he is a Cripple, and can ſcarce walk acroſs the Room.

Lucy. What ſignifies that?

AIR II. *WULLY* HONEY.



When he in a Coach can be carry'd,
What need has a Man to go?
That Women for Coaches are marry'd,
I'm not ſuch a Child but I know.
But if the poor crippled Elf
In Coach be not able to roam,
Why then I can go by myſelf,
And he may e'en ſtay at home.

Enter Bliſter.

Bliſt. Mr. *Goodwill*, your humble Servant. I have rid twelve long Miles in little more than an Hour. I am glad to ſee you ſo well; I was afraid by your Meſſage——

Good.

Good. That I had wanted your Advice, I ſuppoſe; truly, Coz, I ſent for you on a better Account.——— *Lucy*, this is a Relation of yours, you have not ſeen a great while, my Couſin *Bliſter*, the Apothecary.

Lucy. O la! I hope that great huge Man is not to be my Husband.

Bliſt. My Couſin is well grown, and looks healthy. What Apothecary do you employ? He deals in good Drugs, I warrant him.

Good. Plain wholeſome Food and Exerciſe are what ſhe deals in.

Bliſt. Plain wholeſome Food is very proper at ſome time of the Year, with gentle Phyſick between whiles.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear *Lucy*, I muſt talk with your Couſin.

Lucy. Yes, Papa, with all my Heart——I hope I ſhall never ſee that great Thing again. [*Exit.*

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my Meſſage, and will perhaps more, when you know the Occaſion of it. In ſhort, without more Preface, I begin to find myſelf going out of the World, and my Daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore reſolv'd to ſee her ſettled without farther Delay. I am far from thinking vaſt Wealth neceſſary to Happineſs: Wherefore, as I can give her a ſufficient Competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own Relations. It will pleaſe me, that the Fruits of my Labour ſhould not go out of the Family. I have ſent to ſeveral of my Kinſmen, of whom ſhe ſhall take her Choice; and as you are the firſt here, if you like my Propoſal, you ſhall make the firſt Application.

Bliſt. With all my Heart, Couſin; and I am very much oblig'd to you. Your Daughter ſeems an agreeable young Woman, and I have no Averſion to Marriage. But pray, why do you think yourſelf going out of the World?

World? Proper Care might continue you in it a conſiderable while. Let me feel your Pulſe.

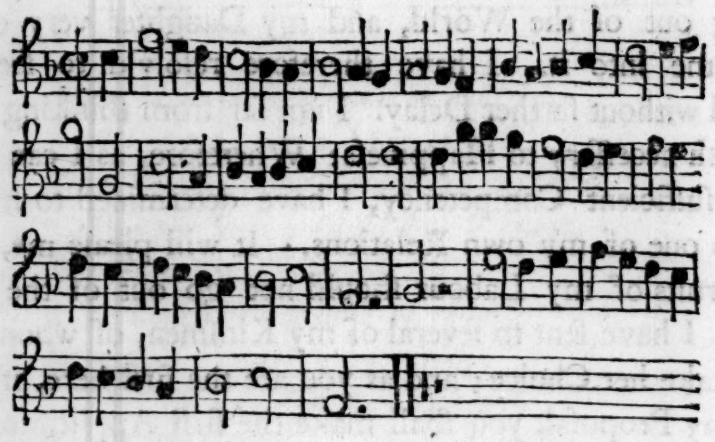
Good. To oblige you; tho' I am in very good Health.

Bliſt. A little feveriſh.——— I wou'd adviſe you to loſe a little Blood, and take an Emulſion, with a gentle Emetick and Cathartick.

Good. No, no, I will ſend my Daughter to you; but pray keep your Phyſick to yourſelf, dear Couſin. [*Exit.*

Bliſt. This Man is near Seventy, and, I have heard, never took any Phyſick in his Life, and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the Doctor's Hands all his Life-time. 'Tis ſtrange; but if I marry his Daughter, the ſooner he dies, the better. It is an odd Whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and ſo, ſo much the better———What a ſtrange Dowdy 'tis! No matter, her Fortune is never the worſe.

AIR III. ROUND, ROUND THE MILL.



In Women we Beauty or Wit may admire;
Sing Trol, lerol.
But ſure as we have them, as ſurely they'll tire;
Oh ho, will they ſo?

Abroad

Abroad for theſe Dainties the Wiſe therefore roam,
Sing Trol lerol :
And frugally keep but a plain Diſh at home;
Oh oh, do they ſo?

Who marries a Beauty, muſt hate her when old;
Sing Trol lerol.
But the older it grows, the more precious the Gold.
Oh ho, is it ſo?

Enter Lucy.

Oh, here comes my Miſtreſs: What a Pox ſhall I ſay to her? I never made Love in my Life.

Lucy. Papa has ſent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a Boarding-School, I am ſure I wou'd not have come; but they ſay I ſhall be whipt there, and a Husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Bliſt. Won't you pleaſe to ſit down, Couſin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, Sir.——Since I muſt ſtay with you, I may as well ſit down as not. [*Aſide.*

Bliſt. Pray, Couſin, how do you find yourſelf?

Lucy. Find myſelf?

Bliſt. Yes, how do you do? Let me feel your Pulſe. How do you ſleep o'Nights?

Lucy. How? why upon my Back, generally.

Bliſt. But I mean, do you ſleep without Interruption? are you not reſtleſs?

Lucy. I tumble and toſs a good deal ſometimes.

Bliſt. Hum! Pray how long do you uſually ſleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven Hours.

Bliſt. Is your Stomach good? Do you eat with an Appetite? How often do you find in a Day any Inclination to eat?

Lucy.

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unleſs it be at Breakfaſt, Dinner, and Supper, and Afternoon's Nunchion.

Bliſt. Hum! I find you have at preſent no abſolute need of an Apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that, I wiſh he was gone with all my Heart.

Bliſt. I ſuppoſe, Couſin, your Father has mentioned to you the Affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him, in making me the happieſt Man upon Earth?

Lucy. You need not ask me, you know I muſt do what he bids me.

Bliſt. May I then hope you will make me your Husband?

Lucy. I muſt do what he'll have me.

Bliſt. What makes you cry, Miſs? Pray tell me what is the matter.

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me, if I tell you.

Bliſt. I angry! it is not in my Power, I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your Anger, not you of mine; I muſt not be angry with you, whatever you do.

Lucy. What, muſt not you be angry, let me do what I will?

Bliſt. No, my Dear.

Lucy. Why then, by Goles! I will tell you——I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Bliſt. What have I done to deſerve your Hate?

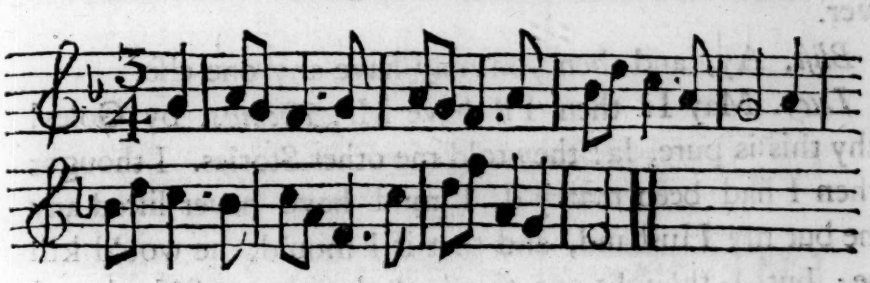
Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are ſuch a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my Papa was to lock me up for a Twelvemonth, I ſhould hate you ſtill.

Bliſt. Did not you tell me juſt now, you wou'd make me your Husband?

Lucy. Yes, ſo I will for all that.

AIR

AIR IV. NOW PONDER WELL, *&c.*



Ah, be not angry, good dear Sir,
Nor do not tell Papa;
For tho' I can't abide you, Sir,
I'll marry you——O la!

Bliſt. Well, my Dear, if you can't abide me, I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your Father, I aſſure you I will not; beſides, my Dear, as for liking me, do not give yourſelf any Trouble about that, it is the very beſt Reaſon for marrying me; no Lady now marries any one but whom ſhe hates; hating one another is the chief End of Matrimony. It is what moſt Couples do before they are marry'd, and all after it. I fanſy you have not a right Notion of a marry'd Life. I ſuppoſe you imagine we are to be fond, and kiſs, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we?

Bliſt. Ha, ha, ha! an't we! no! How ignorant it is! [*Aſide.*] Marrying is nothing but living in the ſame Houſe together, and going by the ſame Name; while I am following my Buſineſs, you will be following your Pleaſure; ſo that we ſhall rarely meet but at Meals, and then we are to ſit at oppoſite Ends of the Table, and make Faces at each other.

Lucy. I ſhall like that prodigiouſly—Ah, but there is one thing tho'——an't we to lie together?

Bliſt. A Fortnight, no longer.

Lucy. A Fortnight! that's a long time: but it will be over.

Bliſt. Ay, and then you may have any one elſe.

Lucy. May I? then I'll have Mr. *Thomas*, by Goles! why this is pure, la! they told me other Stories. I thought when I had been marry'd, I muſt have never liked any one but my Husband, and that if I ſhou'd, he wou'd kill me; but I thought one thing tho' with myſelf, that I cou'd like another Man without letting him know it, and then a Fig for him.

Bliſt. Ay, ay, they tell Children ſtrange Stories; I warrant they have told you, you muſt be govern'd by your Husband.

Lucy. My Papa tells me ſo.

Bliſt. But all the married Women in *England* will tell you another Story.

Lucy. So they have already, for they ſay I muſt not be govern'd by a Husband; and they ſay another thing too, that you will tell me one Story before Marriage, and another afterwards, for that Marriage alters a Man prodigiouſly.

Bliſt. No, Child, I ſhall be juſt the ſame Creature I am now, unleſs in one Circumſtance; I ſhall have a huge Pair of Horns upon my Head.

Lucy. Shall you! that's pure, ha, ha, what a comical Figure you will make! but how will you make 'em grow?

Bliſt. It is you that will make 'em grow.

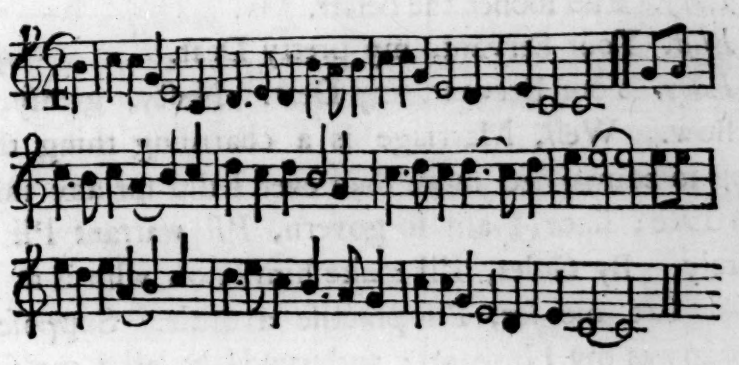
Lucy. Shall I? by Goles! then I'll do't as ſoon as ever I can; for I long to ſee 'em! do, tell me how I ſhall do it.

Bliſt. Every other Man you kiſs, I ſhall have a Pair of Horns grow.

Lucy.

Lucy. By Goles, then, you ſhall have Horns enough; but I fanſy you are joking now.

AIR V. BUFF-COAT.



Ah Sir! I gueſs
You are a fibbing Creature.

Bliſt. *Becauſe, dear Miſs,*
You know not Human Nature:

Lucy. *Marry'd Men, I'll be ſworn,*
I have ſeen without Horn.

Bliſt. *Ah Child! you want Art to unlock it:*
The Secret here lies,
Men now are ſo wiſe,
To carry their Horns in their Pocket.

Lucy. But you ſhall wear yours on your Head, for I ſhall like 'em better than any other thing about you.

Bliſt. Well then, Miſs, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Bliſt. Yes, my Dear.

Lucy. Ah, but don't call me ſo; I hate you ſhould call me ſo.

Bliſt. Oh Child, all marry'd People call one another *My Dear*, let 'em hate one anothe as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well then, my Dear——Hum, I think there is not any great Matter in the Word, neither.

Bliſt. Why, amongſt your fine Gentry, there is ſcarce any Meaning in any thing they ſay. Well, I'll go to your Papa, and tell him we have agreed upon Matters, and have the Wedding inſtantly.

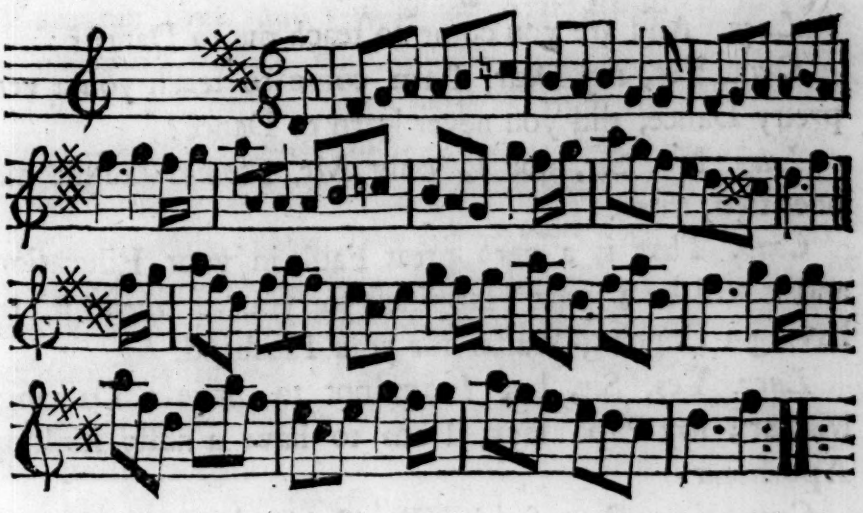
Lucy. The ſooner the better.

Bliſt. Your Servant, my pretty Dear. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Your Servant, my Dear. Naſty, greaſy, ugly Fellow. Well, Marriage is a charming thing tho', I long to be married more than ever I did for any thing in my Life; ſince I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By Goles, I'll make him know who is at home —— Let me ſee, I'll practiſe a little. Suppoſe that Chair was my Husband; and ecod! by all I can find, a Chair is as proper for a Husband as any thing elſe; now ſays my Husband to me, *How do you do, my Dear?* Lard! my Dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you; *Pray, my Dear, let us dine early to-day.* Indeed, my Dear, I can't—— *Do you intend to go abroad to-day?* No, my Dear! *Then you will ſtay at home:* No, my Dear! *Shall we ride out?* No, my Dear. *Shall we go a Viſiting?* No, my Dear——I will never do any thing I am bid, that I am reſolv'd; and then Mr. *Thomas,* O good! I am out of my Wits.

AIR

AIR VI. *BESSY BELL.*



La! what ſwinging Lyes ſome People will tell!
I thought when another I'd wedded,
I muſt have bid poor Mr. Thomas *farewell,*
And none but my Husband have bedded.
But I find I'm deceiv'd, for as Michaelmas *Day*
Is ſtill the Fore-runner of Lammas,
So Wedding another is but the right way
To come at my dear Mr. Thomas.

Enter Coupee.

Heyday! what fine Gentleman is this?

Coup. Couſin, your moſt obedient, and devoted humble Servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine Gentry, by his not having any Meaning in his Words.

Coup. I have not the Honour to be known to you, Couſin; but your Father has been ſo kind to give me Admiſſion to your fair Hands.

Lucy.

Lucy. O Gemini Cancer! What a fine charming Man this is?

Coup. My Name, Madam, is *Coupee*, and I have the Honour to be a Dancing-Maſter.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to Dance?

Coup. Yes, my Dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty Dance, did you never learn to Dance?

Lucy. No, Sir, not I, only Mr. *Thomas* taught me, one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great Fault in your Education, and it will be a great Happineſs for you to amend it, by having a Dancing-Maſter for your Husband.

Lucy. Yes, Sir, but I am not to have a Dancing-Maſter; my Papa ſays, I am to have a naſty ſtinking Apothecary.

Coup. Your Papa ſays! What ſignifies what your Papa ſays?

Lucy. What, muſt I not mind what my Papa ſays?

Coup. No, no, you are to follow your own Inclinations. I think if ſhe has any Eyes, I may venture to truſt 'em. [*Aſide.*] Your Father is a very comical queer old Fellow, a very odd kind of a ſilly Fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I ask Pardon tho' for my Freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my Pardon, for I am not at all angry; for between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a Fellow, as you can do for your Life. I hope you won't tell him what I ſay.

Coup. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous Uſage of you; to lock up a young Lady of Beauty, Wit and Spirit, without ever ſuffering her to learn to Dance! Why, Madam, not learning to Dance, is abſolute Ruin to a young Lady. I ſuppoſe he took care enough you ſhou'd learn to read.

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and ſpell too.

Coup.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why now, that's more than I can do. All Parents take care to inſtruct their Children in low mechanical Things, while the genteel Sciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at leaſt, if I throw myſelf at your Feet, and vow never to riſe till lifted up with the elevating Fire of your Smiles.

Lucy. Lard Sir! I don't know what to ſay to theſe fine things——he's a pure Man. [*Aſide.*

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the leaſt Spark of your Love, the leaſt Spark, Madam, would blow up a Flame in me, that nothing ever cou'd quench. O hide thoſe lovely Eyes, nor dart their fiery Rays upon me, leſt I am conſumed.——Shall I hope you will think of me?

Lucy. I ſhall think of you more than I will let you know. [*Aſide.*

Coup. Will you not anſwer me?

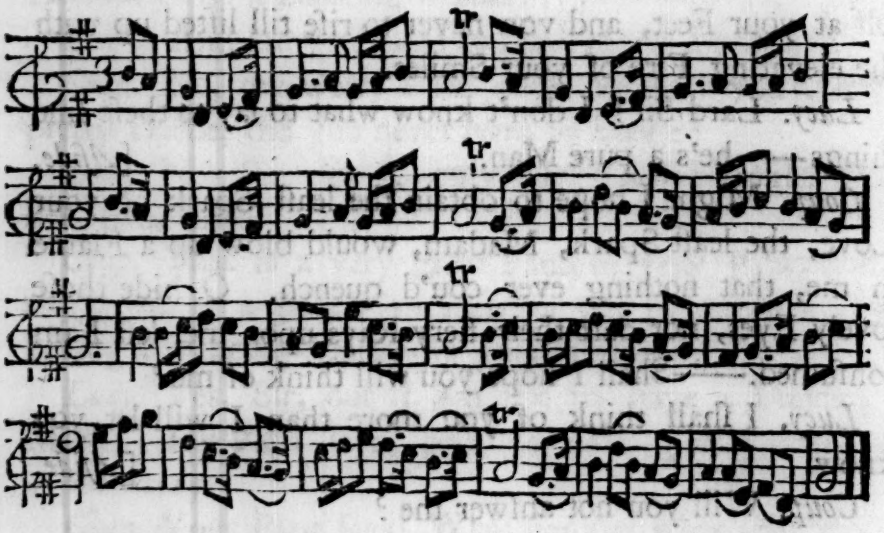
Lucy. La! you make me bluſh ſo, I know not what to ſay.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to Dance, a Dancing-Maſter would have cur'd her of that. Let me teach you what to ſay, that I may hope you will condeſcend to make me your Husband.

Lucy. No, I won't ſay that, but——

AIR

AIR VII. *TWEED SIDE.*



O preſs me not, Sir, to be Wife
To a Man whom I never can hate;
So ſweet a fine Gentleman's Life,
Shou'd never be ſour'd with that Fate.

But ſoon as I marry'd have been,
Ungrateful I will not be nam'd;
Oh ſtay but a Fortnight, and then,
And then you ſhall——Oh, I'm aſham'd.

Coup. A Fortnight! bid me live to the Age of——of——Mr. What's-his-Name, the oldeſt Man that ever liv'd; live a Fortnight after you are marry'd! No, unleſs you reſolve to have me, I will reſolve to put an End to myſelf.

Lucy. O do not do that, but indeed I never can hate you, and the Apothecary ſays no Woman marries any Man ſhe does not hate.

Coup.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean Fellows as thoſe every fine Lady muſt hate; but when they marry fine Gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O but I would not have you think I love you. I aſſure you, I don't love you; I have been told I muſt not tell any Man I love him. I don't love you, indeed I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lard, Sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miſs *Jenny* ſays, I muſt always give myſelf Airs to a Man I like. [*Aſide.*

Coup. Hope, Madam, at leaſt, you may allow me; the cruelleſt of your Sex, the greateſt Tyrants deny not Hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the leaſt Crumb of Hope. —Hope indeed! what do you take me for? I'll aſſure you! No, I would not give you the leaſt Bit of Hope, tho' I was to ſee you die before my Face. It is a pure thing to give one's ſelf Airs. [*Aſide.*

Coup. Since nothing but my Death will content you, you ſhall be ſatisfy'd even at that Price. [*Pulls out his Kitt.*] Ha! curſed Fate! I have no other Inſtrument of Death about me than a Sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a Way; within the Orchard, there is an Apple-tree; there, there, Madam! you ſhall ſee me hanging by the Neck.

There ſhall you ſee your Dancing-Maſter die,
As *Bateman* hang'd for Love—e'en ſo will I.

Lucy. O ſtay!———La! Sir, you're ſo haſty——— Muſt I tell you the firſt time I ſee you? Miſs *Jenny Flant-it* has been courted theſe two Years by half a Dozen Men, and no body knows which ſhe'll have yet, and muſt not I be courted at all? I will be courted, indeed ſo I will.

Coup. And ſo you ſhall, I will court you after we are marry'd.

Lucy. But will you indeed?

Coup. Yes indeed; but if I ſhould not, there are others enough that wou'd.

Lucy. But I did not think marry'd Women had ever been courted tho'.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to Dance! why there are abundance of Women who marry for no other Reaſon, as there are ſeveral Men who never court any but marry'd Women.

Lucy. Well then, I don't much care if I do marry you; but hold there is one thing—— but that does not much ſignify.

Coup. What is it, my Dear?

Lucy. Only I promis'd the Apothecary juſt now; that's all.

Coup. Well, ſhall I fly then, and put ev'ry thing in Readineſs?

Lucy. Ay, do, I'm ready.

Coup. One Kiſs before I go, my deareſt Angel, and now one, two, three and away. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Oh dear, ſweet Man! He's as handſome as an Angel, and as fine as a Lord. He is handſomer than Mr. *Thomas*, and icod! almoſt as well dreſt. I ſee now why my Father wou'd never let me learn to Dance. For, by Goles! if all Dancing-Maſters be ſuch fine Men as this, I wonder every Woman does not dance away with one. O la, now I think on't, he pull'd out his Fidling Thing, and I did not ask him to play a Tune upon't—— but when we are marry'd, I'll make him play upon't; i'cod, he ſhall teach me to dance too—— he ſhall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O la! what's here? another Beau!

Enter

Enter Quaver.

Quav. Madam, your Servant. I ſuppoſe my Couſin *Goodwill* has told you of the Happineſs he deſigns me.

Lucy. No, Sir, my Papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the Honour of being a diſtant Relation of yours, and I hope to be a nearer one. My Name is *Quaver*, Madam; I have the Honour to teach ſome of the firſt Quality to ſing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to ſing?

Quav. I like her Deſire to learn to ſing, it is a Proof of an excellent underſtanding. [*Aſide.*] Yes, Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my Power; and do believe I ſhall not yield to any one in the Science of Singing.

Lucy. Well, and I ſhall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable Voice, only I don't know the Notes.

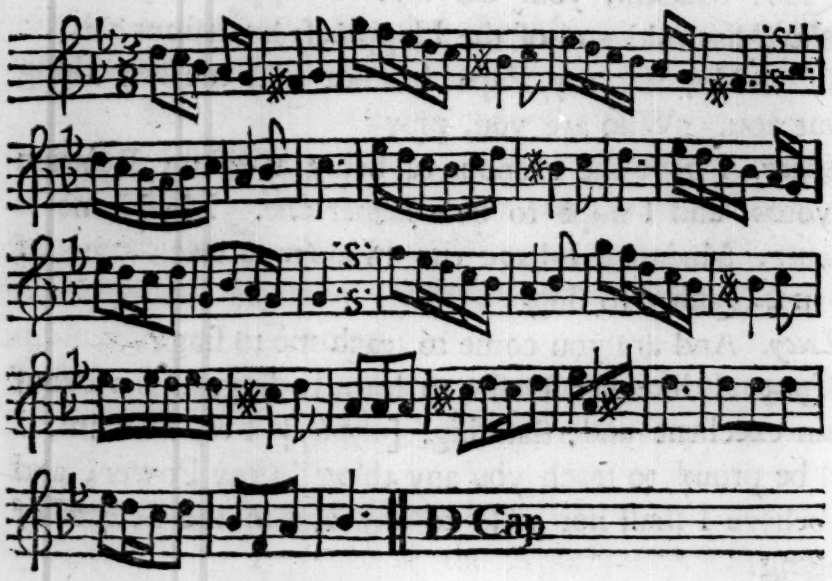
Quav. That, Madam, may be acquired, a Voice cannot. A Voice muſt be the Gift of Nature, and it is the greateſt Gift Nature can beſtow. All other Perfections, without a Voice, are nothing at all. Muſick is allow'd by all wiſe Men to be the nobleſt of the Sciences: whoever knows Muſick, knows every thing.

Lucy. Come then, begin to teach me, for I long to learn.

Quav. Hereafter I ſhall have time enough. But at preſent I have ſomething of a different Nature to ſay to you.

Lucy. What have you to ſay?

AIR VIII. *DIMI CARO.*



Deareſt Charmer!
Will you then bid me tell
What you diſcern ſo well,
By my expiring Sighs,
My doating Eyes,
My doating Eyes?
Look thro' th' inſtructive Grove,
Each Object prompts to Love;
See how the Turtles play,
Each Object prompts to Love;
All Nature tells you what I'd ſay.

Lucy. O charming! delightful!

Quav. May I hope you'll grant——

Lucy. Another Song, and I'll do any thing.

Quav. *Deareſt Creature,*
Pride of Nature!
All your Glances
Give me Trances,
Deareſt, &c.

Lucy.

Lucy. Oh, I melt, I faint, I ſwoon, I die!
Quav. May I hope you'll be mine?
Lucy. Will you charm me ſo every Day?
Quav. And ev'ry Night too, my Angel.

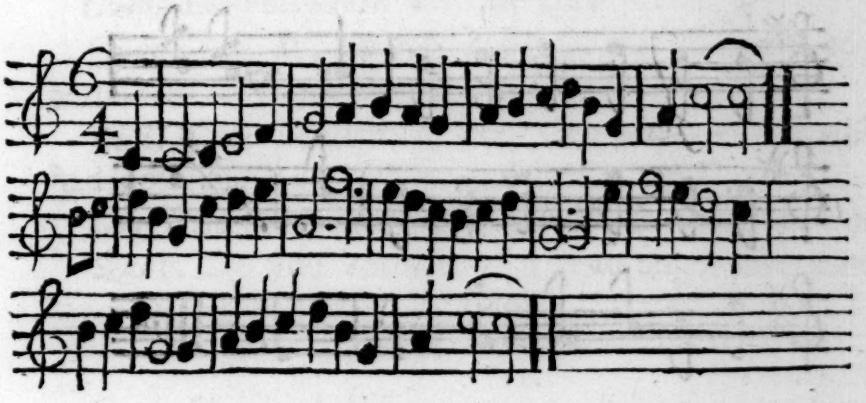
Enter Coupee.

Coup. Heyday! what do I ſee? my Miſtreſs in another Man's Arms? Sir, will you do me the Favour to tell me what Buſineſs you have with that Lady?

Quav. Pray, Sir, be ſo good as to tell me what Buſineſs you have to ask.

Coup. Sir!
Quav. Sir!
Coup. Sir, this Lady is my Miſtreſs.
Quav. I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.
Coup. Sir!
Quav. Sir!

AIR IX. OF ALL THE SIMPLE, *&c.*



Coup. *Excuſe me, Sir; Zounds, what d'ye mean?*
I hope you don't give me the Lye.
Quav. *Sir, you miſtake me quite and clean;*
Indeed, good Sir, not I.

Coup.

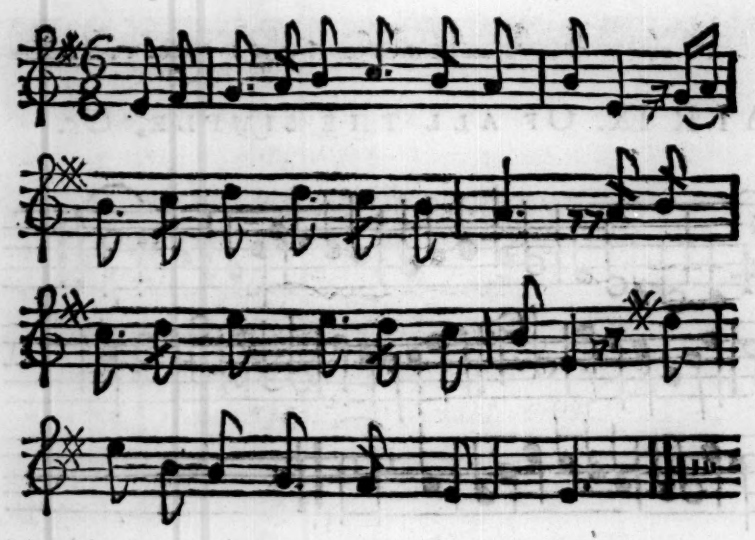
Coup. *Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad,*
But I'm very glad that you don't.
Quav. *Do you challenge me, Sir?*
Coup. *Not I, indeed, Sir.*
Quav. *Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.*

Lucy. Pray, Gentlemen, what's the Matter? I beſeech you ſpeak to me, one of you,

Coup. Have I not Reaſon? Did he not find you in his Arms?

Quav. And have I not Reaſon? Did he not ſay you was his Miſtreſs, to my Face?

AIR X. *MOLLY MOG.*



Lucy. *Did Mortal e'er ſee two ſuch Fools?*
For nothing they're going to fight;
I begin to find Men are but Tools,
And both with a Whiſper I'll bite.

With

With you I am ready to go, Sir,
I'll give t'other Fool a Rebuff; [*To* Coupee.
Stay you but a Fortnight, or ſo, Sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough. [*To* Quaver.

Quav. Damnation!

Coup. Hell and Confuſion! [*They draw,* Lucy *runs out.*

Enter Bliſter.

Bliſt. For Heaven's ſake, Gentlemen! what's the Matter? I profeſs I am afraid you are both diſorder'd. Pray, Sir, give me leave to feel your Pulſe; I wiſh you are not light-headed.

Coup. What is it to you, Sir, what I am?

Quav. How dare you interfere between Gentlemen, Sirrah?

Coup. I have a great mind to break my Sword about your Head, you Dog!

Quav. I have a great mind to run you thro' the Body, you Raſcal!

Coup. Do you know who we are?

Quav. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to do with!

Bliſt. Dear Gentlemen, pray Gentlemen.—— I wiſh I had nothing to do with you; I meant no Harm.

Coup. So much the worſe, Sirrah; ſo much the worſe.

Quav. Do you know what it is to anger Gentlemen?

Enter Goodwill.

Good. Heyday! What, are you fencing here, Gentlemen?

Bliſt. Fencing, Quotha? they have almoſt fenced me out of my Senſes, I am ſure.

Coup. I ſhall take another Time.

Quav.

Quav. And ſo ſhall I.

Good. I hope there is no Anger between you. You are nearer Relations than you imagine to each other.——— Mr. *Quaver*, you was ſent out of *England* young; and you, Mr. *Coupee*, have liv'd all your Life-time in *London*; but I aſſure you, you are Couſin-Germans; let me introduce you to each other.

Coup. Dear Couſin *Quaver.*

Quav. Dear Couſin *Coupee.*

Bliſt. It's but a Blow and a Kiſs with theſe Sparks, I find.

Coup. I thought there was ſomething about him I cou'd not hurt.

Good. Here is another Relation too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. *Bliſter*, Son to your Uncle *Bliſter* the Apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuſe our Ignorance.

Bliſt. Yes, Couſin, with all my Heart, ſince there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my Advice, you ſhall both immediately loſe ſome Blood, and I will order each of you a gentle Purge.

Enter Wormwood.

Worm. Your Servant, Couſin *Goodwill!* How do you do, Maſter *Coupee?* How do you do, Maſter *Bliſter?* The Roads are very dirty, but I obey your Summons, you ſee.

Good. Mr *Quaver*, this is your Couſin *Wormwood*, the Attorney.

Worm. I am very glad to ſee you, Sir. I ſuppoſe by ſo many of our Relations being aſſembled, this is a Family Lawſuit I am come upon. I ſhall be glad to have my Inſtructions as ſoon as poſſible, for I muſt carry away ſome of your Neighbours Goods with Executions by and by.

Good.

Good. I ſent for you on the Account of no Law-Suit this time. In ſhort, I have reſolv'd to diſpoſe of my Daughter to one of my Relations; if you like her, Couſin *Wormwood*, with 10000*l*, and you ſhould happen to be her Choice———

Bliſt. That's impoſſible, for ſhe has promis'd me already.

Coup. And me.

Quav. And me.

Worm. How! has ſhe promis'd three of you? Why then, the Two that miſs her, will have very good Actions againſt him that has her.

Good. Her own Choice muſt determine; and if that fall on you, Mr. *Bliſter*, I muſt inſiſt on your leaving off your Trade, and living here with me.

Bliſt. No, Sir, I cannot conſent to leave off my Trade.

Good. Pray, Gentlemen, is not the Requeſt reaſonable?

All. Oh, certainly, certainly.

Coup. Ten thouſand Pounds to an Apothecary, indeed!

Quav. Not leave off his Trade?

Coup. If I had been an Apothecary, I believe I ſhou'd not have made many Words.

Good. I dare ſwear you will not, Couſin, if ſhe ſhou'd make Choice of you.

Coup. There is ſome Difference tho' between us; mine is a genteel Profeſſion, and I ſhall not leave it off on any Account.

Good. I'll be judg'd by Mr. *Quaver* here, who has been abroad and ſeen the World.

Quav. Very reaſonable, very reaſonable—This Man, I ſee, has excellent Senſe, and can diſtinguiſh between Arts and Sciences.

Good. I am confident it would not be eaſy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous Art of Teaching People to Sing.

Quav. Ridiculous Art of Teaching to Sing! Do you call Muſick an Art, which is the nobleſt of all Sciences? I thought you a Man of Senſe, but I find———

Coup. And I find too.

Bliſt. And ſo do I.

Worm. Well, it is ſurpriſing that Men ſhould be ſuch Fools, that they ſhou'd heſitate at leaving off their Profeſſions for 10000 *l.*

Good. Couſin *Wormwood*, you will leave off your Practice, I am ſure.

Worm. Indeed, Sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a Footing with Fidlers and Dancing-Maſters. No Man need be aſham'd of marrying his Daughter to a Practitioner of the Law. What wou'd you do without Lawyers? Who'd know his own Property?

Bliſt. Or without Phyſicians, who'd know when he was well?

Coup. If it was not for Dancing-Maſters, Men might as well walk upon their Heads, as their Heels.

Quav. And if it was not for Singing-Maſters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

Good. Ha! Confuſion! What do I ſee! my Daughter in the Hands of that Fellow!

Enter Lucy *and Mr.* Thomas.

Lucy. Pray, Papa, give me your Bleſſing, I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am marry'd to Mr. *Thomas.*

Good. Oh *Lucy*, *Lucy!* Is this the Return you make to my Fatherly Fondneſs?

Lucy. Dear Papa, forgive me, I won't do ſo any more.——— Indeed I ſhould have been perjured, if I had not had him.———And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frighten'd, and did not know what I did.

Good.

Good. To marry a Footman?

Tho. Why, look ye, Sir, I am a Footman, 'tis true, but I have good Acquaintance in Life. I have kept very good Company at the Hazard-Table; and when I have other Cloaths on, and Money in my Pocket, they will be very glad to ſee me again.

Worm. Hark ye, *Mr. Goodwill*, your Daughter is an Heireſs. I'll put you in a way to proſecute this Fellow.

Bliſt. Did not you promiſe me, Madam?

Coup. Ay, did not you promiſe me, Madam?

Quav. And me too?

Lucy. You have none of you any Reaſon to complain; if I did promiſe you all, I promis'd him firſt.

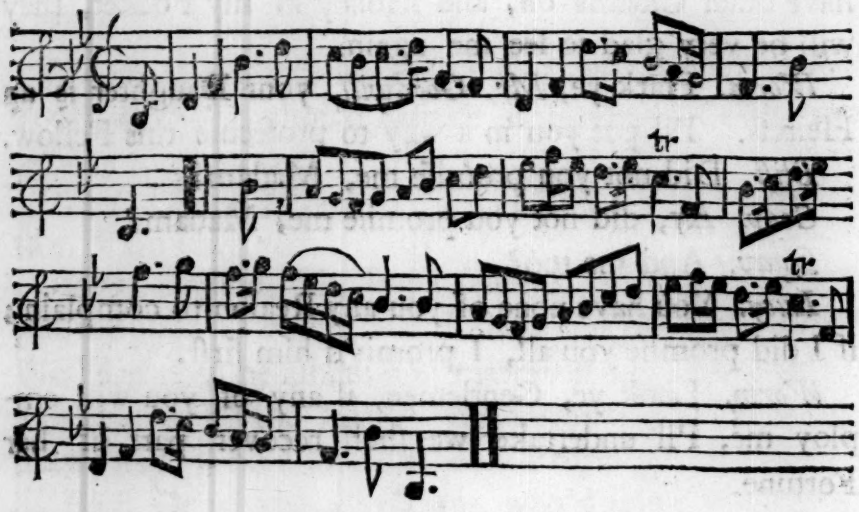
Worm. Look ye, Gentlemen, if any of you will employ me, I'll undertake we ſhall recover part of her Fortune.

Quav. If you had given your Daughter a good Education, and let her learnt Muſick, it wou'd have put ſofter things into her Head.

Bliſt. This comes of your contempt of Phyſick. If ſhe had been kept in a Diet, with a little gentle Bleeding, and Purging, and Vomiting, and Bliſtering, this had never happen'd.

Worm. You ſhou'd have ſent her to town a Term or two, and taken Lodgings for her near the *Temple*, that ſhe might have converſed with the young Gentlemen of the Law and ſeen the World.

AIR XI. BUSH OF BOON.



Lucy. *Oh dear Papa! don't look ſo grum;*
Forgive me, and be good:
For tho' he's not ſo great as ſome,
He ſtill is Fleſh and Blood.
What tho' he's not ſo fine as Beaus,
In Gold and Silver gay;
Yet he, perhaps, without their Cloaths,
May have more Charms than they.

Tho. Your Daughter has marry'd a Man of ſome Learning, and one who has ſeen a little of the World, and who by his Love to her, and Obedience to you, will try to deſerve your Favours. As for my having worn a Livery, let not that grieve you; as I have liv'd in a great Family, I have ſeen that no one is reſpected for what he is, but for what he has; the World pays no Regard at preſent to any thing but Money, and if my own Induſtry ſhou'd add to your Fortune, ſo as to entitle

title any of my Poſterity to Grandeur, it will be no Reaſon againſt making my Son, or Grandſon a Lord, that his Father, or Grandfather, was a Footman.

Good. Ha! thou talk'ſt like a pretty ſenſible Fellow, and I don't know whether my Daughter has not made a better Choice, than ſhe cou'd have done among her Booby Relations. I ſhall ſuſpend my Judgment at preſent, and paſs it hereafter, according to your Behaviour.

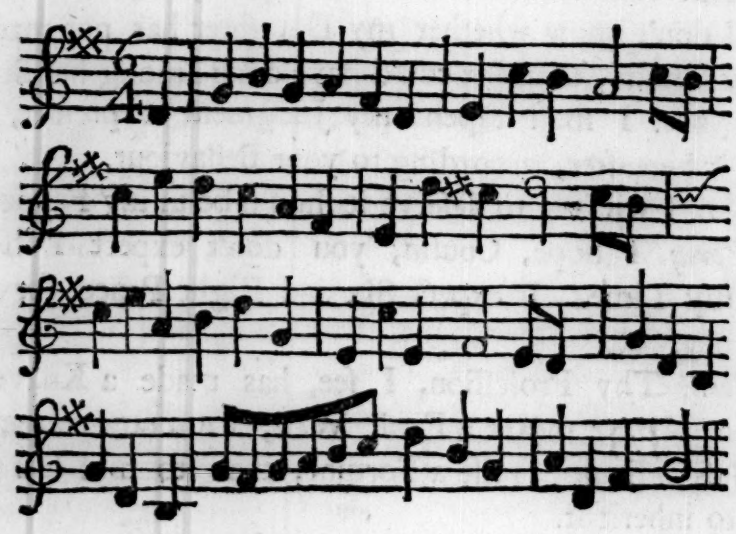
Tho. I will try to deſerve it ſhou'd be in my Favour.

Worm. I hope, Couſin, you don't expect I ſhou'd loſe my Time. I expect Six and Eight Pence for my Journey.

Good. Thy Profeſſion, I ſee, has made a Knave of whom Nature meant a Fool. Well, I am now convinc'd, 'tis leſs difficult to raiſe a Fortune, than to find one worthy to inherit it.

AIR

AIR XII. The *YORKSHIRE* BALLAD.



BLISTER.

Had your Daughter been phyſick'd well, Sir, as ſhe ought,
With Bleeding, and Bliſt'ring, and Vomit, and Draught,
This Footman had never been once in her Thought,
With his Down, down, *&c.*

COUPEE.

Had pretty Miſs been at a Dancing-School bred,
Had her Feet but been taught the right Manner to tread,
Gad's Curſe! 'twould have put better things in her Head,
Than his Down, down, *&c.*

QUAVER.

Had ſhe learnt, like fine Ladies, inſtead of her Prayers,
To languiſh and die at Italian *ſoft Airs,*
A Footman had never thus tickled her Ears,
With his Down, down, *&c.*

LUCY.

LUCY.

You may Phyſick, and Muſick, and Dancing enhance,
In One I have got them all three by good Chance,
My Doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to Dance,
With his Down, down, *&c.*

And though ſoft Italians *the Ladies controul,*
He ſwears he can charm a fine Lady, by Gole!
More than an Italian *can do for his Soul,*
With a Down, down, *&c.*

My Fate then, Spectators, hangs on your Decree;
I have brought kind Papa here, at laſt to agree;
If you'll pardon the Poet, he will pardon me,
With my Down, down, *&c.*

Let not a poor Farce then nice Criticks purſue,
But like honeſt-hearted good-natur'd Men do,
And clap to pleaſe us, who have ſweat to pleaſe you,
With our Down, down, *&c.*

CHORUS.

Let not a poor Farce then, &c.

FINIS.

THE

UNIVERSAL GALLANT:

OR, THE

DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Drury-Lane.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;

Infælix, habitum temporis hujus habe. Ovid.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*, near *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

MDCCXXXV.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

To His GRACE

CHARLES

DUKE of *Marlborough.*

My LORD,

THE unhappy Fate which theſe Scenes have met with, may to ſome make my Preſumption in offering them to your Protection, appear extravagant; but Diſtreſs puts on a different Face in your Grace's Eye, with whom I know it will plead in their Favour, that tho' they do not merit ſo great a Patron, they at leaſt want him.

To join the Torrent of Succeſs, to ſmile with Fortune, and applaud with the World, are within the Limits of an inferior Name,

and narrower Capacity. It has been the Glory of a Duke of *Marlborough* to ſupport the Falling, to protect the Diſtreſt, to raiſe a ſinking Cauſe, and (I will venture on the Expreſſion) to direct Fortune, inſtead of being directed by her.

But theſe are Lawrels, my Lord, which will to lateſt Ages flouriſh in the Hiſtorian, and the *Epick* Poet. Comedy looks no farther than private Life, where we ſee You acting with the ſame Spirit of Humanity that fired your Noble Anceſtor in Publick. Poverty has impoſed Chains on Mankind equal with Tyranny; and Your Grace has ſhewn as great an Eagerneſs to deliver Men from the former, as your Illuſtrious Grandfather did to reſcue them from the latter.

Thoſe who are happier than my ſelf, in your Intimacy, will celebrate your other Virtues; the Fame of your Humanity, my Lord, reaches at a Diſtance, and it is a Virtue, which never reigns alone; nay which ſeldom enters into a Breaſt that is not rich in all other.

DEDICATION.

I am ſure I give a convincing Proof, in how high a Degree I am perſuaded you poſſeſs this Virtue, when I hope your Pardon for this Preſumption. But I will treſpaſs no farther on it, than to aſſure You that I am with great Reſpect,

My LORD,

Your Grace's Moſt Obedient,

Moſt Devoted Humble Servant,

Buckingham-Street,
Feb. 12.

HEN. FIELDING.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE cruel Uſage this poor Play hath met with, may juſtly ſurprize the Author, who in his whole Life never did an Injury to any one Perſon living. What could incenſe a Number of People to attack it with ſuch an inveterate Prejudice, is not eaſy to determine; for Prejudice muſt be allowed, be the Play good or bad, when it is condemn'd unheard.

I have heard that there are ſome young Gentlemen about this Town, who make a Jeſt of damning Plays — but did they ſeriouſly conſider the Cruelty they are guilty of by ſuch a Practice, I believe it would prevent them. Every Man who produces a Play on the Stage, muſt propoſe to himſelf ſome Acquiſition either of Pleaſure, Reputation, or Profit in its Succeſs: For tho' perhaps he may receive ſome Pleaſure from the firſt Indulgence of the Itch of Scribling, yet the Labour and Trouble he muſt undergo before his Play comes on the Stage, muſt ſet the Proſpect of ſome future Reward before him, or I believe he would decline the Undertaking. If Pleaſure or Reputation be the Reward he propoſes, it is ſure an inexcuſable Barbarity in any uninjured or unprovoked Perſon to defeat the Happineſs of another: But if his Views be of the laſt kind, if he be ſo unfortunate to depend on the ſucceſs of his Labours for his Bread, he muſt be an inhuman Creature indeed, who would out of ſport and wantonneſs prevent a Man from getting a Livelihood in an honeſt and inoffenſive Way, and make a jeſt of ſtarving him and his Family.

Authors, whoſe Works have been rejected at the Theatres, are of all Perſons, they ſay, the moſt inveterate; but of all Perſons I am the laſt they ſhould attack, as I have often endeavoured to procure the Succeſs of others, but never aſſiſted at the Condemnation of any one.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. QUIN.

BOLD is th' Attempt in this nice-judging Age,
To try at Fame, by pleaſing on the Stage.
So eager to Condemn us you are grown,
Writing, ſeems War declar'd againſt the Town.
Which ever way the Poet ſeeks Applauſe,
The Critick's ready ſtill to Damn his Cauſe.
If for new Characters he hunts abroad,
And boldly deviates from the beaten Road,
In Monſters then Unnatural he deals;
If they are known and common, then he ſteals.
If Wit he aims at, you the Traps can ſhew;
If Serious, he is Dull; if Humourous, Low.
Some would maintain one Laugh thro'out a Play;
Some would be Grave, and bear fine Things away.
How is it poſſible, at once, to pleaſe
Taſtes ſo directly Oppoſite as theſe!
Nor be offended with us if we fear,
From us ——— Some ſeek not Entertainment here.
'Tis not the Poet's Wit affords the Jeſt,
But who can Cat-call, Hiſs, or Whiſtle beſt.
Can then another's Anguiſh give you Joy?
Or is it ſuch a Triumph to deſtroy?
We, like the fabled Frogs, conſider thus,
This may be Sport to you, but it is Death to us.
If any baſe Ill-Nature we diſcloſe,
If private Characters theſe Scenes expoſe,
Then we expect — For then we Merit Foes.
But if our Strokes be General and Nice,
If tenderly we aim to laugh you out of Vice,
Do not your Native Entertainments leave,
Let us at leaſt our Share of Smiles receive,
Nor while you Cenſure us, keep all your Boons,
For ſoft Italian *Airs, and* French *Buffoons.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mr. Mondiſh,	Mr. *Quin.*
Mr. Gaylove,	Mr. *W. Mills.*
Captain Spark,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Sir Simon Raffler,	Mr. *Griffin.*
Colonel Raffler,	Mr. *Harper.*

WOMEN.

Lady Raffler,	Mrs. *Butler.*
Mrs. Raffler,	Mrs. *Heron.*
Clarinda,	Miſs *Holliday.*

SCENE, *London.*

THE
UNIVERSAL GALLANT:
OR, THE
DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mr.* Mondiſh's *Apartment.*

Mr. Mondiſh, *with a Letter in his Hand, ſpeaking to a Servant.*

MONDISH.

HERE, carry this Letter to Mrs. *Raffler.*
Serv. Muſt I bring an Anſwer, Sir?
Mon. Yes, Sir, if you receive any ——
[*Exit Serv.*
And now let me read thee again, thou Picture of Womankind. [*Reads.*]

Sir,

I ſuppoſe you will be ſurpriz'd that a Woman, who hath been guilty of ſo imprudent a Paſſion, ſhou'd ſo ſuddenly and calmly reclaim it — but I am at length happily convinc'd,

that you are the falſeſt of Mankind. Be aſſur'd, it is not in your Power to perſuade me any longer to the contrary — wherefore I deſire that henceforth all Familiarity may ceaſe between us — And as you know me ſenſible how good a Friend you are to Mrs. Raffler, *you may eaſily believe the feweſt Viſits in the World, at this Houſe, will be welcome to me. Farewell for ever.*

This Coldneſs is not the Reſentment of an incens'd Miſtreſs, but the Slight of an indifferent one — I am ſupplanted by ſome other in her Favour — Rare Woman, faith! the Sex grow ſo purely Inconſtant, that a Gallant will ſhortly be as little able to keep a Woman to himſelf, as a Husband.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, Colonel *Raffler* has ſent to know whether you are at home.

Mon. Yes, yes, — his Viſit is opportune enough — I may likely learn from him, who this ſucceſsful Rival is, by knowing who has viſited his Wife moſt lately — nay, or by finding who is his chief Favourite — for he is one of thoſe wiſe Men, to whoſe Friendſhip you muſt have his Wife's Recommendation; and ſo far from being jealous of your lying with her, that he is always ſuſpicious you don't like her.

Enter Colonel Raffler.

Dear Colonel good-morrow.

Col. *Raff.* Oh, you're a fine Gentleman! a very fine Gentleman indeed! when we had ſent after you all over the Town, not to leave your Bottle for a Party at *Quadrille* with the Ladies — you have a rare Reputation among 'em, I aſſure you — there is an irreconcilable Quarrel with my Wife — I have ſtrict Orders never to mention your Name to her.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! that is pleaſant enough, Colonel, your Wife's Orders to you, who have the moſt obedient Wife in Chriſtendom.

Col. *Raff.*

Col. *Raff.* Yes, I thank Heaven, I am Maſter of my own Houſe.

Mon. Then I hope you will lay your Commands on her to forgive me.

Col. *Raff.* Well, well, I don't know but I may, ſince you ask it —— I am glad I ha' brought you to that —— I believe I have made up a hundred Quarrels between you, and cou'd never bring you to it before.

Mon. And yet I had Reaſon on my Side; had you been with us yourſelf, you wou'd not have left us for Cards.

Col. *Raff.* No, I hate 'em of all things in the World —— that's half my Quarrel to you, for I was forc'd to ſupply your Place.

Mon. I pity you heartily.

Col. *Raff.* Ay, and with my Wife.

Mon. True, a Wife often makes one's Pleaſure diſtaſteful, what is in itſelf diſagreeable ſhe muſt make very damnable indeed. But I wonder you, who are Maſter of your own Houſe, Colonel, don't baniſh Cards out of it, ſince you diſlike 'em ſo much.

Col. *Raff.* Why, that I have attempted to do, but then it puts my Wife ſo plaguily out of Humour, and that I can't bear —— beſides, Mr. *Mondiſh*, let me tell you a Matrimonial Secret —— Let a Man be never ſo much the Maſter of his Houſe, if his Wife be continually in an ill Humour, he leads but an uneaſy Life in't.

Mon. But methinks ſo good a Lady as yours, ſhou'd now and then give into the Sentiments of her Husband.

Col. *Raff.* Oh, no one readier; but then, you know, ſhe can't help her Temper: and if ſhe complies againſt her Will, you know, it is the more obliging in her; and then you know, if her Complaiſance makes her unhappy, and out of humour, and in the Vapours, a Man muſt be the greateſt of Brutes to perſiſt —— Beſides, my Wife is the moſt unfortunate Perſon in the World: for tho' ſhe loves me of all

things, and knows that ſeeing her in the Vapours, makes me miſerable, yet I never deny'd her any one thing in the World, but, ſlap, it immediately threw her into 'em ——— If it was not for thoſe curſed Vapours, we ſhou'd be the happieſt Couple living.

Mon. Nay, faith, I believe you are.

Col. *Raff.* Truly, I believe we may; at leaſt we have ſuch a Picture of the contrary before our Eyes.

Mon. Who, Sir *Simon*, and his Lady?

Col. *Raff.* Ay, Sir *Simon*, call him any thing but my Brother, he's not a kin to me, I'm ſure: for next to mine, he has the beſt Wife in the World; and yet he never ſuffers her to have an eaſy Hour from his curſed Jealouſy. I intend to part Families, for there is no poſſibility of living together any longer ——— He affronted a Gentleman t'other Day, for taking up his Lady's Glove: And it was no longer ago than yeſterday, that my Wife and She, were gone only to an Auction, Sir, only to an Action; (where, by the bye, they did not go to throw away their Money neither, for they bought nothing) when this curſed Brother of mine, finds 'em out, expoſes 'em both, and forc'd 'em away home — My Houſe is an errant Garriſon in time of War, no one enters or goes out, without being ſearch'd; and if a lac'd Coat paſſes by the Window, his Eye is never off him, 'till he is out of the Street.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Simon Raffler*, Sir.

Col. *Raff.* Oh, the Devil! I'll be gone.

Mon. No, Colonel, that's unkind.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir *Simon*, your moſt obedient Servant.

Sir *Sim.* Mr. *Mondiſh*, good-morrow! Oh Brother! are you here?

Col. *Raff.* How do you, Brother? I hope your Lady's well this Morning?

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* Muſt you always ask impertinent Queſtions! A Husband is a proper Perſon indeed to enquire of about his Wife —— If you ask your own, when you ſee her next, ſhe will inform you, for I ſuppoſe they are gadding together.

Col. *Raff.* Sir *Simon*, you may behave to your own Lady as you pleaſe; but I deſire you not to reflect on mine.

Sir *Sim.* And you may let your Wife behave as ſhe pleaſes; but I deſire ſhe may be no Pattern to mine. I think one enough in a Family.

Col. *Raff.* One! I don't know what you mean, I don't underſtand you.

Mon. Oh, dear Gentlemen, let me beg there may be none of this Miſunderſtanding in my Houſe. You are both too hot indeed.

Col. *Raff.* I am appeas'd —— But let me tell you, Brother ——

Mon. Dear Colonel, no more — Well, Sir *Simon*, what News have you in Town?

Sir *Sim.* Nothing but Cuckoldom, Sir —— Cuckoldom ev'ry where. Women run away from their Husbands —— Actions brought in *Weſtminſter-Hall.* I expect, ſhortly, to ſee it made an Article in the News-papers, and Cuckolds ſince our laſt Liſt, as regularly inſerted as Bankrupts are now.

Col. *Raff.* Oh Lud, oh Lud! poor Man! poor Man! you make me ſick, Brother, indeed you do.

Sir *Sim.* And you'll make me mad, Brother, indeed you will.

Mon. Come, come, Gentlemen, let me reconcile this thing between you — Colonel, you know the exceſſive Jealouſy of Sir *Simon*'s Temper, and I wonder a Man of your excellent Senſe will think it worth your while to argue with him. [*Aſide to Col.* Raff.

Col. *Raff.* *Mondiſh* is certainly a Fellow of the beſt Senſe in the World. [*Aſide.*

Mon. Sir *Simon*, you know the Colonel's eaſy Temper ſo well, that I am ſurpriz'd one of your good Un-

derſtanding will reaſon with a Man, who will defend his Wife's running about this Town every Day.

[*Aſide to Sir* Simon.

Sir *Sim.* This Man has a moſt excellent underſtanding. [*Aſide.*

Mon. Come, come, Gentlemen, ſhake Hands and be Friends, and let us have no more Animoſities.

Col. *Raff.* With all my Heart.

Sir *Sim.* And mine — And now, Gentlemen, we are amongſt our ſelves, I believe I have my Honour, I am ſure of it, I don't ſuſpect I have it not. But I think it ought to be valued.

Mon. Doubtleſs, doubtleſs, Sir *Simon.*

Sir *Sim.* I am not one of thoſe jealous People that are afraid of every Wind that blows. A Woman may ſit by a Man once at a Play without any Deſign, and once a Year may go to Court, or an Aſſembly, nay, and may ſpeak to one of her Husband's He-Friends there; if he be a Relation, indeed, I ſhou'd like it better. But why all thoſe Curtſies to every Fellow ſhe knows? Why always running to that Church where the youngeſt Parſon is?

Mon. Why fond of Opera's, Maſquerades?

Sir *Sim.* I almoſt ſwoon at the Name.

Col. *Raff.* I ſhall, I'm ſure, if I ſtay any longer — ſo your Servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. Then that curſed Rendezvous of the Sexes, which are called Auctions.

Sir *Sim.* I thank Heaven there are none to day, I have ſearch'd all the Advertiſements.

Mon. But there are Shops, Shops, Sir *Simon.*

Sir *Sim.* I wiſh they were ſhut up with all my Heart! eſpecially thoſe Brothels the Milliners Shops, in which Cuckoldom is the chief Trade that is carry'd on.

Mon. Heyday! is the Colonel gone?

Sir *Sim.* I am glad of it, for truly I take no pleaſure in his Company. Mr. *Mondiſh*, you are a Man of Honour, and my Friend, and as you are intimate in the Family, muſt, I dare ſwear, have obſerved, with Concern, the multitude of idle young Fellows that ſwarm

at

at our Houſe. There is one particularly, who almoſt lives there continually, and has, no doubt, behav'd before this, like a thorough fine Gentleman, and a Man of Gallantry.

Mon. Who is he, pray?

Sir *Sim.* Oh, a Fellow, who is never out of Lace and Embroidery — a tall ſtrapping, well-looking, ill-looking Raſcal! whom I wou'd as ſoon admit into my Family, as a Wolf into a Sheep-fold.

Mon. What is his Name?

Sir *Sim. Gaylove*, I think they call him — my Blood runs cold when I think of him.

Mon. Sir *Simon*, you need be under no Apprehenſion; for my Lady *Raffler* is a Woman of that Prudence and Diſcretion —

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Sir: But very prudent and diſcreet Women have made very odd Monſters of their Husbands. I had rather truſt to my own Prudence than Hers, I thank you.

Mon. Was I marry'd to that Woman, I ſhou'd be the moſt contented Man alive; for, on my Honour! I think ſhe ſurpaſſes the reſt of Womankind as much in Virtue as Beauty.

Sir *Sim.* Ha! what?

Mon. Nay more in my Opinion —— for to tell you a Truth, (which I know you will excuſe me for) I do not think her ſo handſome, as the reſt of the World think her.

Sir *Sim.* Nor I, neither — I am glad to hear you don't ——I began to be in a heat —— But, dear *Mondiſh*, tho' my Wife be, as you ſay, a virtuous Woman, and I know ſhe is, I am ſure of it; and was never Jealous of her in my Life: yet I take Virtue to be that ſort of Gold in a Wife, which the leſs it is try'd, the brighter it ſhines; beſides, you know, there is a Trouble in reſiſting Temptation, and I am willing to ſpare my Wife all the Trouble I can.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Captain *Spark* to wait on you.

Sir *Sim.* Who is he, pray?

Mon. A Relation of mine, a Courtier, and ſo fine a Gentleman, that (if you will believe him) he has had all the fine Women in Town.

Enter Captain Spark.

Cap. *Spark.* Dear Couſin *Mondiſh*, your very humble Servant, I only call to ask you how you do—for I can't ſtay ten Minutes with you——I have juſt left ſome Ladies, whom I have promis'd to meet in the Park——Hark'ye. [*Whiſpers* Mon.

Sir *Sim.* I hope my Wife is not one of 'em—a very Impudent-looking Fellow, this Courtier, and has, I warrant, as many Cuckolds in the City, as that has Debtors at Court.

Cap. *Spark.* The Devil take me if it is not the very Woman! but pray take her, I dangled after her long enough too. You muſt know, the laſt time I ſaw her was at an Aſſembly.

Sir *Sim.* That is another Name for a Bawdy-houſe. [*Aſide.*

Cap. *Spark.* And there I piqued her moſt confoundedly, ſo that ſhe vow'd ſhe'd never ſpeak to me again; and indeed ſhe kept her Word, till yeſterday I met her at an Auction—there was another Lady with her—at firſt ſhe put on an Air of Indifference. O, ho! thinks I, are you at that Sport? I'll fit you, I warrant. So, Sir, I goes up to the other Lady, who happen'd to be her Siſter, and an intimate Acquaintance of mine——But I ask pardon, this is a dull Entertainment to you, Sir. [*To* Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* Far from it, Sir; but I beg I may not be thought impertinent, if I ask whether this Lady was ſhort or tall?

Cap. *Spark.* A ſhort Woman, Sir.

Sir *Sim.* Then I am ſafe [*aſide.*]——But perhaps ſome People think her tall.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, Sir; I know ſeveral who think her ſo.

Sir *Sim.* I am on the Rack [*aſide.*]—Sir, I ask ten thouſand Pardons; but was ſhe a brown or a fair Woman?

Cap. *Spark.*

Cap. *Spark.* Oh, Sir! no harm— She was a brown Woman, Sir.

Sir *Sim.* Rather inclining to fair.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, a good deal inclining to fair.

Sir *Sim.* I am undone! if I was to ask her Name, I ſhou'd hear my own—I will go tear her Eyes out— Mr. *Mondiſh*, your Servant! your Servant!

Mon. Be not in ſuch a hurry, Sir *Simon.*

Sir *Sim.* I am in a great hurry, Sir, your humble Servant! [*Exit.*

Cap. *Spark.* Pry'thee, dear Coz, what queer Fellow is that? Gad, I began to think he ſuſpected me with ſome Relation of his.

Mon. Faith, probable enough— for he wou'd ſuſpect a more unlikely Man than you.

Cap. *Spark.* Ha, ha! *George*, I believe I am ſuſpected in Town——I believe there are Women—I ſay no more, but I believe there are Women, I ſay no more.

Mon. And upon my Soul, I believe thou canſt ſay no more on thy own Knowledge. [*Aſide*]

Cap. *Spark.* Here, here, you muſt not ask to ſee the Name. [*Pulls out ſeveral Letters.*] May I be curſt if this be not from a Woman of the firſt Diſtinction— Nay, if he's here, I muſt put it up again.

Enter Gaylove.

Gay. Good morrow, *George!* Ha! Monſieur *L'Spark!*

Cap. *Spark.* My dear *Gaylove*, how long haſt thou been in Town?

Gay. About a Fortnight, Sir.

Cap. *Spark.* *Mondiſh*, this is the beſt Friend I have in the World, if it had not been for him, I had dy'd of the Spleen in Country Quarters—I made his Houſe my own.

Gay. Upon my Honour he did, and ſo entirely, that if he had not been order'd away, I believe I ſhould ſhortly have given it him.

Cap. *Spark.* Thou art a pleaſant Fellow! but pr'ythee how do all the Girls? How do Miſs *Flirt*, and Miſs *Flareit*, Miſs *Caper*, Miſs *Liſp*, and my dear *Jenny Thump floor?*

Gay.

Gay. All at your Service, Sir; but methinks you ſhou'd have ask'd after your dear *Clarinda.*

Cap. *Spark.* O! ay, *Clarinda!* how does ſhe do? upon my Soul I was fond of that Wench; but ſhe grew ſo fond agen, that the World began to take notice of us, and yet if ever any thing paſs'd between us, at leaſt any thing that ought not, may I be—— But what ſignifies ſwearing——Come, I know you are a ſuſpicious Rogue.

Gay. Far from it—I have always defended you both. For as I am confident ſhe wou'd not grant any thing diſhonourable, ſo I am confident thou wou'dſt not take it.

Mon. And if you will be Evidence for the Lady, I will for the Gentleman.

Cap. *Spark.* Your Servant, your Servant, my dear Friends; you have made me a Compliment at a cheap Rate, I ſhall not riſque your Conſciences; yet in my Senſe of the Word *diſhonourable*, you might ſwear it, for I poſitively think nothing diſhonourable can paſs between Man and Woman.

Mon. Excellent Doctrine indeed!

Gay. I am not of your Opinion: For I think it very diſhonourable in a fine Gentleman to ſolicit Favours from a Lady, and refuſe accepting 'em when ſhe wou'd grant 'em.

Cap. *Spark.* O! a ſad Dog! ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Unleſs it be not in his Power to accept 'em, *Gaylove.* The braveſt Fellow may be beaten, you know, without Loſs of Honour.

Cap. *Spark.* Well, well! you may ſuſpect what you pleaſe—You poor Devils that never had any thing above a Sempſtreſs, make ſuch a Rout about the Reputation of a Woman a little above the ordinary Rank: You make as much Noiſe in Town about a Man's having a Woman of Quality, as they wou'd in the Country if one had run away with a Juſtice of Peace's eldeſt Daughter——Now, to me, Women of Quality are like other Women.

Gay. Thou know'ſt no Difference, I dare ſwear.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lady *Fop-hunter*'s Coach is at the Door.

Cap. *Spark.* She has ſent it for me; I am to call on her at Lady *Sightly*'s——Damn her! I wiſh ſhe had forgot the Appointment——*Gaylove*, will you go with me?

Gay. No, excuſe me.

Cap. *Spark.* Well, Gentlemen, I hope you will excuſe me too——ſo, I'm your very humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. I wiſh thou hadſt been here ſooner, I have had ſome rare Diverſion this Morning: here have been Sir *Simon* and the Colonel, and have quarrel'd about their Wives. But what is better ſtill, the noble Captain juſt now departed, hath ſent Sir *Simon* away fully perſuaded that he has an Affair with his Wife.

Gay. Then we ſhall have it in the Afternoon at Mrs. *Raffler*'s Tea-Table.

Mon. I think you live there, *Gaylove*.

Gay. I have pretty much lately; for, to let you into a Secret, *George*, I have a Miſtreſs there.

Mon. What has the Captain infected you, that you are ſo open-hearted; or is this a particular Mark of your Confidence in me?

Gay. Neither. It is impoſſible it ſhould be a Secret long, and I am not aſham'd of having an honourable Paſſion for a Woman, from which I hope to reap better Fruits than the Captain uſually propoſes from his Amours.

Mon. I rather fear thou wilt find worſe. Theſe ſort of Gentlemen are the only Perſons who engage with Women without Danger. The Reputation of an Amour is what they propoſe, and what they generally effect: for, as they indulge their Vanity at the Price of all that is dear to a Woman, the World is good-natur'd enough to make one Perſon ridiculouſly happy, at the Expence of making another ſeriouſly miſerable.

Gay. Hang 'em! I believe they skreen more Reputations than they hurt——I fancy Women, by an affected Intimacy with theſe Fellows, have diverted the World from diſcovering a good ſubſtantial Amour in another Place.

Mon. Do you think ſo? then I wou'd adviſe you to introduce my Kinſman, here, to Mrs. *Raffler.*

Gay. Are there Reputations there, then, that want Cloaks?

Mon. Ha, ha, ha!

Gay. Nay, pr'ythee tell me ſeriouſly, for the Duce take me, if theſe two Years Retirement hath not made me ſuch a Stranger to the Town——

Mon. Then, ſeriouſly, I think there is no Cloak wanted; for a fond, credulous Husband, is the beſt Cloak in the World. And if a Man will put his Horns in his Pocket, none will ever pick his Pocket of 'em—If he will be ſo good as to be very eaſy under being a Cuckold, the good-natur'd World will ſuffer his Wife to be eaſy under making him one.

Gay. A Word to the Wiſe, *George*—But, faith! thou haſt inform'd me of what I did not ſuſpect before.

Mon. The Wiſe do not want a Word to inform them of what they knew before.

Gay. What doſt thou mean?

Mon. Then, in a word, my cloſe Friend, this mighty Secret, which you have diſcover'd to me, I knew ſome time before. Nay, and I can tell you another thing—the World knows it.

Gay. Let 'em know it. I am ſo far from being aſham'd of my Paſſion, that I'm vain of my Choice.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! this is excellent in a Fellow of thy Senſe! I ſhall begin ſhortly to look on the Captain as no extraordinary Character——Vain of your Choice! Ha! ha! ha! now am I vain of my Good-nature—for I cou'd ſo reduce that Vanity of yours!—

Gay. I ſuppoſe thou art prepar'd with ſome cool Lecture of modern Oeconomy. I know thee to be one of thoſe who are afraid to be happy out of the Road of right Wiſdom—I tell thee, *George*, let the World

ſay

ſay what they will, there is more true Happineſs in the Folly of Love, than in all the Wiſdom of Philoſophy.

Mon. Ha! ha! ha!

Gay. It is the faſhion of the World to laugh at a Man who owns his Paſſion, and thou art a a true Follower of the World.

Mon. Thou art a follower of the World, I am ſure. You muſt be modeſt indeed, to be aſham'd of your Paſſion, ſince you have ſuch Multitudes to keep you in Countenance.

Gay. So much the better. Rivals keep a Man's Paſſion up; it gives continual new Pleaſure in the Arms of a Miſtreſs, to think half the Coxcombs in the Town are ſighing for what you are in Poſſeſſion of.

Mon. Ay, faith, and the Gallant has a Pleaſure ſometimes to think a Husband is in Poſſeſſion of what he is weary of.

Gay. How the happy Man triumphs in his Heart, when he ſees his Woman walking thro' a Crowd of Fellows in the Mall, or a Drawing-Room, ſome ſighing, ſome ogling; all envying him: And retiring immediately to toaſt her at the next Tavern.

Mon. When he wiſhes himſelf, as heartily as they do themſelves, with her, which perhaps ſome of them are, in their Turn. And I wou'd not have you too ſure that may not be your Caſe.

Gay. Pugh! you have heard *Spark* talk of her, I ſuppoſe; or heard her talk'd of for *Spark*—I ſhou'd be no more jealous of her with him, than with one of her own Sex—Now, in my Opinion, a Squirrel is a more dangerous Rival than a Beau; for he is equally liable to ſhare your Miſtreſs's Perſon, and more liable to ſhare her Heart.

Mon. Why, this is a good credulous, marriageable Opinion, and wou'd ſit well on a Husband.

Gay. Well! and I ſee no Terrors in that Name.

Mon. Nor I neither. I think it a good, harmleſs Name. Beſides, the Colonel is a rare Inſtance of the contrary. If a Man can be happy in Marriage, I dare

ſwear

ſwear he is—his Wife is young, handſome, witty, and conſtant——in his Opinion.

Gay. And that is the ſame as if ſhe were ſo in Reality——for, if a Man be happy in his own Opinion, I ſee little Reaſon why he ſhou'd trouble himſelf about the World's.

Mon. Or ſuppoſe ſhe were inconſtant, if ſhe is fond of you while you are with her, why ſhou'd you like her the leſs? I don't ſee why he is not as ſelfiſh who wou'd love by himſelf, as he who wou'd drink by himſelf——Sure he is a nice and a dull Sot, who quarrels with his Wine, becauſe another drinks out of the ſame Cask. Nay, perhaps, it were better to have two or three Companions in both, and wou'd prevent the Glaſs coming round too faſt.

Gay. Thou art in a ſtrange whimſical Humour to Day. I fancy ſomething has diſturb'd you.

Mon. No, faith! Tho' ſomething has happen'd which might have diſturb'd another——I have been diſcarded this Morning. Here's my Diſcharge, do you know the Hand? [*Giving the Letter.*

Gay. Hum—— *I ſuppoſe you will be ſurpriz'd——— Woman— Imprudent— a Paſſion— Convinc'd— falſeſt of Mankind.———*

Mon. His Countenance does not alter—He does not know her Hand ſure. [*Aſide.*

Gay. [*Reading.*] *Friend you are to—Mrs.* Raffler—the Devil!

Mon. What think you now?

Gay. Think! that thou art a happy Man.

Mon. I hope, then, you will not interfere with my Happineſs.

Gay. Not I, upon my Honour.

Mon. Thou art an obliging, good-natur'd Fellow; and now, I will wait on you where you pleaſe to Dinner.

Gay. I have a ſhort Viſit to make, but will meet you any where at Three.

Mon. At the Key and Garter, if you pleaſe.

Gay. I will be there, adieu. [*Exit.*

Mon.

Mon. This cool Reception of my Letter ill agrees with the warm Profeſſions he made before. Nor did he ſhew a ſufficient Surprize—ſhe certainly had acquainted him with it———it is natural to ſuppoſe, her fear, that I might diſcover it to him, might ſet her on trying to be beforehand. And yet this Behaviour in *Gaylove* is not agreeable to his Nature, which, I know to be rather too open. I will find the bottom of this out—— I will ſee her in the Afternoon my ſelf—— Damn her! I was weary of the Affair, and ſhe has found out the only way to renew my Eagerneſs———the whole Pleaſure of Life is Purſuit.

Our Game tho' we are eager to embrace,
The Pleaſure's always over with the Chace.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir Simon's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Raffler, *and Mrs.* Raffler.

La. *Raff.* NEVER tell me, Sifter, it is notorious that a Woman of my Virtue and Diſcretion, and Prudence, ſhou'd be eternally tormented with the Suſpicions of a jealous-pated Husband.

Mrs. *Raff.* I own it, but I only propoſe to you the beſt Method to quiet them. You cannot alter his Nature, and if you wou'd condeſcend to flatter it a little, you wou'd make your Life much eaſier.

La. *Raff.* I flatter it! I aſſure you, I ſhan't. If my Virtue be not clear enough of it ſelf, I ſhall uſe no Art to make it ſo———muſt I give a Husband an Account of all my Words and Actions? muſt I ſatisfy his groundleſs Fears? I am no ſuch poor ſpirited Wretch; and I ſolemnly declare, if I knew any one thing

thing that wou'd make him more jealous, than another, I wou'd do it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Then you wou'd do wrong, my Dear, and only revenge your Husband's Jealouſy on your ſelf.

La. *Raff.* Siſter, Siſter, don't preach up any of your Maxims to me. If the Colonel was of Sir *Simon*'s Temper, you wou'd lead a worſe Life than I do.

Mrs. *Raff.* Indeed, you are miſtaken; if my Husband was as jealous, and as cunning as the Devil, I wou'd engage to make an arrant Aſs of him.

La. *Raff.* You wou'd make another ſort of a Beaſt of him.

Mrs. *Raff.* I don't tell you that. But if I ſhou'd, he had better be ſo, than ſuſpect it—— his Horns wou'd hurt him leſs on his Forehead than in his Eyes.

La. *Raff.* I wonder you can talk ſuch ſtuff to me, I can't bear to hear it, the very Name of a Whore makes me ſwoon; if any Set of Words cou'd ever raiſe the Devil, that ſingle one wou'd do more than all.

Mrs. *Raff.* Dear Siſter, don't be ſo outrageouſly virtuous.

La. *Raff.* It wou'd be well for you, if the Colonel had a little of Sir *Simon*'s Temper. I can't help telling you there are ſome Actions of your Life, which I am far from approving.

Mrs. *Raff.* Come, don't be cenſorious. I never refuſe giving my Husband an Account of any of my Actions, when he deſires it—and that is more than you can ſay.

La. *Raff.* My Actions give an Account of themſelves, I am not afraid of the World's looking into 'em.

Mrs. *Raff.* Take my Word for it, Child, pure Nature won't do, the World will eaſily ſee your Faults, but your Virtues muſt be ſhewn artfully, or they will be diſcover'd. Art goes beyond Nature: and a Woman who has only Virtue in her Face, will paſs much better thro' the World, than ſhe who has it only in her Heart.

La. *Raff.*

La. *Raff.* I don't know what you mean, Madam, I am ſure my Conduct has been always careful of Appearances; but as for the Suſpicions of my Husband, I deſpiſe; and neither can nor will give my ſelf any Trouble about 'em.

Mrs. *Raff.* Soh! here he comes, and I ſuppoſe we ſhall have the uſual Dialogue.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir *Sim.* Your Servant, Ladies! why you are at home early to Day. What, cou'd you find no Diverſions in Town? Is there no Opera-Rehearſal, no Auctions, no Mall?

La. *Raff.* No, none: Beſides, my Siſter had a mind to be at home.

Sir *Sim.* You need not have ſaid that, my Dear, I ſhou'd not have ſuſpected you.

La. *Raff.* I think, I ſeldom give you Reaſon of ſuſpecting my Fondneſs for my own Houſe.

Sir *Sim.* No, nor of any thing elſe. I am not jealous of you, my Dear.

La. *Raff.* It wou'd give me no Uneaſineſs, if you was.

Sir *Sim.* I am not jealous even of Captain *Spark.*

La. *Raff.* Captain *Spark!* who is he?

Sir *Sim.* Tho' he is a very pretty Gentleman, and is very agreeable Company.

La. *Raff.* I long to ſee him mightily. Won't you invite him hither, my Dear?

Sir *Sim.* Why ſhou'd I invite him, when you can meet him at an Auction as well?——Beſides, it ſeems, he is not proper Company for me, or you would not have ſhuffled him away yeſterday, when I came. You need not have taken ſuch Care to hide him, I ſhou'd not have been jealous of him, my Dear.

Mrs. *Raff.* This muſt be ſome ſtrange Chimera of his own: no ſuch Perſon was with us. [*Aſide.*

La. *Raff.* No, my Dear, I know you wou'd not, tho' he is a very pretty Fellow.

Sir *Sim.* The Devil take all ſuch, pretty Fellows! with all my Heart and Soul. [*Aſide.*

La. *Raff.* Don't you know, Siſter, he is the moſt witty, moſt entertaining Creature in the World?

Mrs. *Raff.* Think whom ſo?

La. *Raff.* Oh, the Captain,—Captain,—what's his Name?

Sir *Sim.* Captain *Spark*, Madam. I'll aſſiſt you.

La. *Raff.* Ay, Captain *Spark.*

Mrs. *Raff.* I know no Captain *Spark*, nor was any ſuch Perſon with us yeſterday.

La. *Raff.* Don't believe her, my Dear.

Sir *Sim.* No, my Dear, I ſhall not, I aſſure you. But do you think this Right, my Dear?

La. *Raff.* What, Right?

Sir *Sim.* Why being particular with an idle, rakehelly young Fellow.

La. *Raff.* Sir *Simon*, I ſhall not have my Company preſcrib'd to me by any one. I will keep what Company I pleaſe, I ſhall anſwer to the World for my Actions.

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Madam, I am to anſwer to the World for your Actions too——I am moſt concern'd to ſee that you act right, ſince I muſt bear the greater Part of the Shame, if you don't.

La. *Raff.* Sir, this is a Uſage I can't bear, nor I won't bear! trouble not me with your baſe, groundleſs Suſpicions: I believe the whole World is ſenſible how unworthy you are of a Woman of my Virtue; But, henceforth, when ever any of theſe Chimeras are rais'd in your Head, I ſhall leave you to lay them at your Leiſure. [*Exit.*

Sir *Sim.* Is not this intolerable? is not this inſufferable! This is the comfortable State that a Man is wiſh'd Joy of by his Friends: And yet no Man wiſhes a Man Joy of being Condemn'd, or of getting the Plague. But when a Man is marry'd, Give you Joy, Sir, cries one Fool, I wiſh you Joy, ſays another; and thus the Wretch is uſher'd into the Gallies, with the ſame Triumph as he cou'd be exalted with to the Empire of the Great *Mogul.* Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* You your ſelf make it ſo, Brother: if you had leſs Jealouſy in your Temper, or Lady *Raffler*, more Complaiſance, you might be very happy—You torment your ſelf with groundleſs Fears, and ſhe depends on her own Innocence, and will not quiet them. This was the Caſe juſt now: for whatever put this Captain *Spark* into your Head, I will take my Oath, ſhe ſpoke to no ſuch Man at the Auction.

Sir *Sim.* You are a truſty Confident, I find——— but I had it from his own Mouth.

Mrs *Raff.* What had you from his own Mouth?

Sir *Sim.* What! why that my Wife was a tall Woman.

Mrs. *Raff.* Ha, ha, ha! a very good Reaſon to be jealous indeed.

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Madam, and that ſhe was a fair Woman.

Mrs. *Raff.* Well, and———Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Sim.* Look ye, Siſter, if he had told me this at firſt, I ſhou'd not have regarded it: but I pumpt it out of him. He is a very cloſe Fellow, and proper to be truſted with a Secret, I can tell you; for he told me juſt the contrary; but Truth will out, Siſter: beſides, did you not hear my Wife confeſs it?

Mrs. *Raff.* That was only in Revenge, to plague you.

Sir *Sim.* A very charitable good ſort of Lady, truly.

Mrs. *Raff.* I wiſh ſhe was of my Temper, Brother, and wou'd give you Satisfaction in every thing——— For my part, I own, if I was your Wife, your Jealouſy would give me no Pain, and I ſhould take a Pleaſure in quieting it: I ſhou'd never be uneaſy at your enquiring into any of my Actions——I ſhou'd rather take it for a Proof of your Love, and be the fonder of you for it.

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Madam, but I do not deſire my Wife ſhou'd be like you, neither.

Mrs. *Raff.* Why ſo, Brother? what do you diſlike in me?

Sir *Sim.* Truly, Madam, that Rendezvous of Fellows you continually keep at your Houſe, and which, if your Husband was of my Mind———

Mrs. *Raff.* He wou'd be Jealous of, I ſuppoſe.

Sir *Sim.* Particularly, that tall Fellow, who breakfaſts here, dines here, ſups here, and I believe lies here, or will lie here very ſhortly.

Mrs. *Raff.* Hold, Brother, I deſire you wou'd not grow ſcurrilous; no wonder, my Siſter can't bear with this curſed Temper of yours.

Sir *Sim.* What can a marry'd Woman mean by an Intimacy with any other but her Husband?

Mrs. *Raff.* What's that to you, Brother? who made you the Inquiſitor of my Actions? Do you think to call me to an Account, as you do your Wife? Oh! if I was marry'd to ſuch a jealous——— If I did not give him enough of his Jealouſy in one Week, if I did not make him heartily weary on't———

Sir *Sim.* Oh rare! this is the Woman that wou'd take a Pleaſure in ſatisfying her Husband's Doubts.

Mrs. *Raff.* Look ye, Sir *Simon*, your Temper is ſo intolerable, that you are the By-word of every one; the whole Town compaſſionates my Siſter's Caſe, and if I was ſhe, if a virtuous Woman cou'd not content you, you ſhou'd have your Content another way—— If you wou'd have an Account of every thing I did, I wou'd do ſomething worth giving you an Account of.

Sir *Sim.* I believe it, I eaſily believe it. It is very plain, who is my Wife's Counſellor——— But I ſhall take care to get ſome better Advice; for I will not be a Cuckold if I can help it, Madam.

Enter Clarinda.

Cla. There's my poor Lady *Raffler* within in the moſt terrible way—— She has taken a whole Bottle of Hartshorn to keep up her Spirits. It has thrown me into the Vapours, to ſee her in ſuch a Condition, and ſhe won't tell me what's the matter with her.

Mrs. *Raff.* Can you have liv'd a Fortnight in the Houſe,

Houſe, and want to know it? Sir *Simon* has abus'd her in the moſt barbarous manner. You are a wicked Man.

Cla. I am ſure ſhe is one of the beſt Women in the World.

Mrs. *Raff.* Any one but a Brute might be happy with ſuch a Wife.

Cla. He that can't, I am ſure can be happy with no Woman.

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh! that I had but a jealous Husband for one Month.

Cla. Heav'n forbid, I ſhou'd ever have one.

Sir *Sim.* So the Enemy is reinforc'd, and Bravery can hold out no longer.

Cla. Dear Uncle, you ſhall go and comfort her, and ask her Pardon.

Mrs. *Raff.* She is too good, if ſhe forgives ſuch baſe Suſpicions.

Cla. I am ſure ſhe never gave you any Reaſon for them. I don't believe, ſhe wou'd do any thing to bring her Conduct into Queſtion for the World.

Mrs. *Raff.* She is too cautious. If I was in her Caſe, I'd make the Houſe too hot for him.

Sir *Sim.* So it is already. Who's there? bring my Chariot this Inſtant, or if that be not ready, get me a Chair, get me any thing, that will convey me away.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Gaylove* deſires to know if you are at Home.

Mrs. *Raff.* Yes, I ſhall be glad to ſee him.

Sir *Sim.* Heav'n be prais'd, my Wife is not in a Condition to ſee Company. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Here's a Picture of Matrimony for you, dear *Clarinda*; what ſay you now to a Coach and Six with ſuch a Husband?

Cla. That I had rather walk on Foot all the Days of my Life.

Mrs. *Raff.* What Difference is there between

Mr. *Gaylove*'s Temper, and your Uncle's! how happy wou'd a Woman be with him.

Cla. I am not ſure of that——Men often appear before Marriage different Creatures from what they are after it— Beſides, there is ſomething in him ſo——— ſomething ſo——— In ſhort, ſomething in him I don't like, and of all Women in the World, I ſhall never envy Mrs. *Gaylove*.

Mrs. *Raff.* That's a Lye, I am ſure [*Aſide.*] Nay, the Man is agreeable enough, he is genteel.

Cla. I don't think ſo.

Mrs. *Raff.* He has a great deal of Wit.

Cla. Then he has Wiſdom enough to keep it to himſelf.

Mrs. *Raff.* And the beſt-natur'd Creature in the World.

Cla. It is very good-natur'd in you to think him ſo.

Mrs. *Raff.* Ha, ha, ha! Indeed and ſo it wou'd. For I have been only telling you the Opinion of the World. In my own, he has none of theſe Qualities: And I wonder how the World came ever to give them to him.

Cla. So do I, if he does not deſerve them; for the World ſeldom errs on that ſide the Queſtion.

Mrs. *Raff.* And yet it does in him. For to me, he is the moſt agreeable Creature on Earth.

Cla. Well, I cannot be of your Opinion——there is ſomewhat in his Countenance when he ſmiles, ſo extremely good humour'd; I love dearly to ſee him ſmile, and you know he's always a ſmiling———and his Eyes laugh ſo comically, and have ſo much Sweetneſs in them. Then he is the moſt entertaining Creature upon Earth, and I have heard ſome very good-natur'd Actions of his too. The World, I dare ſwear, does not think one whit better of him than he deſerves.

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh, ſay you ſo, Madam?

Enter

Enter Gaylove *and* Mondiſh.

Oh! here he is—— Are you there too?

Gay. Ladies, your Servant—— To find Mrs. *Raffler* at Home, and without Company at this high viſiting Seaſon, is ſo ſurpriſing——

Mrs. *Raff.* Lard, I ſuppoſe you think us like thoſe Country Ladies you have lately convers'd with, who never owe a Viſit at the Weeks-End to any of their Husband's Tenant's Wives—— Do you think we have nothing elſe to do in this ſweet Town, but to ride about the Streets, to ſee if the Knockers of the People's Doors are faſt—— Indeed you have here and there a Country-Gentlewoman (her Husband being ſent up to Parliament for the Sake of his Country, and the Deſtruction of his Family) who drives regularly round the Town to ſee the Streets, and her Acquaintance and Relations, that ſhe may know when ſhe may be ſure of meeting ſome one to curtſie to at the Drawing-Room. And once a Week very charitably gives her Horſes Reſt at the Expence of her Wax-Candles; when ſhe ſits in her own Dining-Room, Chair-Woman of a Committee of Fools, to criticize on Faſhions, and regiſter the Weather.

Gay. But, I think, it is pity ſo good a Cuſtom is left off; if it were only for the better Propagation of Scandal.

Mrs. *Raff.* What ſignifies Scandal, when no one is aſham'd of doing what they have a mind to?

Gay. Yes, there is ſome Pleaſure in ſpreading it, when it is not true. For tho' no one is aſham'd of doing what they have a mind to, they may be aſham'd of being ſuppos'd to do what they have no mind to.

Mrs. *Raff.* I know very few People who are aſham'd of any thing.

Mon. I believe, Madam, none of your Acquaintance have any Reaſon for that Paſſion.

Mrs. *Raff.* Are you ſure of that?

Mon. None who have at preſent that Honour at leaſt——For I have that good Opinion of you, that

ſuch a Diſcovery wou'd ſoon baniſh them from it.

Mrs. *Raff.* That, I believe, you have ſeen a very late Inſtance of.

Cla. Well, ſince you are ſo ſollicitous about the Song, if you will go with me to the Spinet, you ſhall hear it. My playing, Madam, I am ſure, is not worth your hearing. But ſince this Creature will not let me be at quiet——

Mrs. *Raff.* Lard, Child, I believe you do not want ſo much Entreaty. I think one can never be at quiet for you, and your Muſick.

Cla. Madam, I ask your Pardon. Come, Mr. *Gaylove.* [*Exeunt.*

Mon. I receiv'd a Letter from you this Morning, Madam, but of a Nature ſo different from ſome I have had from you, that I cou'd wiſh your Hand had been counterfeited.

Mrs. *Raff.* To ſave you the Trouble of a long Speech, I ſent you a Letter, and the laſt I ever intend to ſend you; ſince I find it has not the Effect, I deſir'd, which was to prevent my ever ſeeing your Face again.

Mon. So cruel a Baniſhment, ſo ſudden, and ſo unexpected, ought ſurely to have ſome Reaſons given for it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Ask your own Heart, that can ſuggeſt 'em to you.

Mon. My Heart is conſcious of no other, than what is too often a Reaſon to your Sex, for exerciſing all manner of Tyranny over us: Too much Fondneſs——

Mrs. *Raff.* Fondneſs! Impudence! to pretend Fondneſs to a Woman, after a Week's Neglect— Did I not meet you at an Aſſembly, where you made me a Bow as diſtant as if we had been ſcarce acquainted, or rather, as if we were weary of our Acquaintance?

Mon. Was not that hundred-eyed Monſter of Jealouſy, Sir *Simon*, with you? Do you object my Care of your Reputation to want of Fondneſs?

Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* The old Excuſe for Indifference. I wonder Men have not contriv'd to make it Scandalous for their Wives to be ſeen with 'em, that they might have an Excuſe to them too: 'Tis likely indeed that you ſhou'd have more care of my Reputation than I myſelf: It was not the Jealouſy of my Husband, but my Rival you was aware of; and yet you was not ſo tender of her Reputation, but that I diſcover'd her.

Mon. Excellent Juſtice! For ſince I am to be puniſh'd for your Falſehood, it is but juſt I ſhou'd be convicted of it. My Sweet! what wou'd I give to believe what you are endeavouring to perſuade me —— Come, I will aſſiſt you with all my force of Credulity; for was your Opinion of my Falſhood real, I would give you ſuch convincing Proofs to the Contrary ——— But your Love to another, is no more a Secret to me, than it is that I owe to that your Slights, your Letter, and your cruel, unjuſt Accuſation.

Mrs. *Raff.* Inſupportable Inſolence! A Husband may plead a Title to be Jealous; our Love is his Due —— But a Wretch who owes his Happineſs to our free Gift ———

Mon. Faith, I think otherwiſe. Love to an Huſband is a Tradeſman's Debt, the Law gives him the Security of your Perſon for it; but Love to a Gallant is a Debt of Honour, which every Gentlewoman is oblig'd to pay —— It wou'd be a Treaſure indeed finely beſtow'd on ſuch a Husband as yours.

Mrs. *Raff.* I am henceforth reſolv'd to give it to no other. I am ſo much oblig'd to his good Opinion, I ſhou'd hate myſelf if I did not try to deſerve it —— and by thinking me honeſt he ſhall keep me ſo.

Mon. He muſt know leſs than I, who is ſo impos'd on. But you ſhall not keep my Rival a Secret from me, be aſſur'd you ſhall not —— I'll haunt you with that conſtant Aſſiduity, you ſhall not ſpeak to a Man without my Knowledge —— You ſhall find that the Jealouſy of twenty Husbands is not equal to that of one abus'd Gallant.

Mrs. *Raff.* Villain! was it not you that ruin'd me, that deceiv'd me, that robb'd me of my Virtue?

Mon. How have I robb'd you? How deceiv'd you? Have I not paid you the Price of your Virtue, Eternal Conſtancy? Have I not met your Paſſion ſtill with freſh Deſires? Has not each ſtolen Meeting been a Scene of Joy, which eager Bridegrooms might envy? What have I done to diſoblige you; or what has another done to oblige you more? Have I been outbid in Fondneſs? Has ſome freſh Lover burnt with warmer Paſſion? Has ſome Beau dreſt himſelf into your Heart, or ſome Wit talk'd himſelf into it? Be generous and confeſs what has ruin'd me in that dear Boſom, and do not cruelly throw it on a poor harmleſs Huſband.

Mrs. *Raff.* Good-manners ſhou'd oblige you to mention him with more Civility to me.

Mon. And after what has paſs'd between us, I think you ſhou'd mention him to me with leſs. Beſides, I think you have ſometimes been of my Opinion.

Mrs. *Raff.* Women, you know, are ſubject to Change, and I may think better of him, as well as worſe of you.

Mon. This is trifling with my Paſſion, the cruelleſt Inſult you can put upon it —— But I will find out my Rival, and will be reveng'd.

Mrs. *Raff.* Reveng'd! Ha, ha!

Enter Colonel Raffler.

Mon. Death and Torments!

Col. *Raff.* Heyday! What are they acting a Tragedy?

Mrs. *Raff.* And how will you be reveng'd, ſweet Sir, if you ſhou'd find him out ——— or why ſhou'd you deſire it? The Man acts like a Man, and does by you, as you have done by another.

Mon. This Uſage wou'd juſtify any thing. My own Honour ſecures me, Madam.

Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* I hope you wou'd not tell my Huſband —— but he wou'd not believe it if you did.

Mon. Hark ye, Madam, the Town will ——

Col. *Raff.* Hold, hold, I muſt interpoſe —— If you will Quarrel let it be at a diſtance —— What will I not believe? I'll tell you what I believe; that you are in the wrong.

Mrs. *Raff.* Ay, ay, you will take his Part, to be ſure.

Col. *Raff.* Mr. *Mondiſh* is a Friend of mine, and it is ſtrange that you are eternally Quarrelling with all my Friends.

Mrs. *Raff.* I deſire then, Sir, you wou'd keep your Friends to yourſelf, for I ſhall not endure their Impertinence: So I'll leave you together —— But I muſt tell your Friend one thing before I go, that I deſire I may never ſee his Face again —— [*Exit.*

Col. *Raff.* All this a Man muſt bear that is marry'd.

Mon. Ay, and a great deal more than this too.

Col. *Raff.* Why, it is true — and yet have a good Wife —— I have the beſt Wife in the World, but Women have Humours.

Mon. Pox take their Humours! Let their Husbands bear 'em. Muſt we pay the Price of another's Folly? —— In ſhort, Colonel, I am the moſt unfit Perſon in the World, for that gentle Office you have aſſign'd me, of entertaining your Lady in your Abſence. Beſides, I'll tell you a Secret — It is impoſſible to be very intimate and well with a Woman, without making Love to her.

Col. *Raff.* Well; and why don't you make Love to her? Ha, ha! make Love to her, indeed! She'd Love you, I believe, ſhe'd give you enough of making Love.

Mon. Why do you think no one has made Love to her then?

Col. *Raff.* I think nothing, I am ſure no one ever has, for I am ſure if they had, ſhe wou'd have told me. Perhaps that's a Secret you don't know, that ſhe never kept one Secret from me in her Life. I am certain

tain, if it were poſſible for her to make me a Cuckold, ſhe wou'd tell me on't; and it is an excellent thing to have ſuch a Security, that one is not one —— Dear *Mondiſh* do — make Love to my Wife, let me beſeech you.

Mon. Excuſe me, dear Colonel —— but I'll do as well, I'll recommend one to you that ſhall.

Col. *Raff.* Ay, who is he?

Mon. What think you of Mr. *Gaylove*? Beſide, I believe it will pleaſe your Lady better.

Col. *Raff.* Ha, ha, ha! I cou'd die with laughing, Ha! ha, ha! this is the Man now that knows the World, and Mankind, and Womankind. You have happen'd to name the very Man whom ſhe deteſts of all Men breathing. She told me ſo this very Morning.

Mon. Then I am ſatisfy'd. Damnation and Hell! Now can I ſcarce forbear telling this Fellow he is a Cuckold to his Face — 'Sdeath I have hit of a Way. [*Aſide.*] Hark'e, Colonel, you have put a very pleaſant Conceit into my Head. I think I have heard you ſay, that you have a great Pleaſure in ſeeing the Diſdain your Lady ſhews to all Mankind —— Now I have the ſame Pleaſure —— Suppoſe therefore it was poſſible to work up *Gaylove* to make his Addreſſes to her, and you and I cou'd convey ourſelves where we might ſee her treat him as he deſerves.

Col. *Raff.* I like it vaſtly: How I ſhall hug myſelf all the while, I know exactly how ſhe will behave to him. I ſhall certainly die with Pleaſure; let me tell you, my Dear, let me tell you, there is a great deal of Pride in having a virtuous Wife.

Mon. If Brilliants were not ſcarce they would not be valuable: And Virtue in a Wife perhaps may be valu'd for the ſame reaſon.

Col. *Raff.* But do you think he can be brought to it?

Mon. I warrant him, he has Vanity enough to be eaſily perſuaded that a Woman may be fond of him,

and

and Gallantry enough not to let her Fondneſs be thrown away.

Col. *Raff.* I am charm'd with the Contrivance. But he muſt never know that I knew any thing of the Matter. I ſhan't know how to behave to him if he ſhou'd.

Mon. You may learn from half your Acquaintance. How many Husbands do we ſee careſſing Men, whoſe Intrigues with their Wives, they muſt be blinder than Darkneſs itſelf not to ſee! It is a civil Communicative Age we live in, Colonel. And it is no more a Breach of Friendſhip to make uſe of your Wife, than of your Chariot.

Col. *Raff.* It is a deviliſh Cuckolding Age, that's the truth on't, and Heaven be prais'd I'm out of Faſhion.

Mon. Ay, there's the Glory —— Wealth, Power, ev'ry thing is known by Compariſon —— were all Women Virtuous, you wou'd not taſte half of your Bleſſing. The Joy, the Pride, the Triumph is to ſee

The Ills a Neighbour in a Wife endures,
And have a Wife as good and chaſte as yours.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Street.*.

Mondiſh, Gaylove.

Gay. AND art thou really in earneſt? and art thou perfectly ſure, ſhe has this Paſſion for me?

Mon. Thou art blind thyſelf or thou muſt have diſcover'd it, all her Looks, Words, Actions betray it.

Gay. Thou art a nice Obſerver, *George*, and perhaps in this Caſe, your own Paſſion may heighten your Suſpicions; I know thy Temper is inclin'd to Jealouſy.

Mon.

Mon. Far from it; I never doubt the Affections of a Woman while ſhe is kind, nor ever think any more of 'em when ſhe grows otherwiſe. Women undoubtedly are Bleſſing to us, if we do not, our ſelves, make 'em otherwiſe. I have juſt Love enough to aſſiſt 'em in giving me Pleaſure, but not to put it in their power to give me Pain; and I cou'd with as much Eaſe ſee thee in the Arms of Mrs. *Raffler*, as of any Woman in Town.

Gay. Wou'd'ſt thou? She's young, handſome, and witty, and faith! I cou'd almoſt as ſoon wiſh myſelf there. 'Tis true, I have an honourable Engagement; but a Man's having ſettled his whole Eſtate, ſhou'd not prevent his being charitable, *George*.

Mon. Eſpecially when what he beſtows does not hurt his Eſtate.

Gay. Very true; therefore if I was ſure the Lady was in Neceſſity, I don't know how far my Good-Nature might carry me, for the Devil take me if I am not one of the beſt-natur'd Creatures in the World.

Mon. I think I am acting a very good-natur'd part too; a Man is oblig'd in honour to provide for a Caſt Miſtreſs, but I do more, I provide for a Miſtreſs who has caſt me off.

Gay. I begin to ſuſpect thou haſt ſome Deſign of making me an Inſtrument in your Reconciliation; I don't ſee how my Addreſſes can be of any Uſe to you; but if they can, they are at your Service.

Mon. I thank you with all my Heart; they ſerve me at leaſt, ſo far, as to diſcover whether you are my innocent Rival, or whether I am to ſeek for him elſewhere: beſides, if you are really the Perſon, and don't care to be charitable, as you call it, by playing Captain *Spark* with her, you may pique her back again to me.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Prithee what do'ſt thou laugh at?

Gay. To ſee ſo cool a Lover as thou art, who careſt for a Woman no longer than ſhe is kind, take ſuch Pains to get her again, after ſhe has jilted you.

Mon.

Mon. Pſhaw! that — I — well ——

Gay. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. You are merry, Sir,—— But I wou'd not have you think that I have any Love for her —— She has hurt my Pride; 'tis that, and not my Love that I want to cure —— Damn her! If I had her but in my Power; cou'd I but triumph over her, I ſhou'd have the End of my Deſires, and then, if her Husband, or the Town, or the Devil had her, it wou'd give me no Pain.

Gay. I dare ſwear thou wilt uſe thy Power very gently. I ſhall ſup there this Evening, and if I have an Opportunity with her, I'll do thee all the Service I can, tho' I can't promiſe to behave exactly up to the Character of Captain *Spark*, if ſhe ſhou'd be very kind.

Mon. Well, make uſe of your Victory as you pleaſe.

Gay. But methinks you take a prepoſterous Way. Wou'd it not be better to alarm her with another Miſtreſs?

Mon. That, perhaps, I intend too.

Gay. I have overſtay'd my time with you, —— beſides I ſee one coming for whoſe Company I have no great Reliſh —— So, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. Whom? O, Sir *Simon.* I'll avoid him too.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir *Sim.* Mr. *Mondiſh*, Mr. *Mondiſh* —— is there any thing frightful in me, that you run away from me? I fancy my Horns are out, and People think I ſhall butt at 'em —— As for that handſome Gentleman, who ſneak'd off ſo prettily, I ſhall not go after him, — and I wiſh I may have ſeen the laſt of him with all my Heart —— Is he an Acquaintance of yours, pray? for I ſaw you ſpeak to him.

Mon. Ay, Sir *Simon.*

Sir *Sim.* I am ſorry for it, I am ſorry you keep ſuch Company.

Mon. How ſo, Sir *Simon*? he's a Man of Honour, I hope.

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* Oh, a Man of very nice Honour, I dare anſwer for him, and one who lies with every Man's Wife he comes near.

Mon. Indeed I fear he has been guilty of ſome ſmall Offences that way.

Sir *Sim.* Small Offences! and yet to break open a Houſe, or rob on the Highway are great Offences. A Man that robs me of five Shillings is a Rogue, and to be hang'd; but he that robs me of my Wife, is a fine Gentleman, and a Man of Honour.

Mon. The Laws ſhou'd be ſeverer on theſe Occaſions.

Sir *Sim.* The Laws ſhou'd give us more Power over our Wives. If a Man was to carry his Treaſure about openly among Thieves, I believe the Laws wou'd be very little Security to him.

Mon. And as to prevent Robbing they have put down all Night-houſes, and other Places of Rendezvous, ſo to prevent Cuckoldom, we ſhou'd put down all Aſſemblies, Balls, Operas, Plays, in ſhort, all the Publick Places.

Sir *Sim.* Ay, ay, Publick Places, as they call 'em, are intended only to give People an Opportunity of getting acquainted, and appointing to meet in Private Places.

Mon. An Aſſembly, Sir *Simon*, is an Exchange for Cuckoldom, where the Traders meet, and make their Bargains, and then adjourn to a private Room to ſign and ſeal.

Sir *Sim.* Mr. *Mondiſh*, I know you are my Friend, there has been a long Acquaintance and Friendſhip between our Families, I ſhall tell you, therefore, what I wou'd not tell any other Living. I have not the leaſt Jealouſy in my Temper, but I have a Wife that wou'd make the Devil Jealous —— Oh, here comes the Man I have been looking after.

Mon. Sir *Simon*, your humble Servant.

Sir *Sim.* Nay, but ſtay a Moment.

Mon.

Mon. I have buſineſs of Conſequence, and can't poſſibly —— Your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir *Sim.* Well, your Servant.

Enter Captain Spark.

What in the Name of Miſchief is he reading? A Letter from my Wife, I ſuppoſe.

Cap. *Spark.* Sir, your moſt humble Servant —— I think I had the Honour of ſeeing you at my Couſin *Mondiſh*'s this Morning.

Sir *Sim.* Yes Sir, and I ſhou'd be glad to have the Honour of ſeeing you hang'd this Afternoon. [*Aſide.*

Cap. *Spark.* Pray, Sir, what's a Clock? becauſe I have an Engagement at Six.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, Sir, it wants conſiderably of that; but perhaps your Engagement is with a Lady, and that makes the Time longer.

Cap. *Spark.* Why, faith! to be ſincere with you, it is; but I beg you wou'd not mention that to any body; tho' if you ſhou'd, as long as you don't know her Name, there's no Reputation hurt.

Sir *Sim.* I ſuppoſe, Captain, it is ſhe whom you met at the Auction.

Cap. *Spark.* How the Devil came you to gueſs that?

Sir *Sim.* Well, but I have gueſs'd right.

Cap. *Spark.* I am not oblig'd to tell —— but this I will tell you, Sir, you have a very good knack at gueſſing. And yet I will ſhew you her Chriſtian Name, and lay you a Wager you don't find out her Sirname.

Sir *Sim. Anne*, the Devil! It is not my Wife's Hand, but it is her Name.

Cap. *Spark.* Hold, Sir, that is not fair.

Sir *Sim.* Let me but ſee the two firſt Letters of her Sirname.

Cap. *Spark.* To oblige you, you ſhall —— but if you ſhou'd gueſs afterwards, you are a Man of Honour.

Sir *Sim.* Sir, I am ſatisfy'd. —— I am the happieſt Man in the World —— dear Captain, I give you ten

thouſand Thanks. You have quieted my Curioſity. I thought, by your Deſcription this Morning, you had meant another Lady.

Cap. *Spark.* Whom did you think?

Sir *Sim.* Really I thought the Lady's Name was *Raffler*, whom you deſcrib'd.

Cap. *Spark.* Mrs *Raffler*, indeed, ha, ha!

Sir *Sim.* Why, do you know Mrs. *Raffler?*

Cap. *Spark.* Know her, Ay, who the Devil does not know her?

Sir *Sim.* What, what, what do you know of her?

Cap. *Spark.* Pugh, know of her! ha, ha! Lard help you, know of her indeed —— and with a grave face, as if you had never heard any thing of us two.

Sir *Sim.* My Brother is an errant downright Cuckold. I never was better pleas'd with any News in my Life.

Cap. *Spark.* Is ſhe a Relation of yours, that you are ſo anxious?

Sir *Sim.* No, Sir, no, no Relation of mine, upon my Honour —— I have ſome Acquaintance with a Lady of her Name, one Lady *Raffler.*

Cap. *Spark.* Ay, that's a good one too.

Sir *Sim.* What, do you know my Lady *Raffler?*

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, I think I do. Ha, ha, ha —— faith! I remember that Woman, a very fine Woman; nay, ſhe's well enough ſtill, I can't help ſaying I like her better than her Siſter.

Sir *Sim.* I ſuppoſe you have had 'em both.

Cap. *Spark.* Who I? ha, ha, ha! no, no, neither of 'em; you are the moſt Suſpicious Perſon, tho' I believe the World has talk'd pretty freely. But, ha, ha! the World you know is a cenſorious World, and yet Pox take the Women! they owe more Diſcoveries to their own Imprudence. I never had a Woman fond of me in my Life, that was able to conceal it; if I had had her, it might have been a Secret for me.

Sir *Sim.* Well, Sir, it is no Secret, I aſſure you —— ten thouſand Devils take 'em both! [*Aſide.*

Cap. *Spark.* I defy any one to ſay he ever heard me brag of my Amours, and yet I have had a few.

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* And you have had Lady *Raffler* then?

Cap. *Spark.* No, that's too much to own.

Sir *Sim.* Not at all; no one is aſham'd to own their Amours now — fine Gentlemen talk of Women of Quality, in the ſame manner as of their Laundreſſes. Beſides it is known already, you may own it, eſpecially to me; for it ſhall go no farther, I aſſure you.

Cap. *Spark.* Well then, in Confidence that you are a Man of Honour, I will own it to you; yes, yes, I have, I have had her.

Sir *Sim.* Wou'd the Devil had had you. Now, if I had the Spirit of a Worm, I wou'd beat this Fellow to Death; but I think I have Spirit enough to beat my Wife. She ſhall pay for all; and that immediately. Your Servant.

Cap. *Spark.* I hope you won't diſcover a Word, ſince I place ſuch Confidence in you.

Sir *Sim.* Never fear me, Sir — I am much beholden to your Confidence, I am very much beholden to you. Cuckolds! Horns! Daggers! Fire and Furies! [*Exit.*

Cap. *Spark.* The Gentleman ſeems in a Paſſion. Now don't I know what in the World to do with my ſelf. — hum, hum, I hear *Clarinda*'s in Town, I'll go try if I can't find her out. If I follow her but one Fortnight here, the World will give me her for ever. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Sir* Simon's *Houſe.*

Enter Gaylove, Clarinda.

Cla. And ſo you have told Captain *Spark* I am in Town, I am very much oblig'd to you.

Gay. It ſhews you, at leaſt, I am not of Sir *Simon*'s Temper, not inclin'd to Jealouſy.

Cla. No; People are never jealous of what's indifferent to them.

Gay. Faith, I have no Notion of being ſo at all; for if there can be no Jealouſy without Fondneſs, I am ſure

I cou'd never be fond of any Woman who wou'd give me Reaſon to be jealous.

Cla. Yes, but ſome Men are Jealous without Reaſon.

Gay. And ſome Men are fond without any Reaſon. The Lover who can be the one, gives you ſhrewd Cauſe of Suſpicion, that he may afterwards prove the other.

Cla. Well, then I think I may ſuſpect you will one Day or other prove the moſt Jealous Husband in the Univerſe.

Gay. I'll ſuffer you to ſpeak what you don't think of your ſelf, ſince you juſt now ſpoke what you don't think of me, at leaſt, what if I was aſſur'd you did think of me, I ſhou'd be the moſt miſerable Creature breathing.

Cla. Hum! that may be my Caſe too, I'm afraid. [*Aſide.*

Gay. I hope my Actions hitherto have convinc'd you of the Contrary; but if they have not, I deſire no greater Happineſs than to compleat your Conviction by an undeniable one —— nor do I ſee any Reaſon, if Indifference be not on your Side, why you any longer deny me the Opportunity of giving it you.

Cla. I ſee you have a Mind to divert yourſelf.

Gay. Oh, *Clarinda!* Diverſion is too poor a Word for my Deſires, they aim at ſuch a Heighth of Happineſs, ſuch tranſcendent Joys, yet none but what this dear Breaſt ſhou'd be a partaker of.

Enter Lady Raffler, *and Mrs.* Raffler.

La. *Raff.* Heyday! What are you at Romps, good People? I deſire none of theſe Games may be carry'd on in my Houſe —— If you have been bred up in the Country to ſuffer theſe indecent Familiarities, I deſire you wou'd leave 'em off, now you are under my Roof.

Gay. I hope, Madam, I ſhall under no Roof offer any thing which this Lady may not juſtifiably ſuffer.

La. *Raff.* Give me, Sir, leave to be Judge what ſhe ought to ſuffer. There's no Good ever comes of Romping and Palming: I never gave my Hand to any Man without a Glove —— except Sir *Simon.*

Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* I wonder, *Gaylove*, how you can bear Girls Company. Your Wit is thrown away upon 'em; but all you Creatures are ſo fond of green Fruit.

Gay. So, I think, ſhe has giv'n me my Cue. [*Aſide.*

Cla. Lard, Madam, I know ſome Girls are as good Company as any Women in *England.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Indeed, Mrs. Pert, are you attempting to ſhew your Wit?

Gay. She ſhews her Bravery, Madam, in attacking the very Woman of her Sex that has the moſt.

Mrs. *Raff.* I fancy, then, ſhe has more Bravery than you have, Sir.

Gay. Gad, I am afraid ſo too. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Fy, fy, that a Man, celebrated for his Wit, ſhou'd put his Wit to a Girl.

Cla. I am no ſuch Girl, Madam, I don't ſee why a Man ſhou'd not put his Wit to a Girl, as well as to any one; as contemptuouſly as you ſpeak of Girls, I have known ſome Girls that have Wit enough to be too hard for moſt Men.

Mrs. *Raff.* Upon my Word, Madam, you ſeem to come on finely, I don't know but you may be a very good Match for him.

La. *Raff.* Upon my Word, if I miſtake not, you come both very finely on —— Well the forwardneſs of ſome Women! [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Look ye, Sir, I am too generous to inſult a Man, who already appears to have been vanquiſh'd; but if you dare meet me another time, this will give you Inſtructions where I am to be found.

[*Aſide. Giving him a Letter.*

Cla. I am aſtoniſh'd at her Impudence! —— I can't bear it, to take him away from me before my Face—— I hate him too. He might be rude to her; he muſt be ſure it wou'd have pleas'd me.

La. *Raff.* I deſire the Converſation may be more general —— here's ſuch whiſpering, Siſter, I am ſurpriz'd at you. This Particularity with a young Fellow is very indecent.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir *Sim.* Your Servant, Ladies, your very humble Servant. What, but one poor Gentleman amongſt you all? and he too of our own Family, for I think he does us the Honour of making this Houſe his own.

Gay. I have indeed, Sir, lately done myſelf that Honour.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, Sir, you are too obliging —— you are too complaiſant indeed —— you miſplace the Obligation —— We are infinitely beholden to you, that you will take up with ſuch Entertainment as this poor Houſe can afford —— And I aſſure you, you are very welcome to every thing in it —— Every thing.

Gay. Sir, I know not how to return this Favour; but I aſſure you there is that in it, that will make me the happieſt of Mankind.

Sir *Sim.* That's my Wife, I ſuppoſe —— I ſhall have him ask her of me in a very little time; and he is a very civil Fellow if he does —— for moſt of the Raſcals, about this Town, take our Wives without asking us.

La. *Raff.* I hope, my Dear, you are in a better Humour than when you went out to day.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, my Dear, I am in a pure good Humour; I am quite ſatisfy'd in my Mind.

Enter Servant. Whiſpers Gaylove.

Gay. Mr. *Mondiſh*, ſay you?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Mrs. *Raff.* Mr. *Gaylove*, you ſup here, I hope.

Gay. There's no fear, Madam, of my failing ſo agreeable an Engagement. [*Exit.*

Sir *Sim.* Yes, my Dear, I am ſo happy, ſo eaſy, ſo ſatisfy'd, the Colonel himſelf does not go beyond me. I have not the leaſt Doubt or Jealouſy, and if I was to ſee you and your Siſter in two Hackney Coaches with each a young Fellow, I ſhou'd think no more Harm than I do now.

La. *Raff.*

La. *Raff.* Indeed, my Dear, I ſhall never give you the Tryal.

Sir *Sim.* Indeed I believe thee, my Dear, thou art too prudent.

La. *Raff.* How happy ſhall I be if this Change in your Temper continue. ——— But pray what has wrought it ſo ſuddenly?

Sir *Sim.* What ſatisfies every reaſonable Man, I am convinc'd, I have found it out.

La. *Raff.* What, my Dear?

Sir *Sim.* Why, my Dear, that I am a very honeſt, ſober, faſhionable Gentleman, very fit to have a handſome Wife, and to keep civil Company. ——— And that you are a very fine, faſhionable, good-humour'd Lady, fit to be marry'd to a good honeſt Husband, and mighty proper for any Company whatſoever.

Mrs. *Raff.* This begins to have an ill Aſpect.

La. *Raff.* I don't underſtand you.

Sir *Sim.* Nor Captain *Spark* neither, I dare ſwear.

La. *Raff.* What do you tell me of Captain *Spark* for?

Sir *Sim.* You don't know him, I warrant you.

La. *Raff.* Perhaps I do, what then?

Sir *Sim.* Nay, it is but grateful in you, not to deny your Acquaintance with a Gentleman who is ſo fond of owning an Acquaintance with you.

La. *Raff.* I hope I am acquainted with no Gentleman who is aſham'd of owning it.

Sir *Sim.* Look ye, Madam, he has told me all that ever paſt between you.

La. *Raff.* Indeed! then he has a much better Memory than I have, for he has told you more than I remember.

Mrs. *Raff.* Brother, this is ſome curſed Suſpicion of yours; ſhe has no ſuch Acquaintance, I am confident; ſhe had, I muſt have known it.

La. *Raff.* There is no Occaſion for your denying it, Siſter, I think Captain *Spark* a very civil, well-behav'd Man, and I ſhall converſe with him, in ſpite of any Jealous Husband in *England*. (Tho' I never ſaw this Fel-

low in my Life, I am reſolv'd not to deny his Acquaintance, were I to be hang'd for it.) [*Aſide.*

Cla. If all Perſons have my Opinion of him, I think there is not more innocent Company upon Earth.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, ho, you are acquainted with him too, and I dare ſwear, if I had ask'd him, he has had you too.

Mrs. *Raff.* In ſhort, Sir *Simon*, you are a Monſter, to abuſe the beſt of Wives thus the! Town ſhall ring of you for it.

Sir *Sim.* And *Weſtminſter-Hall* ſhall ring too, take my Word for it.

Enter Colonel Raffler.

Col. *Raff.* How now? What's the Matter?

Mrs. *Raff.* The Matter! the Matter, my Dear, is that Sir *Simon* is a Brute, and has abus'd my poor Siſter for her Intimacy with a Man whom ſhe never ſaw.

Sir *Sim.* Nor you never ſaw neither?

Mrs. *Raff.* Never to my Knowledge, as I hope to be ſav'd.

Sir *Sim.* You never ſaw Captain *Spark?*

Mrs. *Raff.* No, never.

Col. *Raff.* Who gives you an Authority to enquire, pray?

Sir *Sim.* The Care of your Honour, Sir, —— nay don't look ſtern at me, Sir, for we are both ——

Col. *Raff.* What! what are we both?

Sir *Sim.* Captain *Spark*'s very humble Servants —— a Couple of uſeful Perſons which no fine Gentleman ſhould be without.

Col. *Raff.* Who is this Captain *Spark*, Siſter, do you know him?

La. *Raff.* Look ye, Brother, ſince you ask me; I will do that to ſatisfy you, which he never ſhou'd have extorted from me. Upon my Honour I do not know him.

Mrs. *Raff.* Nor I, upon mine.

Col. *Raff.* Now are not you aſham'd of your ſelf? Can you ever look the World in the Face again, if this were known in it? If you was not my own Brother,

I

I ſhou'd know how to deal with you, for your Suſpicions of my Wife. However, I inſiſt on it, you immediately ask her Pardon, and if you have any Honour, you will do the ſame to your own.

Sir *Sim.* I ask their Pardon!

Col. *Raff.* Ay, are you not fully convinc'd of being in the wrong? Have they not both ſolemnly atteſted, that they know no ſuch Perſon?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ladies, Captain *Spark*'s below.

Sir *Sim.* Who? who? who? [*very eagerly.*

Serv. Captain *Spark.*

Sir *Sim.* Tol, lol, lol, Brother, your Servant—Ladies, your Servant—I ask pardon, I ask a thouſand Pardons — toll, lol, lol; I believe I am at this Moment the merrieſt Cuckold in the Univerſe.

Cla. Pray, deſire the Captain to walk in.

Sir *Sim.* Now, Brother, I am a jealous-pated Fool; I ſuppoſe, I am in the Wrong, I am convicted, they don't know him. If a Woman was to tell me the Sun ſhone at Noon-day, I wou'd not believe it.

Col. *Raff.* Well, here's a Gentleman come to wait upon my Neice, and what of that?

Enter Captain Spark.

Sir *Sim.* 'Tis he, 'tis he, tol, lol, lol.

Cap. *Spark.* Miſs *Clarinda*, your moſt obedient Servant. Ladies, your moſt humble Servant—Oh, Sir, I did not expect to meet you here.

Sir *Sim.* No, I believe you did not. [*Aſide.*

Cap. *Spark.* If I had known you had been in Town ſooner, Madam, I ſhou'd have done my ſelf the Honour before.

Cla. And now, perhaps, this Viſit is not to me, but to the Ladies.

Cap. *Spark.* Really Madam, theſe Ladies I have not the Honour to be acquainted with.

Col. *Raff.* Oh, your Servant, Brother, I ask your Pardon——who is convicted now?

La. *Raff.*

La. *Raff.* Unleſs at an Auction, Captain; I have ſeen you there.

Cap. *Spark.* Madam, you do me too much Honour; yes, Madam, I have indeed had the Happineſs——tho' the Devil take me, if I know when or where.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, I thought they wou'd know one another by and by.

La. *Raff.* I think you laid out a great deal o' Money that Morning, Captain——You bid for almoſt every thing.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, Madam, I am a pretty good Cuſtomer to 'em generally. Either I have a damn'd ſhort Memory, or this Lady wants a good one.

Mrs. *Raff.* I think, Captain, I ought to be affronted, you don't remember me too, for I was at the ſame Place with my Siſter.

Cap. *Spark.* Madam, I ask ten thouſand Pardons. Your moſt obedient Servant, Madam. Hark'e Sir, will you be ſo good as to tell me, what theſe Ladies Names are, for I have poſitively forgot.

Sir *Sim.* I am ſurpriz'd at that, Sir; why, Sir, that is my good Lady, my Lady *Raffler*——for your Favours to whom, I am very much oblig'd to you; and the other, Sir, is Mrs. *Raffler*, Wife to that Gentleman, who is as much oblig'd to you for your Civilities to her.

Cap. *Spark.* Soh, I'm in a fine way, faith——Oh, curſe on my lying Tongue! if I get well out of this Amour, I will never have another as long as I live.

Sir *Sim.* Look ye, Sir, as for me, I'm an honeſt, ſober Citizen, and ſhall take my Revenge another way; but my Brother here, is a fighting Man, and will return your Favour as fighting Men generally do return Favours, by cutting your Throat. Hark'e Brother, you don't deſerve it of me, yet I muſt let you know, that this Gentleman aſſur'd me to Day, that he had done you the Favour with your Wife.

Mrs. *Raff.* With me!

Col. *Raff.* What Favour?

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* The Favour, the only Favour which fine Gentlemen do ſuch Sort of People as us; but be not dejected, Brother, I am your Fellow-ſufferer, he has had my Wife too, he confeſs'd it to my Face.

Cap. *Spark.* Not I, upon my Soul, Sir——a likely thing I ſhou'd ſay that I had an Amour with a Woman that I never ſaw before, to my Knowledge!

Sir *Sim.* And have you the Aſſurance to deny to my Face——

Cap. *Spark.* I think, Sir, your Aſſurance is greater, to aſſert a thing to my Face, which I never ſaid; I never nam'd either of the Ladies in my Life.

Sir *Sim.* What, Sir! did you not mention Mrs. *Raffler*'s Name?

Cap. *Spark.* Mrs. *Raffler!* Oh, then it is out—— What a Confuſion had the Miſtake of a Name like to have occaſion'd? Ladies, I am under the greateſt Concern, that I ſhou'd be ev'n the innocent Occaſion of the leaſt Uneaſineſs to you. But I believe, Sir, I ſhall end yours, when I have put my ſelf to the Bluſh, by confeſſing that it was only a *Dutch* Lady of Pleaſure, whom I knew in *Amſterdam*, that caus'd your Jealouſy.

Sir *Sim.* What! and did not you name my Lady *Raffler* too?

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, ſometimes ſhe is call'd Mrs. *Raffler*, and ſometimes my Lady *Raffler*.

Col. *Raff.* An impudent Jade! ha, ha, ha! ay, it's common enough with 'em to have ſeveral Names and Titles—— Come, come Brother, all you have to do, is to ask Pardon of the Gentleman, and your Wife and mine—— Are not you aſham'd to put all the Company into this Confuſion, becauſe there is a Woman of the Town, who wears the ſame Name with your own Wife?

Sir *Sim.* A Man has ſome Reaſon for Confuſion; tho' let me tell you, when a Gentleman, who does not know him, tells him to his Face, that he has lain with a Woman, who wears the ſame Name with his Wife. And I think he may be excus'd, if he thinks ſhe wears the ſame Cloaths too.

Col. *Raff.*

Col. *Raff.* Sir, I am very ſorry, any thing of this Nature ſhou'd happen.

Cap. *Spark.* Oh, Sir, things of this Nature are ſo uſual with me, I beg no Apology.

Sir *Sim.* Pleaſe Heav'n! I'll make a Voyage to *Holland*, and ſearch all the Bawdy-houſes in *Amſterdam*, but I will find out whether there be ſuch a Woman or no.

Col. *Raff.* Come, Brother, ask the Gentleman's Pardon——I am aſham'd of you.

Sir *Sim.* Well, Sir, (I don't know how to do it) if I have injur'd you, I ask your Pardon; and yet I can't help thinking ſtill, it was my Lady *Raffler* you mention'd, and I believe you ſpoke Truth too.

Cap. *Spark.* Sir, I can eaſily forgive you ſuſpecting me to be the happieſt Perſon upon Earth; if you have this Lady's Pardon, you have mine.

Sir *Sim.* What, is the Raſcal making love to her before my Face? But I won't give him an Opportunity of cutting my Throat before hers; for I wou'd not willingly give her ſo much Pleaſure.

Cla. I believe, Madam, the Captain will make a fourth at Quadrille.

Cap. *Spark.* You honour me too much, Madam; but if you will bear with a very bad Player———

La. *Raff.* Tho' I hate Cards, I will play with him, if it be only to torment my Husband.

Mrs. *Raff.* This is opportune enough——I will ſet 'em together, and ſhall ſoon get ſome one to hold my Cards, while I go to a better Appointment. Come, if you will follow me, I'll conduct you to the Cards. [*Exe.*

Manent Sir Simon, *and Colonel* Raffler.

Sir *Sim.* This is mighty pretty, mighty fine, truly. This is a rare Country, and a rare Age we live in, where a Man is oblig'd to put his Horns in his Pocket, whether he will or no.

Col. *Raff.* Fye upon you, Brother, fye upon you! For you, who have one of the moſt virtuous Women in the World to your Wife, to be thus tormenting your

your ſelf and her, your Friends and every one, with thoſe groundleſs Suſpicions, ſuch unheard of Jealouſies!

Sir *Sim.* Sir, you injure me, if you call me jealous; I have not a Grain of Jealouſy within me. I am not indeed ſo fooliſhly blind as you are.

Col. *Raff.* And you injure me, if you think I am not jealous; I am all over Jealouſy, and if there was but the leaſt Occaſion to ſhew it———

Sir *Sim.* Occaſion! why is not your Wife at this very Inſtant at Cards with a young Fellow?

Col. *Raff.* Well, Sir, and is not your Wife with her?

Sir *Sim.* Sore againſt my Will, I aſſure you——— What, I ſuppoſe, you are one of thoſe wiſe Men, who think one Woman is a Guard upon another——— Now, it is my Opinion, that a Plurality of Women only tend to the making a Plurality of Cuckolds. Thieves, indeed, diſcover one another, becauſe the Diſcoverer often ſaves his Life by it——— But Women do not ſave their Reputations after the ſame manner, and therefore every Woman keeps her Neighbour's Secret, in order to have her own kept.

Col. *Raff.* Pſhaw! Sir, I don't rely upon this, nor that, nor t'other, I rely upon my Wife's Virtue.

Sir *Sim.* Why truly Sir, that is not relying upon this, nor that, nor t'other, for it is relying upon nothing at all.

Col. *Raff.* How, Sir! don't you think my Wife virtuous?——Now Sir, to ſhew you to your Confuſion, what an excellent Creature this is, I gave her leave once to go to a Maſquerade, and follow'd her thither my ſelf, where tho' I knew her Dreſs, I did not find her,——and where do you think ſhe was? where do you think this good Creature was? but at Supper in private, with a poor Female Relation of hers, who keeps a Milliner's Shop at St. *James's*.

Sir *Sim.* O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!——and are you, Brother, really wiſe enough to think ſhe was there—— Or if ſhe was there, do you think ſhe was alone, with this poor Female Relation? who is a Relation of mine

too,

too, I thank Heav'n, and is, I dare ſwear, as uſeful a Woman as any in the Pariſh of St. *James*'s.

Col. *Raff.* Brother, you are———

Sir *Sim.* What am I, Brother?———

Col. *Raff.* I can bear this no longer. You are——— I need not tell you, you know what you are———.

Sir *Sim.* And I know what you are too, you are a Cuckold, and ſo am I, I dare ſwear——— Notwithſtanding this Evaſion of the Captain's, however, it ſhall not reſt ſo——— If I am what I think, I will make an ample Diſcovery of it; tho' if I was to find them in one another's Arms, the poor Husband wou'd always be found in the Wrong.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir Simon's *Houſe.*

Mondiſh, *Colonel* Raffler.

Col. *Raff.* HA, ha, ha! This is excellent, this is delightful; and ſo the poor Dog fell into the Trap at once, and is abſolutely perſuaded my Wife is fond of him.

Mon. That he is, I'll be anſwerable for him.

Col. *Raff.* How purely ſhe'll uſe him, I wou'd not be in his Coat for a conſiderable Sum; my only Fear is, that ſhe'll do him a Miſchief,——— Lord! Lord! how far the Vanity of young Men will carry them. Methinks too he is not acting the handſomeſt Part by me all this while, I think I ought to cut his Throat ſeriouſly.

Mon. Oh, fye, Colonel, don't think of any thing of that Nature, you know we have drawn him into it,

it, and really Mrs. *Raffler* is ſo fine a Woman, that ſuch a Temptation is not eaſily reſiſted.

Col. *Raff.* That's true, that's true, ſhe is a fine Woman, a very fine Woman, I am not a little vain of her.

Mon. And ſo chaſte, ſo conſtant, and ſo virtuous a Woman, Colonel.

Col. *Raff.* They are Bleſſings indeed, very great Bleſſings! I beg this thing may be kept a ſevere Secret. For I ſhould never be able to look her in the Face again, if ſhe ſhou'd diſcover it, ſhe wou'd never forgive me.

Mon. For my own Sake, Colonel, you may depend upon my keeping it a Secret. [*looks on his Watch.*] Ay, it is now the Hour of Appointment, ſo if you will, we will go round the other way, to the Cloſet.

Col. *Raff.* With all my Heart; I can't help hugging my ſelf with the Thought.

Mon. You will ſee more People hugg'd beſide your ſelf, I believe. This is not the moſt generous Action that I am about, but ſhe has piqu'd my Pride, and what ever be the Conſequence, I am reſolv'd to be reveng'd of her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in Sir* Simon's *Houſe.*

Enter Gaylove.

Gay. How happy wou'd ſome Men think themſelves, to have ſo agreeable an Engagement upon their Hands; but the Duce take me, if I have any great Stomach to it, and conſidering I have another Miſtreſs in the Houſe, I think it is bravely done. Yet I cou'd not find in my Heart to refuſe the Invitation. Well, what Pleaſure Women find in denying, I can't imagine; for the Devil take me, if ever I could deny a fine Woman in my Life.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Raffler.

Oh, here ſhe comes; now hang me, if I know what to ſay. Whether ſhall I addreſs her at Diſtance, or boldly fall on at once.

Mrs. *Raff.* So, Sir, you are punctual to the Appointment.

Gay. Faith, Madam, I have a ſtrange oddity in my Temper, that inclines me to be extremely eager after Happineſs.

Mrs. *Raff.* If you had propoſed any ſuch Happineſs in my Converſation, I believe you know you might have had it oftner.

Gay. You wrong me, if you impute my Fear of diſobliging you to Want of Paſſion. By thoſe dear Eyes, by that dear Hand, and all thoſe thouſand Joys which you can beſtow ——

Mrs. *Raff.* Hold Sir, what do you mean? I am afraid, you think otherwiſe of this Aſſignation than it was meant.

Gay. I think nothing, but that I am the happieſt of my Sex, and you the moſt charming, and beſt-natur'd of yours.

Mrs. *Raff.* Come, Sir, this is no way of ſhewing your Wit, I invited you to make a Tryal of that, which is ſeldom ſhewn in Compliments; thoſe are foreign to our Purpoſe.

Gay. I think ſo too, and therefore without any further Compliment, my dear lovely Angel——

Mrs. *Raff.* Lud, what do you mean?

Gay. I mean, Madam, to take immediate Poſſeſſion of all the Raptures, which this lovely Perſon can give me.

Mrs. *Raff.* O Heav'n's! you will not make any bad Uſe of the Confidence I have repos'd in you; if you offer any thing rude, I will never truſt my ſelf alone with you again.

Gay. Then I muſt make the beſt of this Opportunity.

Mrs. *Raff.* I'll die before I'll conſent, I'll——

Gay.

Gay. I muſt truſt to your Good-nature.

Lady Raffler *at the Door.*

La. *Raff.* Siſter, Siſter, what, have you lock'd your ſelf in?

Mrs. *Raff.* Let me go—— Oh, my Dear, is it you? I have order'd this vile Lock to be mended—— The Bolt is ſo apt to fall down of its own Accord—— Is your Pool out?

La. *Raff.* No, Siſter, no—— I came to ſee what was the Matter with you—— I was afraid you was ill, that you left us—— But I ſee you have Company with you.

Mrs. *Raff.* I was juſt coming back to you, but——

Gay. I cannot be of Opinion that, that is an Original Picture of *Hannibal Carraccio.* I ask pardon for differing from you——— Oh, is your Ladyſhip there? pray, which Opinion are you of?

La. *Raff.* Don't apply to me, Sir, I am no Judge of Pictures.

Gay. Moſt great Conoiſſeurs are ſhy of owning their Skill; but if your Ladyſhip pleaſes to obſerve, there is not that Boldneſs—There is indeed a great deal of the Maſter——— And I never ſaw more Spirit in a Copy—— But alas, there is ſo much Difference between a Copy and an Original,——I hope your Ladyſhip will excuſe the Freedom I take.

La. *Raff.* My Siſter will excuſe your Freedom, and that is full as well.

Mrs. *Raff.* Come, my Dear, will you return to the Card-Table?

La. *Raff.* I wiſh this Gentleman—would be ſo kind to hold my Cards a few Minutes, I have a Word or two to ſpeak with you.

Gay. You will have a bad Deputy, Madam, but I will do the beſt I can. [*Exit.*

La. *Raff.* Siſter, I am aſham'd of you, to be lock'd up alone with a young Fellow.

Mrs. *Raff.* Lard, Child, can I help it, if the Bolt falls down of its own Accord?

La. *Raff.* But you was not looking at Pictures before I came into the Room; I ſaw you cloſer together, I ſaw you in his Arms, and heard you cry out——This I'll ſwear——

Mrs. *Raff.* Well, and can I help this?——I own he was a little frolickſome, and offer'd to kiſs me, that's all.

La. *Raff.* All; Monſtrous! that's all! if an odious Fellow was to offer to kiſs me, I'd tear his Eyes out.

Mrs. *Raff.* Yes, and ſo wou'd I, if it was an odious Fellow.

La. *Raff.* The Honour of a Woman is a very nice thing, and the leaſt Breath ſullies it.

Mrs. *Raff.* So it ſeems indeed, if it be to be hurt by a Kiſs.

La. *Raff.* The Man to whom you give that, will venture to take more.

Mrs. *Raff.* Well, and it's time enough to cry out, you know, when he does venture to take more.

La. *Raff.* I don't like jeſting with ſerious things.

Mrs. *Raff.* What, is a Kiſs a ſerious thing then? now, on my Conſcience, you are fonder of it than I am. I believe, my Dear, you are very confident I cou'd do nothing contrary to the Rules of Honour—But I hate being ſolicitous about Trifles.

La. *Raff.* Siſter, it behoves a Garriſon to take care of its Out-works: For my Part, I am reſolv'd to ſtand Buff at the firſt Entrance; nor will I ever give an Inch of Ground to an Aſſailant.——And let me tell you, that the Woman and the Soldier, who do not defend the firſt Paſs, will never defend the laſt.

Mrs. *Raff.* Well, well, good dear, military Siſter, pray defend your ſelf, and do not come to my Aſſiſtance, 'till you are called. I thank Heav'n, I have no ſuch Governour as yours: I ſhou'd fancy my ſelf beſieg'd indeed, had I a continual Alarm ringing in my Ears.——I have taken a ſtrict Reſolution to be virtuous, as long as my Husband thinks me ſo. It is a Complaiſance I owe to his Opinion; but you may value your ſelf upon your Virtue as much as you pleaſe,

Sir

Sir *Simon* every Day tells you, you have none; and how can ſhe be a good Wife, who is continually giving the Lye to her Husband?

La. *Raff.* Why will you thus rally on a Subject I think ſo ſerious?

Mrs. *Raff.* And why will you be ſo ſerious on a Subject, I think ſo ridiculous——but if you don't like my Raillery, let us go back to our Cards, and that will ſtop both our Mouths.

La. *Raff.* I wiſh any odious Fellow durſt kiſs me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Colonel Raffler, Mondiſh.

Col. *Raff.* Now, Mr. *Mondiſh*, now; what think you now? am not I the happieſt Man in the World in a Wife?

Mon. Ay, faith are you, ſo happy, that was I poſſeſs'd of the ſame Talent for Happineſs, I wou'd marry to-morrow.

Col. *Raff.* Why, why don't you? you will have juſt ſuch a Wife as mine, to be ſure; Oh, they are very plenty,—Ay, ay, very plenty: You can't miſs of juſt ſuch another: they grow in every Garden about Town.

Mon. I believe they grow in moſt Houſes about Town.

Col. *Raff.* Oh—ay, ay, ay—here was one here juſt now, my Lady *Raffler* is juſt ſuch another, a damn'd, infamous, ſuſpicious Prude, every whit as bad as her Husband. If you had not held me, *Mondiſh*, I am afraid I cou'd ſcarce have kept my Hands off from her,——but hold, hold, there is one thing which ſhall go down in my Pocket-book—— *I have taken a ſtrict Reſolution to be virtuous as long as my Husband thinks me ſo.*——Then thou ſhalt be virtuous 'till Doomſday, my ſweet Angel——here is a Woman for you—who puts her Virtue into her Huſband's keeping——Oh, *Mondiſh*——if that Lady *Raffler* had not come in.——

Mon. Ay, if ſhe had not come in, Colonel.——

Col. *Raff.* She wou'd have handled him, we ſhou'd have ſeen him handled, we ſhou'd have ſeen handling; *Mondiſh*, we ſhou'd have ſeen handling.

Mon. Indeed, I believe we ſhou'd. Duce take the Interruption. [*Aſide.*

Col. *Raff.* But, what an Age do we live in tho, ſincerely, Mr. *Mondiſh*; why, we ſhall have our Wives raviſh'd ſhortly in the Middle of the Streets: an impudent, ſaucy Raſcal! and when ſhe told him that ſhe wou'd cry out ———

Mon. That he ſhou'd not believe her——but then her Art, Colonel, in giving in to his Evaſion about the Pictures—— Methinks, there was ſomething ſo generous in her ſudden Forgiveneſs; ſomething ſo nobly ſerene, in her reſolving her ſelf ſo ſoon from a moſt abandon'd Fright into a perfect Tranquillity.

Col. *Raff.* Ay now, that is your higheſt ſort of Virtue, that is as high as Virtue can go.

Mon. Why ſhou'd not calm Virtue be admir'd in a Woman, as well as calm Courage in a General, Colonel?——Your Lady is a perfect Heroine, ſhe laid about her moſt furiouſly during the Attack: but the Moment the Foe retired, became all gentle and mild again.

Col. *Raff.* But come, as all things are ſafe, we will go, my dear *Mondiſh*, and drink my Wife's Health in one Bottle of *Burgundy* —— Ah, ſhe's an excellent Woman! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Simon *with a Letter.*

Sir *Sim.* Here it is——the Plot is ſo well laid now, that unleſs Fortune conſpire with a thouſand Devils againſt me, I ſhall diſcover my ſelf to be a rank Cuckold. Have I not watch'd her with as much Care as ever Miſer did his Gold? and yet I am, I am, an errant, downright——a——as any little ſneaking Courtier, or Subaltern Officer in the Kingdom: and what an unhappy Raſcal am I, that have not been able to find it out——not to convict her fairly in ten long Years

Years Marriage!—— if I cou'd but diſcover it, it were ſome Satisfaction— Well, this Letter will I ſend to Captain *Spark*—— no Hand was ever better counterfeited—— if he had ſeen never ſo many Quires of her writing, he will not be able to find any Difference. If after all this, I ſhou'd nor diſcover her, I muſt be the moſt miſerable Dog that ever wore Horns. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Raffler, *and* Clarinda.

La. *Raff.* I tell you, Neice, you have ſuffer'd too great Freedoms from Mr. *Gaylove*, I can't bear thoſe monſtrous Indecorums which the young Women of this Age give into: the firſt Time a Woman's Hand ſhou'd be touch'd, is in the Church.

Cla. Lud, Madam, I can't conceive any harm in letting any one touch my Hand.

La. *Raff.* Yes, Madam, but I can. Beſides, I think I caught you in one another's Arms,—— I hope you conceive ſome Harm in that.

Cla. I can confide in Mr. *Gaylove*'s Honour, and if his Paſſion hurry'd him———

La. *Raff.* His Paſſion! what Paſſion? he has never declar'd any honourable Paſſion for you to your Uncle.

Cla. No, I ſhou'd have hated him, if he had.

La. *Raff.* Give me leave to tell you, Miſs, that is the proper way of applying to you. Then, if his Circumſtances were found convenient, Sir *Simon* wou'd have mention'd it to you; and ſo it wou'd have come properly. A Woman of any Prudence and Decency, gives her Conſent to her Relations, not to her Huſband. For it ſhou'd be ſtill ſuppos'd, that you endure Matrimony, to be dutiful to them only. I hope you wou'd not appear to have any Fondneſs for a Fellow.

Cla. I hope I ſhou'd have Fondneſs for a Fellow I wou'd make a Husband of.

La. *Raff.* Child, you ſhock me!

Cla. Why, pray Madam, had you no Fondneſs for Sir *Simon?*

La. *Raff.* No, I defy the World to ſay it.

Cla. How came you to marry him then?

La. *Raff.* Out of Obedience to my Father, he thought it a proper Match.

Cla. And ought not a Woman to be fond of a Man, after ſhe is marry'd to him?

La. *Raff.* No, ſhe ought to have Friendſhip and Eſteem, but no Fondneſs, it is a nauſeous Word, and I deteſt it—— A Woman muſt have vile Inclinations, before ſhe can bring her ſelf to think of it.

Cla. Now, I am reſolv'd never to marry any Man I have not theſe vile Inclinations for.

La. *Raff.* O, monſtrous!

Cla. That I did not love to ſuch Diſtraction as to place my whole Happineſs in pleaſing him, to which I wou'd give my Thoughts up ſo entirely, that on my ever loſing that Power, I ſhou'd become indifferent to every thing elſe.

La. *Raff.* Infamous! I deſire you wou'd prepare to return into the Country immediately. For I will not live in the Houſe with you any longer: but I will inform you of one thing, that the Man you have placed this violent Affection on, is a Villain, and has Deſigns on your Aunt.

Cla. What, on your Ladyſhip?

La. *Raff.* On me, on me! me! I wiſh I cou'd ſee the Man that dar'd——— I thank Heav'n, the Awe of my Virtue has ſtill protected me.

Cla. I ask your Pardon, Madam, on the good Colonel's Lady then,——that there have been Deſigns between them, I am not ignorant, tho' I am not quite ſo confident they are on his Side——and to ſay the Truth, my Aunt is an agreeable Woman, and I don't expect a Man of his Years to be proof againſt all Temptations. But pray, whom do you mean? for I——Lud, I am defending I know not——Somebody——who is it that your Ladyſhip means, for I am ſure I ſhou'd not know him by the Marks you ſet on him?

La. *Raff.* Oh! Madam, you ſeem to want no Marks, I think; but if you have a mind to hear his Name, 'tis *Gaylove.*

Cla.

Cla. Mr. *Gaylove!*

La. *Raff.* Mr. *Gaylove!* yes Mr. *Gaylove*—— I'll repeat it to you, to oblige you.

Cla. What's Mr. *Gaylove* to me?

La. *Raff.* That you know beſt—— I believe he is, or will be to you, what he ſhou'd not be.

Cla. If I had any Affection for him, I ſhou'd neither be afraid of his Deſigns upon me, nor jealous of his Deſigns on any other.

La. *Raff.* Look ye, Child, you may deny your Affection for him, if you pleaſe; nay, I commend you for it. It is an Affection you may well be aſham'd of.

Cla. According to your Ladyſhip's Opinion, we ought to be aſham'd of all Affection——— but really if one might be indulg'd in any, I think Mr. *Gaylove* might keep it in Countenance as well as another.

La. *Raff.* It is eaſy enough to keep you in Countenance, you don't ſeem to be eaſily put out of it [Gaylove *laughs within.*] Oh, that's his Laugh—— He's coming I am ſure—I'll get out o'the way—Neice, I wou'd have you prepare your ſelf for returning into the Country—— If you will ruin your ſelf, I'll not be Witneſs to it—— nor will I ever live in the Houſe with a Woman, that can own her ſelf capable of being fond of a Fellow.

Cla. Then let me go as ſoon as I will, I find I am not like to loſe much good Company.

Enter Captain Spark, Gaylove, *Mrs.* Raffler.

Cap. *Spark.* No, that's too much, *Gaylove*, too much—— I hope, you don't believe him, Madam,—— pr'ythee, hang it, this is paſt a Jeſt.

Mrs. *Raff.* Upon my Word, I think ſo, eſpecially with regard to the Reputation of the Ladies.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, Madam, that's it—— upon their Account, methinks he ſhou'd forbear—— Duce take me, you will force me to be ſerious.

Gay. Nay, pr'ythee don't affect concealing what is publickly known. Miſs *Clarinda* here ſhall be my

Evidence, whether at his laſt Quarters he was not talk'd of for the whole Place.

Cla. He was an univerſal Contagion, not one Woman eſcap'd.

Mrs. *Raff.* This is a Conviction, Captain.

Cap. *Spark.* *Gaylove*, this is your doing now— all might have been a Secret in Town, but for you— Country Towns, Madam, are cenſorious; I don't deny indeed but that they had ſome Reaſon;—but when they ſay all, they miſtake, they do indeed—— and yet perhaps it was my own Fault that I had not all.

Mrs. *Raff.* I think it is too hard indeed, to inſiſt on all.

Gay. Well, but confeſs now, how many——

Cap. *Spark.* Well then, I will confeſs two Dozen.

La. *Raff.* } Two Dozen!
Mrs. *Raff.* }

Gay. That's pretty fair, and thou art an honeſt Fellow.

Mrs. *Raff.* He is ſo happy a one, that I wonder he eſcapes being deſtroy'd by the Men as a Monopolizer.

Cla. No, I think the Men are oblig'd to him, for he has found out more Beauties for 'em than I ever heard of there.

Cap. *Spark.* Pray, let's turn the Diſcourſe.

Gay. I am trifling with this Fool, when I might employ my Time better— Miſs *Clarinda*, you know you was interrupted to-Day. You promiſed me the firſt Opportunity.

Cla. I am a ſtrict Obſerver of a Promiſe. Aunt you are not fond of Muſick, I won't invite you to ſo dull an Entertainment.

Mrs. *Raff.* I think, I am in a Humour to hear it— at leaſt I am not in a Humour to leave you alone together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servant with a Letter, whiſpers Spark.

Cap. *Spark.* Ladies, I'll follow in the twinkling of an Eye,— What's here? a Woman's Hand by *Jupiter!*

ter!—ſome damn'd Milliner's Dun or other.—tho' I think it will paſs for an Aſſignation well enough with the Ladies that are juſt gone—Ha! *Raffler!* "Sir—"as Sir *Simon* will be abroad this Evening, I ſhall have "an Opportunity of ſeeing you alone"——hum—— "if you pleaſe therefore, it ſhall be in the Dining-"room at Nine —— there is a Couch will hold us "both." the Devil there is——"The Company will "be all aſſembled in the Parlour, and you will be ve-"ry ſafe with your humble Servant, *Mary Raffler.*" Pooh! Pox, what ſhall I do? I wou'd not give a Farthing for her——Ha! can't I contrive to be ſurpriz'd together? That ridiculous Dog *Mondiſh* ſups here—— if I cou'd but convince him of this Amour, he will believe all I ever told him — now if he cou'd but ſee this Letter ſome way without my ſhewing it him— Egad, I'll find him out, and drop it before him. By good Luck here he is.

Enter Mondiſh.

Mon. So, I have made one Man extremely happy— the Colonel is moſt nobly intoxicated with Wine and his Wife. This Bottle of Burgundy has a little elevated me too —— now if I cou'd but find my dear Inconſtant alone ——Ha, *Spark!* what the Devil art thou dodging after here? In queſt of ſome Amour or other, I know thee to be ——

Cap. *Spark.* What do you know me to be? I know thou art a damn'd incredulous Fellow, and think'ſt every Woman virtuous, that puts a grave Face upon the Matter ——Now, *George*, take my Word for it, every Woman in *England* is to be had.

Mon. What haſt thou had 'em all then? that I muſt take thy Word for it.

Cap. *Spark.* Ha, ha, ha! thou wilt kill me with Laughter.

Mon. Then I muſt leave you to die by your ſelf.

Cap. *Spark.* Nay, but dear *George* —— hark'e, but ſtay —— [*Draws* Mondiſh *over the Letter.*

Mon. I am in haſte —— beſides I keep you from ſome Intrigue or other, Cap. *Spark.*

Cap. *Spark.* I might perhaps have visited my Lady *Loller* —— but damn her! I believe e'en you know I am almost tir'd of her —— besides I have a Mind to stay with you.

Mon. But I positively neither can nor will stay with you.

Cap. *Spark.* The Devil is in it, if he has not seen it by this time. Well, if you have a Desire to leave me, I'll disappoint you, for I'll leave you, so, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. A Letter dropt! To Captain *Spark* —— the Rogue counterfeits a Woman's Hand exceeding well. But he could not counterfeit her Hand so exactly, without having seen Letters from her — Why then, may not this be from her —— Is she not a Woman, a Prude? — the Devil can say no more.

Enter Gaylove.

Gay. Mondish, your Servant, where have you bestow'd yourself this Afternoon?

Mon. Where I fancy I far'd better than you —— I have been entertain'd with Burgundy and the Colonel —— while you have been loitering with Sir *Simon* and the Ladies.

Gay. Faith, I am afraid thou art in the right on't; for, to say Truth, I grew weary of their Company, and have left the gallant Mr. *Spark* to entertain them.

Mon. Well what Success in your Amour?

Gay. Oh, Success that would make Humility vain — Success that has made me think thy Happiness not so extraordinary —— In a Word had not my Lady *Raffler* come in, and rais'd the Siege, I believe I shou'd have been able, before now, to have giv'n thee a pretty good Account of the Citadel —— Pox take all Virtuous Women for me! they are of no other Use, but to spoil other's Sport

Mon. Yes faith! such Virtuous Women as her Ladyship, will sometimes condescend to make Sport, as well as spoil it. —— There, read that, and then give me thy Opinion, if thou think'st there is one such Woman in the World as thou hast mentioned.

Gay.

Gay. To Captain *Spark* —— Sir *Simon* —— *abroad this Evening* —— *in the dining Room* —— *Couch will hold us both* —— ha, ha! The Captain improves —— *Safe with your humble Servant* —— *Mary Raffler* —— Well ſaid, my little *Spark* —— Now from this Moment, ſhall I have a very great Opinion of thee —— thou art a Genius —— a Hero —— to forge a Letter from a Woman, and drop it in her own Houſe —— there is more Impudence thrown away on this Fellow, than wou'd have made Six Court Pages, and as many Attorneys —— he is an errant walking Contagion on Women's Reputations, and was ſent into the World as a Judgment on the Sex.

Mon. By all that's infamous, 'tis her own Hand!

Gay. By all that is not infamous, I wou'd ſcarce have believ'd my own Eyes, had they ſeen her write it!

Mon. Excellent! thou art as incredulous as the Colonel. What I ſuppoſe you have heard her rail againſt wicked Women —— and declaim in praiſe of Chaſtity —— does a good Sermon from the Pulpit perſuade thee that a Parſon is a Saint? —— or a Charge from the Bench that the Judge is incorrupt? —— if thou wilt believe in Profeſſions, thou wilt find ſcarce one Fool thatis not wiſe, one Rogue that is not honeſt, one Courtier that is not fit to make a Friend, or one Whore that is not fit to make a Wife.

Gay. But Common-Senſe wou'd preſerve her from an Affair with a Fellow, who, ſhe is ſure, will publiſh it to the whole World.

Mon. I am not ſure of that — perhaps ſhe does not know his Character, or if ſhe does, ſhe may think her ſelf ſafe in the World's knowing it — beſides, if he is believ'd in his bragging of his Amours, I know no Man breathing ſo likely to debauch the whole Sex — for Amours encreaſe with a Man of Pleaſure, as Money does with a Man of Buſineſs; and Women are moſt ready to truſt their Reputations, as we our Caſh, with him that has moſt Buſineſs.

Gay.

Gay. It is moſt natural to ſuppoſe he beſt underſtands his Buſineſs. But ſtill this Letter of Lady *Raffler*'s ſtaggers me.

Mon. Are you ſo concern'd for her Reputation?

Gay. Hum! I ſhou'd at leaſt wiſh well to a Family I intend to take a Wife out of.

Mon. A Wife out of?

Gay. Why are you ſurpriz'd? did I not tell you this Morning, I had a Miſtreſs in the Houſe?

Mon. Yes,— but they are two Things, I think; Heav'n forbid we ſhou'd be oblig'd to take a Wife out of every Houſe in this Town, wherein we have had a Miſtreſs.

Gay. You, I think, *George*, take good Care to make that impoſſible, by making Miſtreſſes of other Men's Wives.

Mon. Why, it is my Opinion that in our Commerce with the other Sex, it will be pretty difficult to avoid either making Miſtreſſes of other Men's Wives, or Wives of other Men's Miſtreſſes, ſo I chuſe the former. But when am I to wiſh you Joy, Friend? Methinks I long to ſee thee wedded. —— I am as impatient on thy Behalf, as if I was principally concern'd my ſelf.

Gay. I ſee thou art planting the Battery of Railing, ſo I ſhall run off, before you can hit me. [*Exit.*

Mon. We ſhall be able to hit your Wife, I hope — and that will do as well —— Here's another Friend's Wife will ſhortly want to be provided for; if my Friends marry ſo faſt, I ſhall be oblig'd to be deficient in a very main Point of Friendſhip, and leave them their Wives on their own Hands. I think my Suſpicions relating to Mrs. *Raffler* are now fully clear'd up on his Side, and fully fix'd on hers.

Enter Mrs. Raffler.

Your moſt humble Servant, Madam! he is but juſt gone.

Mrs. *Raff.* Who gone?

Mon. Mr. *Gaylove.*

Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* What's Mr. *Gaylove* to me?

Mon. Nothing, he is a very good Judge of Pictures.

Mrs. *Raff.* Ha! What do you mean?

Mon. Nothing.

Mrs. *Raff.* I will know.

Mon. You cannot know more of me than you do already, nor I of you —— and I hope ſhortly your Knowledge will be as comprehenſive in another Branch of your favourite Science.

Mrs. *Raff.* I don't underſtand you.

Mon. I cannot be of Opinion that that is an Original Picture of Hannibal Carraccio; *for if you pleaſe to obſerve, there is not that Boldneſs; there is, indeed, a great deal of the Maſter, and I never ſaw more Spirit in a Copy: But, alas! there is ſo much Difference between a Copy and an Original* ——

Mrs. *Raff.* I believe the Colonel bought it as an Original.

Mon. The Colonel may be deceiv'd —— I wiſh I knew no more than one Inſtance of it.

Mrs. *Raff. Gaylove* muſt be a Villain, and have diſcovered me. [*Aſide.*

Mon. It may be, perhaps, ſome People's Intereſt to wiſh all Perſons as eaſily deceiv'd as the Colonel; what Pity 'tis, a Gallant ſhou'd not be as blind as a Husband!

Mrs. *Raff.* Mr. *Mondiſh*, I will not bear this: It wou'd be fooliſh to diſſemble underſtanding you any longer: be as blind or as watchful as you will, it is equal to me —— I will be no Slave to your Jealouſy, for if I have more Gallants, be aſſur'd I will have but one Husband.

Mon. Spoken ſo bravely, that I am at leaſt in Love with your Spirit ſtill; and to convince you, I have that Affection and no other, deal ſincerely with me, and I will be ſo far from troubling you any longer with my own Paſſion, that I will aſſiſt you in the Purſuit of another.

Mrs. *Raff.* Then to deal Sincerely with you —— Lud, it is a terrible hard thing to do.

Mon.

Mon. Ay, come, ſtruggle a little, a Woman muſt undergo ſome Trouble to be delivered of Truth.

Mrs. *Raff.* Then to deal ſincerely with you, I am in Love with another.

Mon. With *Gaylove* —— I'll aſſiſt you —— out with it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Well, ay, perhaps —— but now I muſt inſiſt on Truth from you; how came you to ſuſpect him? —— and who put the Picture into your Head?

Mon. I'll tell you ſome other time.

Mrs. *Raff.* Reſolve me this only, was it he?

Mon. No, upon my Honour.

Mrs. *Raff.* Then it muſt have been my Siſter?

Mon. Ha! ——

Mrs. *Raff.* Nay, don't heſitate, it is vain to deny it.

Mon. I do not deny it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Now may the united Curſes of Age, Diſeaſe, Uglineſs, vain Deſire and Infamy overtake her!

Mon. It works rarely.

Mrs. *Raff.* Revenge, Revenge! —— Mr. *Mondiſh*, my Reputation is in your Hands —— I know you to be a Man of Honour, and am eaſy —— but to have it in the Power of a Woman, muſt be an eternal Rack. We know one another too well to be eaſy, when we are in one another's Power —— againſt her Tongue there is no Safeguard.

Mon. Yes, one ——

Mrs. *Raff.* What!

Mon. To have her Reputation in your Power.

Mrs. *Raff.* That is impoſſible to hope —— She will take Care of her Reputation — for it is on that alone ſhe ſupports her Pride, her Malice, her Ill-nature: Theſe have raiſed her a Train of watchful Enemies that wou'd catch her at the firſt Trip — But ſhe has neither Warmth nor Generoſity enough to make it. Oh! I know her too well — She will keep her Virtue, if it be only to enable her to be a continual Plague to her Husband.

Mon.

Mon. Well, whatever Difficulty there be in the Attempt, I have Reſolution enough under your Conduct to begin —— Perhaps I am of an, Opinion which you may excuſe, that no Woman's Virtue is Proof againſt the Attacks of a reſolute Lover.

Mrs. *Raff.* But her Fear, her Self-love, her Coldneſs, and her Vanity may.

Mon. I can give you more ſubſtantial Reaſons for our Hope, than you imagine — but may I depend on your Aſſiſtance?

Mrs. *Raff.* If I fail you, may my Husband be Jealous of me, or may I loſe the Power or Inclination to give him Cauſe.

Mon. That's nobly, generouſly ſaid; and now, methinks, you and I appear like Man and Wife, to each other — at leaſt it wou'd be better for the World, if they all acted as wiſe a Part — and inſtead of lying, and whining, and canting with Virtue and Conſtancy, inſtead of fatiguing an irrecoverable dying Paſſion, with Jealouſies and Upbraidings, kindly let it depart from one Breaſt, to be happy in another.

Thus the good Mother of the Savage Brood,
Whoſe Breaſts no more afford her Infants Food,
Leads them Abroad, and teaches 'em to roam,
For what no longer they can find at Home.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Sir Simon, *and Colonel* Raffler.

Sir *Sim.* I Deſire but this Tryal; if I do not convince you I have Reaſon for my Jealouſy, I will be contented all my Life after to wear my Horns in my

my Pocket, and be as happy and ſubmiſſive a Husband as any within the Sound of *Bow* Bell.

Col. *Raff.* A good reaſonable Penalty you will undergo truly, to be the happy Husband of a virtuous Wife.

Sir *Sim.* And perhaps Penalty enough too — if it was ſo: A Virtuous Wife may have it in her Power to play very odd Tricks with her Husband. A Virtuous Woman may contradict him, may teaze him, may expoſe him, nay ruin him, and ſuch virtuous Wives, as ſome People have, may Cuckold him into the Bargain.

Col. *Raff.* Well, on Condition, that if your Suſpicions be found to be groundleſs, you never preſume to ſuſpect her or my Wife hereafter, but ſuffer them peaceably to enjoy their Innocent Freedoms, and on Condition that you give me leave to Laugh at you one whole Hour, I am content to do what you deſire.

Sir *Sim.* Ay, ay, any thing if my Suſpicions be found true, Brother.

Col. *Raff.* Why then, Brother, you will find your ſelf to be a Cuckold, and may laugh at me twenty Hours if you will.

Sir *Sim.* I think you will be a little confounded.

Col. *Raff.* Faith! Brother you are a very unhappy Fellow, faith! you are.

Sir *Sim.* Why ſo, pray?

Col. *Raff.* To marry a Wife that you have not been able to find any Fault in, in ten Year's Time — If you had good Luck in your Choice, you might have been a Cuckold in half the Time, you might indeed.

Sir *Sim.* Well, it is your time to laugh now, and I will indulge you.

Col. *Raff.* But ſuppoſe, Brother, it ſhou'd be as you ſay, ſuppoſe you ſhou'd find out what you have a Deſire to find, don't you think you are entirely indebted to your ſelf?

Sir *Sim.* I don't underſtand you.

Col. *Raff.* Why, to your own Suſpicions, can a Wife give ſo good a Reaſon for going aſtray, as the

the Suſpicions of her Husband? They are a terrible thing; and my own Wife has told me, ſhe cou'd not have anſwer'd for herſelf with a Suſpicious Husband.

Sir *Sim.* But it wants now a little more than a Quarter of Eight; ſo pray away to the Cloſet; we ſhall have the Raſcal before his Time elſe, and be diſappointed.

Col. *Raff.* So I find you ſuſpect the Amour to be but of a ſhort Date. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Raffler *and Mrs.* Raffler.

La. *Raff.* Lud, Siſter, you are grown as great a Plague to me, as my Husband. I know not whether he teazes me more for doing what I ſhou'd not, than you for doing what I ſhou'd.

Mrs. *Raff.* A Woman never Acts as ſhe ſhou'd, but when ſhe Acts againſt her Husband. He is a Prince who is ever endeavouring to grow abſolute, and it ſhou'd be our conſtant Endeavour to reſtrain him. You are a Member of the Common-wealth of Women, and when you give way to your Husband, you betray the Liberty of your Sex.

La. *Raff.* You are always for turning ev'ry thing into Ridicule; but I am not that poor-ſpirited Creature you wou'd repreſent me: Nor did I ever give way to my Husband in any one Thing in my Life, contrary to my own Opinion. I wou'd not have you think I do not reſent his Suſpicions of me, and I defy you to ſay, I ever ſubmitted to any Method of quieting 'em — All that I am ſollicitous about is, not to give the World an Opportunity of Suſpecting me.

Mrs. *Raff.* But as the World is a Witneſs of his ſuſpecting you, were I in your Caſe, I ſhou'd think my Honour engag'd to let the World be witneſs of my Revenge.

La. *Raff.* Then the World wou'd condemn me, as it now does him —— had I a Mind to be as Ludicrous as you, I might tell you, that the Woman who parts with her Virtue, makes her Husband Abſolute, and

betrays the Liberty of her Sex. Siſter, Siſter, believe me, it is in the power of one honeſt Woman to be a greater Plague to her Husband, than all the vile vicious Creatures upon Earth.

Mrs. *Raff.* Give me your Hand, my Dear, for I find we are agreed upon the main Point, that is, Enmity to a Husband. I proceed now to the ſecond Point, which every good Woman ought to Conſider, namely, the rewarding a deſerving Gallant.

La. *Raff.* That is a Subject on which I am afraid we ſhall eternally differ.

Mrs. *Raff.* I hope we ſhall, my Dear, that is, I hope we ſhall never deſire to reward the ſame.

La. *Raff.* I deſire we may never Diſcourſe more on this Head; for I ſhall be inclin'd to ſay Things which you will not like; and, as I fear, they will be of no Service to you, I deſire to avoid it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh, yes, they will be of great Service to me, they will make me laugh immoderately. Come, confeſs honeſtly —— I know you ſuſpect me with *Gaylove.*

La. *Raff.* If you put me to it —— I cannot call your Conduct unqueſtionable. If I ſhou'd ſuſpect, it wou'd not be without Reaſon.

Mrs. *Raff.* Nay, if you allow Reaſon, I have Reaſons to ſuſpect you with not half ſo pretty a Fellow.

La. *Raff.* Me! I defy you —— pure Virtue will confront Suſpicion.

Mrs. *Raff.* Pure Virtue ſeems to have a pretty good Front, indeed. Let us try the Cauſe fairly between us: You found me and a young Fellow alone together, and very comical Things may happen, I own, between a Man and a Woman alone together. But when a Lady ſends an Aſſignation to a Gentleman, to meet her in the Dark on a Couch; then if nothing Comical happens to pure Virtue, they muſt be a Comical Couple, indeed.

La. *Raff.* You are ſuch a laughing giggling Creature, I don't know what you drive at.

Mrs. *Raff.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Read that — and I believe it will explain what both of us drive at — Now I ſhall ſee how far a Prude can carry it — Not one Bluſh yet? I find Bluſhing is one of the Things which pure Virtue can't do.

La. *Raff.* I am amaz'd and confounded! Where had you this?

Mrs. *Raff.* From a very good Friend of yours, in whoſe Hands your Reputation will be ſafer than in the Captain's, where you plac'd it.

La. *Raff.* What do you then believe ——

Mrs. *Raff.* Nothing but my own Eyes. You will not deny it is your own Hand?

La. *Raff.* Some Devil has counterfeited it, I beſeech you tell me how you came by it.

Mrs. *Raff.* *Mondiſh* gave it me.

La. *Raff.* Then he writ it.

Mrs. *Raff.* Nay, the Captain, by what I hear of him, is a more likely Perſon to have Counterfeited it. But it is well done, and ſure whoever did it, muſt have ſeen your Writing.

La. *Raff.* I'll reach all the depths of Hell, but I'll find it out. Have I for this had a Guard upon ev'ry Look, Word, and Action of my Life; for this ſhun'd ev'n ſpeaking to any Woman in Publick of the leaſt doubtful Character? for this been all my Life the forwardeſt to Cenſure the Imprudence of others? — have I defended my Reputation in the Face of the Sun, to have it thus undermin'd in the Dark?

Mrs. *Raff.* Moſt Womens Reputations are undermin'd in the Dark —— you ſee, Child, how fooliſh it is to take ſo much Care about what is ſo eaſily loſt; at leaſt, I hope you will learn to take Care of no one's Reputation but your own.

La. *Raff.* It wants but little of the appointed Hour; Siſter, will you go with me?

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh! no, two to one will not be fair — If you had appointed him to have brought his Second, indeed ——

La. *Raff.* I ſee you are Incorrigible — But I will go find my Niece, or my Brother, or Sir *Simon* himſelf:

ſelf: I will raiſe the World, and the Dead, and the Devil; but I will find out the bottom of this Affair — [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Raff.* Hugh! What a terrible Combuſtion is pure Virtue in? Now will I convey myſelf, if poſſible, into the Cloſet — and be an humble Spectator of the Battle —— Well, a virtuous Wife is a moſt precious Jewel — but if all Jewels were as eaſily Counterfeited, he wou'd be an egregious Aſs who wou'd venture to lay out his Money in them. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another Room in Sir* Simon's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Simon, *in Women's Cloaths.*

Sir *Sim.* My Evidence is poſted, the Colonel is in the Cloſet, and can overhear all — The time of Appointment draws near. I am ſtrangely pleas'd with my Stratagem. If I can but counterfeit my Wife's Voice as well as I have her Hand, I may defy him to diſcover me; for there is not a Glimpſe of Light — I am as much delighted as any young Whoremaſter can be in expectation of meeting another Man's Wife. And yet I am afraid I ſhall not diſcover my ſelf to be what I fear neither; and if I ſhou'd not, I will hang my ſelf incontinently. Oh! thou damn'd Couch! thou art not ten Years Old,, and yet what Cuckoldom haſt thou been Witneſs of — I will be reveng'd on thee; for I will burn thee this Evening in Triumph, pleaſe Heaven! — huſh, huſh, here he comes.

[*Lies on a Couch.*

[*Enter* Mondiſh.

Mon. This is the Field of Battle. If I know any thing of the Captain, he will not be in haſte — and if ſhe comes here before him, I think ſhe will not have the Impudence to deny any Favour to one who knows as much as I do. It is as dark as Hell! let a Prude alone for contriving a proper Place for an Aſſignation

on — poor Sir *Simon*, faith! thou haſt more Cauſe for thy Jealouſy than I imagin'd.

Sir *Sim.* Ay, or than I imagin'd either —— I am over head and ears in it — I am the erranteſt Cuckold in Town. [*Aſide.*

Mon. 'Sdeath! I ſhall never be able to find this Couch out —— ſure it us'd to be ſomewhere hereabouts. It has been the Scene of my Happineſs too often for me to forget it.

Sir *Sim.* Oh! it has —— Oh! thou damn'd Villain! I wiſh thou cou'dſt feel Torments, that I might be an Age in burning thee. [*Aſide.*

Mon. Ha! I hear a Door open —— it is a Woman's tread. I know the dear, dear Trip of a ſoft Foot.

Enter Mrs. Raffler, *who falls into* Mondiſh's *Arms.*

Mrs. *Raff.* In the Name of Goodneſs who are you?

Mon. An Evil Spirit. I find you are us'd to meet them in the Dark, by your readineſs in ſpeaking to 'em.

Mrs. *Raff.* Mr. *Mondiſh?*

Sir *Sim.* Here will be rare Caterwauling. [*Aſide.*

Mon. What do you do here?

Mrs. *Raff.* Trouble not your ſelf about that, I will not ſpoil your Sport.

Mon. But tell me, have you ſeen your Siſter?

Mrs. *Raff.* Yes.

Mon. Well, and how?

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh, ſhe raves like a Princeſs in a Tragedy, and ſwears that ſome Devil has contriv'd it.

Mon. Then ſhe perſiſts in her Innocence?

Mrs. *Raff.* Yes, and will after Conviction —— nay, ev'n after Execution.

Mon. A very harden'd Criminal indeed —— but pray what is your Opinion of my Succeſs?

Mrs. *Raff.* Oh, thou wicked Seducer! It wou'd be hard indeed that I ſhould think you not able to ſucceed, after ſuch a one as you have deſcrib'd the Captain to be, when you prevail'd in my Innocent Heart, and triumph'd over what I imagin'd an Impregnable Fortreſs.

Mon. And was I really thy firſt Seducer?

Mrs. *Raff.* By Heavens! the only one that ever has yet injur'd my Husband.

Sir *Sim.* What do I hear?

Mon. Why do I not ſtill enjoy that Happineſs ſingly? What have I done to forfeit one Grain of your Eſteem?

Mrs. *Raff.* To your freſh Game, Sportſman; and I wiſh you a good Chace.

Mon. Whither are you going?

Mrs. *Raff.* Concern not yourſelf with me; your new Miſtreſs will ſoon be with you. [*Exit.*

Sir *Sim.* This is better than my Hopes! This is killing two Birds with one Stone. My Brother will be rewarded for the Pains he takes on my Account —— Ha! there's a Light — I think I ſhall be ſecure behind the Couch.

Enter Lady Raffler *with a Candle.*

La. *Raff.* I think there is ſome Plot laid againſt me, the whole Family are run out of the Houſe. But Virtue will protect her Adherents. Ha! who's that?

Mon. Be not ſtartled, Madam; It is one from whom you have nothing to fear.

La. *Raff.* I know not that, Sir; I ſhall always think I have juſt Reaſon to fear one who lurks privately about in dark Corners. Perſons who have no ill Deſigns never ſeek hiding Places: But, however, you are the Perſon I deſir'd to meet.

Mon. That wou'd make me happy, indeed!

La. *Raff.*

La. *Raff.* Whence, Sir, had you that Letter, which you this Day gave my Siſter, and which was ſign'd with my Name?

Mon. The Letter, Madam?

La. *Raff.* Yes, Sir, the Letter! with that odious Aſſignation which I deteſt the Apprehenſion of —— my Reputation ſhall be clear'd, and I will know the Author of this infamous Forgery, whatever be the Conſequence!

Mon. Be Miſtreſs of yourſelf, Madam, and be aſſur'd nothing in my Power ſhall be ever left undone to vindicate your Reputation, or detect any Calumny againſt it. The Letter was dropt by the Perſon to whom it was directed, dropt on purpoſe that I ſhou'd take it up; which I did, and deliver'd it to your Siſter. Indeed I even then ſuſpected it a Forgery. I thought I knew my Lady *Raffler* too well, to fear her capable of placing her Affections unworthily.

La. *Raff.* And you know no more?

Mon. I do not, upon my Honour.

La. *Raff.* Well, Sir, whatever Care you ſhall take of my Reputation, Sir *Simon* ſhall thank you for it.

Mon. Alas! Madam, cou'd I have any Merit in ſuch a Service, I ſhou'd hope to have another Rewarder than the very laſt Perſon on whom I wou'd confer an Obligation.

La. *Raff.* How, Sir?

Mon. I ask pardon, Madam, I know how tender the Subject is to your Ears; yet I hope the Exceſs of Tenderneſs which I have for you will plead ——

La. *Raff.* Tenderneſs for me? [*angry.*]

Mon. For your Reputation, Madam. [*She looks pleaſed.*

La. *Raff.* That, I think, I may ſuffer.

Mon. Pardon me, Madam, if that Tenderneſs which I have for —— your Reputation, Madam, will not permit me to be eaſy while I ſee it laviſh'd on a Man ſo worthleſs, ſo ungrateful, ſo inſenſible — And yet, Madam, can even you the beſt, the moſt reſerv'd of Wives, can you deny but that his Jealouſy is plain to you and to the whole World? Cou'd he ſhew more

had he married one of the Wanton Coquets, who encourage every Man who addreſſes 'em, nay, who are continually throwing out their Lures for Men who do not? Had he marry'd one of theſe, nay, had he marry'd a common avow'd Proſtitute ——

La. *Raff.* Hold, you ſhock me.

Mon. And I ſhall ſhock my ſelf. But the Wounds muſt be laid open to be cur'd.

La. *Raff.* What can I do?

Mon. Hate him, at leaſt you ought that.

La. *Raff.* That, I think, Virtue will allow me to do.

Mon. Juſtice commands you to do it: Nay, more, it commands you to revenge, you ought for Example ſake —— pardon me, Madam, if the Love I have for you — I ſhou'd rather ſay if the Friendſhip I have contracted for your Virtue carries me too far; but I will undertake to prove, that it is not only meritorious to fulfill his Suſpicions, but it wou'd be Criminal not to do it. Virtue requires it, the Virtue you adore, you poſſeſs, requires it; it is not you, it is your Virtue he injures, that demands a Juſtification, that obliges you ——

La. *Raff.* To hate him, to deſpiſe him, that a virtuous Woman may do.

Mon. Oh! I admire, I adore a virtuous Woman.

La. *Raff.* Virtue is her greateſt Jewel.

Mon. Oh, 'tis a nice, and tender thing, it will not bear Suſpicion: ſhe wou'd be a poor Creature indeed, who cou'd bear to have her Virtue ſuſpected without Revenge.

La. *Raff.* What can ſhe do?

Mon. Ev'ry thing: Part with it.

La. *Raff.* Ha!

Mon. Not from her Heart —— I hope you don't think I mean that; but true Virtue is no more concern'd in puniſhing a Husband, than true Mercy in puniſhing a Criminal.

La. *Raff.* But I have the Comfort to think he is ſufficiently puniſh'd in the Torments of his own Mind.

Oh,

Oh, I ſhou'd be the moſt miſerable Creature alive, if I cou'd but even ſuſpect he had an eaſy Moment. Mr. *Mondiſh*, it wou'd be ridiculous to affect hiding from you, who are ſo intimate in the Family, my Knowledge of his baſe, unjuſt Suſpicions; nor wou'd I have you think me ſo poor-ſpirited a Wretch, not to hate and deſpiſe him for them. How unjuſt they are, the whole World can evidence: for no Woman upon Earth could be more delicate in her Conduct. Therefore, for Heav'n's Sake, aſſiſt me in the Diſcovery of this Letter.

Mon. I cou'd not, I am ſure, ſuſpect you of ſo indiſcreet a Paſſion, tho' your Hand is excellently forg'd.

La. *Raff.* It muſt be by ſome one who has ſeen it, ſure it cou'd not be my Siſter.

Mon. Was it not Sir *Simon* himſelf?

La. *Raff.* Ha! it cannot be, he cou'd not be ſuch a Villain.

Mon. If he were, I think you ought not to forgive him.

La. *Raff.* Cou'd I but prove it——

Mon. If I prove it for you——what ſhall be my Reward?

La. *Raff.* The greateſt—The Conſciouſneſs of doing good.

Mon. What good ſhall I do in diſcovering the Criminal, unleſs you will puniſh him.

La. *Raff.* I will do all in my Power to puniſh him, and to reward you.

Mon. Your Power is infinite, as is almoſt the Happineſs I now taſte. O my fair injur'd Creature, had'ſt thou been the Lot of one who had truly known the Value of Virtue—— [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

La. *Raff.* Let me go; if you wou'd preſerve my good Opinion of you——If you have a regard for me, ſhew it in immediately vindicating my Reputation.

Mon.

Mon. I'll find out Sir *Simon*; if he be the Forger, I ſhall get it out of him—— One earneſt more.

[*Kiſſing her Hand.*

La. *Raff.* Away! we ſhall be overſeen, and then I ſhall hate you for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Sir *Sim.* Heav'n be prais'd, they are parted this Time. I was afraid it wou'd have come to Action. Why, if a Husband had a Hundred Thouſand Eyes, he wou'd have Uſe for them all. A Wife is a Garriſon without Walls, while we are running to the Defence of one Quarter, ſhe is taken at another. But what a Rogue is this Fellow, who not only attempts to cuckold his Friend, but has the Impudence to inſiſt on it as a meritorious Action! The Dog wou'd perſuade her that Virtue obliges her to it. Why, what a Number of Ways are there by which a Man may be made a Cuckold! One goes to work with his Purſe, and buys my Wife; a ſecond brings his Title, he is a Lord, forſooth, and has a Patent to cuckold all Mankind. A Third ſhews a Garter, a Fourth a Rib-band, a Fifth a lac'd Coat. One Raſcal has a ſmooth Face, another a ſmooth Tongue; another makes ſmooth Verſes; this ſings, that dances; one wheedles, another flatters; one applies to her Ambition, another to her Avarice, another to her Vanity, another to her Folly. This tickles her Eyes, that her Ears, another her——in ſhort, all her five Senſes, and five thouſand Follies have their Addreſſers. And that ſhe may be ſafe on no Side, here's a Raſcal comes and applies himſelf to the very thing that ſhou'd defend her, and tries to make a Bawd of her very Virtue. He has the Impudence to tell her, that ſhe can't be a Woman of Virtue without cuckolding her Huſband——Hark! I hear a Noiſe!——The Captain, I ſuppoſe, or ſomebody elſe after my Wife.

Enter Captain Spark.

Cap. *Spark.* I am ſure, *Mondiſh* took up the Letter, and it is now a full Quarter of an Hour after the Time appointed.

appointed. I know him ſo well, that I cou'd lay a Wager, he is liſt'ning ſome where hereabouts. Madam, Madam!

Sir *Sim.* That is the Raſcal's Voice——Is it you, Captain, tread ſoftly for Heav'n's Sake.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, and I wiſh I may tread ſurely too; for it is as dark as Hell. Where are you, Madam?

Sir *Sim.* Here, Sir, here on the Couch.

Cap. *Spark.* Quite punctual to the Place of Aſſignation I find. Where the Devil can *Mondiſh* be? [*Aſide.*] There, Madam, there, I am ſafe now, I thank you.——I don't know, Madam, how to thank you enough, for that kind Note your Ladyſhip was ſo good as to ſend me.

Sir *Sim.* O Lard! Sir.

Cap. *Spark.* I aſſure you, Madam, I think my ſelf the happieſt of Mankind. I am, Madam, upon my Honour, ſo in my own Opinion——Pray, Madam, was not your Ladyſhip at the laſt *Ridotto?*

Sir *Sim.* No, Sir.——I find he has had her 'till he is weary of her. [*Aſide.*

Cap. *Spark.* I think you are a great Lover of Country Dancing.

Sir *Sim.* Yes, I think it will do very well, when one can have nothing elſe to entertain one.

Cap. *Spark.* Very true, Madam; Quadrille is very much before it, in my Opinion.

Sir *Sim.* You and I have ſeen better Entertainments than that, before now.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, yes, yes, Madam——I am very fond of the Entertainments at the New-Houſe. I never go there for any thing elſe. Pray, which is your Ladyſhip's Favourite? Moſt Ladies are fond of *Perſeus* and *Andromeda*——what the Devil is become of *Mondiſh?* [*Aſide.*] But I think the Operas are ſo far beyond all thoſe things——Do you go to the Drawing-Room to-night, Lady *Raffler?*

Sir *Sim.* I hope to paſs my Time better with you, as I have done.

Cap *Spark.*

Cap. *Spark.* I ſhou'd be proud to make one of a Party at Quadrille; but upon my Honour, I am the moſt unfortunate Perſon in the World, for I am engag'd.

Sir *Sim.* Engag'd!

Cap. *Spark.* I know what you think now—If one does but name an Engagement, to be ſure——I proteſt, one wou'd think there was but one ſort of Engagement in the World——and I don't know how it comes to my Share to be always ſuſpected. To be ſure, I have had ſome Affairs in my Life; that I don't deny, that I believe every one knows—and therefore I am not obliged to deny——

Sir *Sim.* But you was not oblig'd to confeſs it to Sir *Simon* to-day.

Cap. *Spark.* Yes, ha, ha! The miſtake of a Name had like to have occaſion'd ſome Confuſion; I am heartily ſorry for it upon my Word.

Sir *Sim.* And was it not me that you meant?

Cap. *Spark.* You are pleas'd to rally. You know it was impoſſible I ſhou'd confeſs what never happen'd.

Sir *Sim.* What, did nothing ever paſs between us?

Cap. *Spark.* Either you have a mind to be merry with your humble Servant, or I ſhall begin to ſuſpect, there is ſome Likeneſs of mine happier than my ſelf. For your Ladyſhip and Siſter were both pleas'd to mention ſomething about an Auction; and I never care to contradict a Lady. Upon my Soul, Compliments aſide, I never had the Honour to ſee your Face 'till this Afternoon.

Sir *Sim.* How, how! did you never ſee my Wife till this Afternoon?

Cap. *Spark.* Your Wife!

Sir *Sim.* Lord, I'm delirious I think, I know not what I ſay.

Cap. *Spark.* I hope you are not ſubject to Fits. I ſhall be frighten'd out of my Senſes. For Heav'n's Sake, let me call Somebody—Lights! Lights there! help! help!

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* Huſh! conſider my Reputation.

Cap. *Spark.* You had better loſe your Reputation than your Life. Lights, Lights! Help there, my Lady faints.

Sir *Sim.* What ſhall I do?

Cap. *Spark.* Will no Body hear? help, help!

Enter Mondiſh *and Lady* Raffler *with a Light.*

La. *Raff.* What's the matter here?

Cap. *Spark.* For Heav'n's Sake, bring ſome Lights hither, Somebody; my poor Lady *Raffler* is fallen into a Fit.

Mon. My Lady *Raffler!*

La. *Raff.* What can this mean?

Cap. *Spark.* Ha! bleſs me, Madam, are you there? then who the Devil is this?

Mon. Sir *Simon!*

Cap. *Spark.* Why, there's no Maſquerade to-night.

Sir *Sim.* It has happen'd juſt as I fear'd. There is ſome damn'd Planet which attends all Husbands, and will never let them be in the right. [*Aſide.*

La. *Raff.* Monſter! how have you the Aſſurance to look in my injur'd Face?

Mon. Death and Hell! I hope he did not over-hear what paſs'd between me and his Wife. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sim.* What Injury have I done you, my Dear?

La. *Raff.* Can you ask it? Have you not laid a Plot againſt my Reputation? Have you not counterfeited my Hand? Did you not write this Letter? look at it.

Sir *Sim.* No, my Dear, no.

La. *Raff.* How came it ſeal'd then with this Seal? which was only in your Poſſeſſion. Oh, I have no Name bad enough.

Mon. Come, come, Sir *Simon*, confeſs all; it is the only Amends you can make your Lady.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, Sir, if you will endeavour to get it out of me, it will be in vain to deny——

Enter

Enter Colonel Raffler.

Col. *Raff.* Ay, indeed will it, for I will be Evidence againſt you. Why ſure, you wou'd not attempt to hold out any longer. If ſhe forgives you, you have the moſt merciful, as well as the moſt virtuous Wife in the World. Come, come, in the firſt Place, ask your Wife's Pardon for having ever ſuſpected her. For having counterfeited an Aſſignation from her, and being the Occaſion of the Confuſion which ſhe is at preſent in—— In the ſecond Place, ask this Gentleman's Pardon for having ever ſuſpected him. In the next Place————

Sir *Sim.* Hold, hold, Brother, not ſo faſt. I own my ſelf in the wrong; and, Sir, I ask your Pardon, I do with all my Heart.

Cap. *Spark.* That is ſufficient, Sir; tho' I don't know your Offence.

Sir *Sim.* And, my Dear, I ask your Pardon; I am convinc'd of your Virtue, I am indeed.

La. *Raff.* But what Amends can you make me for your wicked Jealouſy? Do you think it is nothing for me, who have ever abhorred the very Name, even the very Thought of Wantonneſs, to have had my Name traduc'd? What Devil cou'd tempt you to write an Aſſignation in my Name to this Gentleman?

Cap. *Spark.* Ha!

Mon. Even ſo, faith! Captain, this was the Lady who writ to you, ha, ha!

Cap. *Spark.* How, Sir?

Col. *Raff.* Nay, Sir, don't put on your angry Face, good Brother Soldier. I do not perceive your Expectations have been at all diſappointed; and my Brother ſeem'd as proper to carry on the Amour with you, as his Wife——— for in the Method you proceeded, you wou'd ſcarce ever have found out the Difference.

Cap. *Spark.* Sir, I don't underſtand———

Mon. Nay, nay, no Paſſion; here is nothing but Raillery, no Harm meant.

Cap. *Spark.*

Cap. *Spark.* Is not there? Oh, 'tis very well if there is not.

Col. *Raff.* Why, what a ridiculous Figure do you make here——Ha, ha, ha! you know I am to have my fill of Laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Sim.* Nay, nay, I have more Reaſon to laugh than you. For if I am convinc'd of my Wife's Virtue, I think you may be convinc'd——

Col. *Raff.* Of what? Come, I'll bring up my *Corps de reſerve*, and put all your Suſpicions to flight at once. Come forth, my Dear, come forth, and with the Brightneſs of thy Virtue diſpell thoſe Clouds that wou'd eclipſe it.

Enter Mrs. Raffler.

I deſire you wou'd throw your ſelf at this Gentleman's Feet, and give him a thouſand Thanks for the Hand he has had in your Affair.

Sir *Sim.* He wou'd have had a Hand in my Affair, I thank him. Yes, I am damnably oblig'd to him indeed.

Col. *Raff.* Yes, Sir, that you are——for he knew you were liſtning, Sir. And all that Love which you overheard him make to your Wife, Sir, was intended to convince you of her Virtue, Sir; it was a Plot laid between my Wife and him. Was it not, my Dear?

Mrs. *Raff.* Yes, indeed was it.

Mon. Tho' I am afraid this Lady will find ſome Difficulty to forgive me, I am oblig'd to own the Truth.

La. *Raff.* I can pardon any thing where the Intention was good; tho', I confeſs, I do not like ſuch Jeſts.

Col. *Raff.* Come, come, you ſhall like 'em, and pardon 'em too; and you ſhall thank him for them. And, then, Sir, you ſhall ask my Pardon.

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Sir *Sim.* For what?

Col. *Raff.* Why for being the Occaſion of my Wife's imagining me as jealous a pated a Fool as your

your ſelf: For you muſt know, Sir, that ſhe imagin'd that I was in the Cloſet with the ſame Deſign, with which you diſguis'd yourſelf in that pretty Maſquerade Habit. Perhaps, tho', you did not gueſs that ſhe knew I was in the Cloſet all the Time.

Sir *Sim.* No, upon my Word.

Col. *Raff.* Oh! you did not —— But that ſhe did happen to know, Sir; and ſo did this Gentleman too —— Mr. *Mondiſh*, you are a Wag to put your Friend into a Sweat; But it was kindly meant, and I thank you for it with all my Heart.

Sir *Sim.* And ſo do I too — for having given me warning to keep my Wife out of your Clutches.

Mon. Gentlemen, your humble Servant! If I have ſerv'd my Friends, the Action carries its Reward with it. [*To Mrs.* Raffler *aſide.*] Excellent Creature! I am now more in Love with your Wit, than I ever was with your Beauty.

Sir *Sim.* And are you really, Brother, wiſe enough to believe ſuch a notable Story as this? and are you thoroughly convinc'd?

Col. *Raff.* Why are not you convinc'd?

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Brother, I am.

Col. *Raff.* Oh! it is well.

Sir *Sim.* That you are an errant *Engliſh* Cuckold, and our Friend an errant Raſcal! [*Aſide.*

Enter Gaylove *and* Clarinda.

Gay. Your Servant, good People!

La. *Raff.* Oh! Neice, where have you been, pray?

Cla. Nay, that I'll give you a Twelvemonth to gueſs.

La. *Raff.* Indeed, Miſs, it wou'd have become you better to have told us before you went.

Gay. The Reſolution was too ſudden, Madam, we ſcarce knew our ſelves 'till we put it in Execution: But

But your Niece, Madam, has been in very good Company, for we have been at the Opera.

La. *Raff.* You do well, Madam, to make good Uſe of your Time; for pleaſe Heaven you ſhall go into the Country next Week.

Cla. That, Madam, you and I both muſt ask this Gentleman's leave for.

Gay. Upon my Word, Madam, I have the Honour to be this Lady's Protector, and ſhall take care henceforward ſhe ſhall require no leave but her own, for any of her Actions —— To-morrow, Madam, ſhe has promiſed to make me the happieſt of Men, in calling her mine for ever.

La. *Raff.* I am glad her Indiſcretion is come to no worſe an End.

Sir *Sim.* But methinks, Sir, as my Niece is under my Protection, you ſhou'd have ask'd my Conſent. For now I do not know whether I will give it you or no —— I am ſure I do not much care to have you in the Family. [*Aſide.*

Col. *Raff.* Indeed, Sir, but you ſhall give it him, and ſo ſhall your Lady, and ſo ſhall my Wife, and ſo will I. Mr. *Gaylove*, I think the Family is much Honour'd by your Alliance. Adod! the Girl is happy in her Choice.

Gay. I am infinitely oblig'd to your good Opinion, Colonel.

Mon. Be not diſmay'd —— this will only put back your Affair a little, you muſt only ſtand out the firſt Game of the Pool, that's all.

Col. *Raff.* Come, come, Gentlemen and Ladies, I hear the Bell ring to Supper; Let us go all down Stairs, and be as merry as —— as Wit and Good-humour can make us. I can't help ſaying my Blood run a little cold at one time, but I now deſy Appearances, and am convinc'd that Jealouſy is the fooliſheſt thing in the World; and that it is not in the Power of Mankind to hurt me with my Wife.

Sir *Sim.* That Captain's Likeneſs ſticks ſtill in my Stomach: If I was ſure there was nothing in that, I think I

ſhou'd be a little eaſy; But that is not to be hop'd, I am convinc'd now, that I am a Cuckold, and ſhall never find it out.

Mon. Sir *Simon*, here, ſhall be the merrieſt of us all. Believe me, Knight, if it be the laſt Day of your Jealouſy, it is the firſt of your Happineſs.

You Husbands grow from theſe Examples Wiſe,
View your Wives Conduct ſtill with partial Eyes.
If your Opinions err, they better ſtray
In the good Colonel's, than Sir *Simon*'s Way.
At eaſe ſtill ſleeps the credulous Husband's Breaſt;
Spite of his Wife, within himſelf he's Bleſt.
The Jealous their own Miſeries Create,
And make Themſelves the very Thing they hate.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *HERON*.

THE Play being done, according to our Laws,
I come to plead with you our Author's Cauſe.
As for our ſmart Gallants, *I know they'll ſay,*
Damn him! There's one ſad Character in's Play.
What! on a Couch, Alone, and in the Dark!
Ladies, there's no ſuch Fellow as this Spark.
What can he mean in ſuch an Age as this is,
When ſcarce a Beau but keeps a Brace of Miſſes?
They Keep! why Gentlemen, perhaps, 'tis true,
So do our ſweet Italian *Singers too.*
What can one think of all the Beaus in Town,
When with the Ladies ſuch Gallants go down?
Th' Italian *Dames, ſhould this Report grow common,*
Will ſurely pity us poor Engliſh *Women.*
By the vaſt Sums we pay them for their Strains,
They'll think, perhaps, we don't abound in Brains?
But ſhould they hear their Singers turn Gallants;
Beaus, faith! they'll think Brains not your only Wants.
——Now for the Wits—but they ſo nice are grown,
French *only with their Palates will go down.*
French *Plays Applauſe have, like* French *Diſhes, got,*
Only becauſe you underſtand them not.
Happy Old England, *in thoſe glorious Days,*
When good plain Engliſh *Food and Senſe could pleaſe:*
When Men were dreſs'd like Men, nor curl'd their Hair,
Inſtead of charming, to out-charm the Fair.

They

EPILOGUE.

They knew by manly Means ſoft Hearts to move,
Nor ask'd an Eunuch's Voice to melt their Nymphs to Love.
—— Ladies, 'tis yours to reinſtate that Age,
Do you aſſiſt the Satire of the Stage!
Teach foreign Mimicks by a generous Scorn,
You're not aſham'd of being Britons *born;*
Make it to your eternal Honour known,
That Men muſt bear your Frowns, whenever ſhewn
That they prefer All Countries to their own.

FINIS.

PASQUIN.

A DRAMATICK

SATIRE on the TIMES:

BEING THE

REHEARSAL of Two PLAYS, *viz.*

A COMEDY call'd,

THE ELECTION;

And a TRAGEDY call'd,

The LIFE *and* DEATH *of*

COMMON-SENSE.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE in the *HAY-MARKET.*

By *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;

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——————Adorn'd
With all that Earth or Heav'n could beſtow,
To make her amiable: ——On ſhe came,
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Geſture Dignity and Love.

MILTON.

The Contents.

Of Politeneſs in general.
Of Politeneſs in Religion, and againſt Superſtition,
Of Devotion.
Of Behaviour at Church.
Of the Duties and Decorums of Civil Life.
Of Behaviour to our Superiors.
Of Converſation.
Of Complaiſance.
Of Flattery and Servility.
Of Appearing Abſent in Company.
Of Contradiction.
Of Calumny and Detraction.
Of Vain Glory. Of Prejudice.
Of being too Inquiſitive.
Of Whiſpering and Laughing in Company.
Of Applauding and Cenſuring People raſhly.
Of Mimicking others.
Of being Blind to what gives us Offence.
Of Gallantry from the Men.
Of Friendſhip with Men.
Of Love. Of Matrimony.
Of Duty to Parents.
Of Pride and Condeſcenſion.
Of True and Falſe Nobility.
Of Self-Conceit and Love of Vanity.
Of Humility and Pride.
Of Affectation.
Of Going to Court, and Courtiers.
Of Inſincerity. Of Friendſhip.
Of Doing Good Offices.
Of Anger and Reſentment.
Of Gentleneſs and Modeſty.
Of Keeping and Imparting Secrets.
Of Receiving and Paying Viſits.
Of Egotiſm.
Of the Imitation of others.
Of Compliments and Ceremony.
Of Asking Queſtions.
Of Talking before Servants.
Of Behaviour towards rude young Fellows.
Of Ridicule. Of Politicks.
Of Truſting to Appearances and Reports.
Of Hope and Belief.
Of Idleneſs.
Of Appearing often in Publick Places.
Of Houſwifry.
Of Frugality and Covetouſneſs.
Of the Learning proper to a young Lady.
Of Letter-Writing.
Of the Choice and Entertainment of Books.
Of Dreſs. Of Behaviour at Table.
Of Behaviour at Aſſemblies, Operas, and Plays.
Of Gaming. Of Self-Converſation.
Of Good-nature and Charity.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Trapwit, Fuſtian	*Authors.*	Mr. *Roberts.* Mr. *Lacy.*
Sneer-well, *a Critick.*		Mr. *Macben.*
Several Players, *and* Prompter.		

PERSONS *in the* COMEDY.

Lord Place, *Colonel* Promiſe, *Sir* Henry Fox-Chace, *Squire* Tankard,	*Candidates.*	Mrs. *Charke.* Mr. *Freeman.* Mr. *Topham.* Mr. *Smith.*
Mayor,		Mr. *Jones.*
Aldermen.		
Voters, *&c.*		

WOMEN.

Mrs. Mayoreſs,	Mrs. *Egerton.*
Miſs Mayoreſs,	Miſs *J. Jones.*
Miſs Stitch,	Miſs *Burgeſs.*
Servants, Mob, *&c.*	

PERSONS *in the* TRAGEDY.

Q. Common-Senſe,	Mrs. *Egerton.*
Q. Ignorance,	Mr. *Strenſham.*
Firebrand, *Prieſt of the* Sun,	Mr. *Roberts.*
Law,	Mr. *Yates.*
Phyſick,	Mr. *Jones.*
Ghoſt *of* Tragedy,	Mr. *Pullen.*
Ghoſt *of* Comedy,	Mr. *Jones.*
Third Ghoſt,	Mr. *Wallis.*
Harlequin,	Mr. *Pullen.*
Officer,	Mr. *Pullen.*
Meſſenger,	Mr. *Wallis.*
Drummer,	Mr. *Lowder.*
Attendants *on* Ignorance.	
Maids *of* Honour, *&c.*	

SCENE, *the* Play-houſe.

PASQUIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Play-Houſe.*

Enter ſeveral Players.

1ſt PLAYER.

WHEN does the Rehearſal begin?

2d *Player.* I ſuppoſe we ſhall hardly Rehearſe the Comedy this Morning; for the Author was Arreſted as he was going home from *King*'s *Coffee-Houſe*; and, as I heard, it was for upwards of four Pound: I ſuppoſe he will hardly get Bail.

1 *Player.* Where's the Tragedy-Author then? I have a long Part in both, and it's paſt Ten o'Clock.

Wom. *Player.* Ay, I have a Part in both too; I wiſh any one elſe had them, for they are not ſeven Lengths put together. I think it is very hard a Woman, of my Standing, ſhould have a ſhort Part put upon her. I ſuppoſe Mrs. *Merit* will have all our principal Parts now, but I'm reſolv'd I'll advertiſe againſt her: I'll let the Town know how I am injured.

1ſt *Player.* Oh! here comes our Tragedy-Poet.

Enter Fuſtian.

Fuſt. Gentlemen, your Servant; Ladies, yours. I ſhould have been here ſooner, but I have been obliged, at their own Requeſt, to wait upon ſome half-dozen Perſons of the firſt Quality with Tickets: Upon my Soul I have been chid for putting off my Play ſo long: I hope you are all quite Perfect; for the Town will poſitively ſtay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the Bills, *At the Particular Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality*, the firſt Night.

Enter Prompter.

Promp. Mr. *Fuſtian*, we muſt defer the Rehearſal of your Tragedy, for the Gentleman who Plays the firſt Ghoſt is not yet up; and when he is, he has got ſuch a Church-yard Cough, he will not be heard to the middle of the Pit.

1ſt *Player.* I wiſh you could cut the Ghoſt out, Sir; for I am terribly afraid he'll be damn'd, if you don't.

Fuſt. Cut him out, Sir? He is one of the moſt conſiderable Perſons in the Play.

Promp. Then, Sir, you muſt give the Part to ſome body elſe; for the Preſent is ſo Lame he can hardly walk the Stage.

Fuſt. Then he ſhall be carried; for no Man in *England* can Act a Ghoſt like him: Sir, he was born a Ghoſt: He was made for the Part, and the Part writ for him.

Promp. Well, Sir, then we hope you will give us leave to Rehearſe the Comedy firſt.

Fuſt. Ay, ay, you may Rehearſe it firſt, if you pleaſe, and Act it firſt too: If it keeps mine back above three Nights, I am miſtaken. I don't know what Friends the Author may have———but if ever ſuch Stuff, ſuch damn'd, incoherent, ſenſeleſs Stuff, was ever brought on any Stage——if the Audience ſuffer it to go thro' Three Acts——Oh! he's here.

Enter

Enter Trapwit.

Dear Mr. *Trapwit!* your moſt humble Servant, Sir; I read your Comedy over laſt Night, and a moſt excellent one it is; if it runs as long as it deſerves, you will engroſs the whole Seaſon to yourſelf.

Trap. Sir, I am glad it met with your Approbation, as there is no Man whoſe Taſte and Judgment I have a better Opinion of. But, pray, Sir, why don't they proceed to the Rehearſal of your Tragedy? I aſſure you, Sir, I had much difficulty to get hither ſo early.

2d *Player.* Yes, Faith, I believe you had. [*Aſide.*

Fuſt. Sir, Your Comedy is to be Rehears'd firſt.

Trap. Excuſe me, Sir, I know the Deference due to Tragedy better.

Fuſt. Sir, I would not have you think I give up the Cauſe of Tragedy; but my Ghoſt being Ill, Sir, cannot get up without Danger, and I would not Riſque the Life of my Ghoſt on any Account.

Trap. You are in the Right on't, Sir; for a Ghoſt is the Soul of Tragedy.

Fuſt. Ay, Sir, I think it is not amiſs to remind People of thoſe things which they are, now-a-days, too apt to disbelieve; beſides, we have lately had an *Act* againſt Witches, and I don't queſtion but ſhortly we ſhall have one againſt Ghoſts. But come, Mr. *Trapwit*, as we are for this once to give the Precedence to Comedy, e'en let us begin.

Trap. Ay, ay, with all my Heart. Come, come, where's the Gentleman who ſpeaks the Prologue? This Prologue, Mr. *Fuſtian*, was given me by a Friend, who does not care to own it till he trys whether it ſucceeds or no.

Enter Player *for the Prologue.*

Come, Sir, make a very low Bow to the Audience; and ſhew as much Concern as poſſible in your Looks.

PROLOGUE.

AS Crafty Lawyers, to acquire Applauſe,
Try various Arts to get a doubtful Cauſe;
Or, as a Dancing-Maſter in a Jigg,
With various Steps inſtructs the dancing Prig;
Or as a Doctor writes you different Bills;
Or as a Quack preſcribes you different Pills;
Or as a Fidler plays more Tunes than one;
Or as a Baker bakes more Bread than brown;
Or as a Tumbler tumbles up and down,
So does our Author, rumaging his Brain,
By various Methods try to entertain;
Brings a ſtrange Groupe of Characters before you,
And ſhews you here at once both Whig *and* Tory;
Or Court *and* Country *Party you may call 'em:*
But without Fear and Favour he will maul 'em.
To you, then, mighty Sages of the Pit.

Trap. Oh! Dear Sir, ſeem a little more affected, I beſeech you; advance to the Front of the Stage, make a low Bow, lay your Hand upon your Heart, fetch a deep Sigh, and pull out your Handkerchief.

To you, then, mighty Sages of the Pit——

Prol. *To you, then, mighty Sages of the Pit,*
Our Author humbly does his Cauſe ſubmit,
He trys to pleaſe——*Oh! take it not amiſs;*
And tho' it ſhould be dull, Oh! do not hiſs;
Laugh——*if you can*——*if you cannot laugh*——*weep:*
When you can wake no longer——*fall aſleep.*

Trap. Very well! very well, Sir! You have affected me, I am ſure.

Fuſt. And ſo he will the Audience, I'll anſwer for 'em.

Trap. Oh, Sir, you're too good-natur'd——but, Sir, I do aſſure you I had writ a much better Prologue

logue of my own; but as this came *Gratis*, have reſerv'd it for my next Play; a Prologue ſayed, is a Prologue got, Brother *Fuſtian*. But come, where are your Actors? Is Mr. *Mayor* and the *Aldermen* at the Table?

Promp. Yes, Sir, but they want Wine, and we can get none from the Quaker's Cellar without ready Money.

Trap. Rat him! can't he truſt till the Third Night? ——Here, take Six Pence, and fetch two Pots of Porter, put it into Bottles, and it will do for Wine well enough.

Fuſt. Ay, Faith, and the Wine will be as good as the Wit, I'll anſwer for it. [*Aſide.*

Trap. Mr. *Fuſtian*, you'll obſerve I do not begin this Play like moſt of our Modern Comedies, with three or four Gentlemen who are brought on only to talk Wit; for to tell you the truth, Sir, I have very little, if any, Wit in this Play: No, Sir, this is a Play conſiſting of Humour, Nature, and Simplicity: It is written, Sir, in the exact and true Spirit of *Moliere*; and this I will ſay for it, that except about a Dozen, or a Score, or ſo, there is not one impure joke in it. But come, clear the Stage, and draw the back Scene: Mr. *Fuſtian*, if you pleaſe to ſit down by me.

Mayor *and* Aldermen *diſcover'd.*

Fuſt. Pray, Sir, who are theſe Characters?

Trap. Sir, they are Mr. *Mayor* of the Town and his Brethren, conſulting about the Election.

Fuſt. Are they all of a ſide, Sir?

Trap. Yes, Sir, as yet; for you muſt know, Sir, that all the Men in this Borough are very ſenſible People, and have no Party Principles, for which they cannot give a good Reaſon; Mr. *Mayor*, you begin the Play.

Mayor.

Mayor. Gentlemen, I have ſummoned you together to conſider of proper Repreſentatives for this Borough: You know the Candidates on the Court ſide are my Lord *Place*, and Colonel *Promiſe*; the Country Candidates are Sir *Henry Fox-Chaſe*, and 'Squire *Tankard*; all worthy Gentlemen, and I wiſh with all my Heart we could chooſe them all Four.

1ſt *Ald.* But ſince we cannot, Mr. *Mayor*, I think we ſhould ſtand by our Neighbours; Gentlemen whoſe Honeſty we are Witneſſes of, and whoſe Eſtates in our own Neighbourhood render 'em not liable to be bribed.

Fuſt. This Gentleman, Mr. *Trapwit*, does not ſeem ſo unbiaſs'd in his Principles, as you repreſented him.

Trap. Pugh, Sir, you muſt have one Fool in a Play; beſide I only writ him to ſet off the reſt.

Mayor. Mr. *Alderman*, you have a narrow way of Thinking; Honeſty is not confined to a County; a Man that lives a Hundred Miles off may be as Honeſt as him who lives but three.

All. Ay, ay, ay, ay. [*Shaking their Heads.*

Mayor. Beſides, Gentlemen, are we not more obliged to a Foreigner for the Favours he does us, than to one of our own Neighbours who has Obligations to us? I believe, Gentlemen, there is not one of us who does not Eat and Drink with Sir *Harry* at leaſt twenty times in a Twelve-Month; now, for my part, I never ſaw or heard of either my Lord or the Colonel 'till within this Fortnight; and yet they are as obliging, and civil, and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

1ſt *Ald.* Nay, they are very civil, well-bred Men, that is the Truth on't; but won't they bring a ſtanding Army upon us?

Mayor. Mr. *Alderman*, you are deceived; the Country Party would bring a ſtanding Army upon us; whereas if we chooſe my Lord and the Colonel, we ſhan't have

have a Soldier in Town. But, Mum, here are my Lord and the Colonel.

Enter Lord Place, *and Colonel* Promiſe.

L. *Place.* Gentlemen, your moſt humble Servant; I have brought the Colonel to take a Morning's Whet with you.

Mayor. Your Lordſhip and the Colonel do us great Honour; pray, my Lord, be pleas'd to ſit down; pray, Colonel, be pleas'd to ſit. More Wine here.

Fuſt. I wiſh, Mr. *Trapwit*, your Actors don't get Drunk in the firſt Act.

Trap. Dear Sir, don't interrupt the Rehearſal.

L *Place.* Gentlemen, proſperity to the Corporation.

Fuſt. Sir, I am a Well-wiſher to the Corporation, and if you pleaſe will pledge his Lordſhip: Succeſs to your Comedy, Mr. *Trapwit*. [*Drinks.*

Trap. Give me a Glaſs—— Sir, here's to your Tragedy——Now pray no more Interruption; for this Scene is one continual Joke, and if you open your Lips in it, you will break the Thread of the Jeſt.

Mayor. My Lord, we are ſenſible of your great Power to ſerve this Corporation; and we do not doubt but we ſhall feel the Effect on't.

L. *Place.* Gentlemen, you may depend on me; I ſhall do all in my Power. I ſhall do you ſome Services which are not proper at preſent to mention to you; in the mean time, Mr. *Mayor*, give me leave to ſqueeze you by the Hand, in aſſurance of my Sincerity.

Trap. You, Mr. that Act my Lord, Bribe a little more openly if you pleaſe, or the Audience will loſe that Joke, and it is one of the ſtrongeſt in my whole Play.

L. *Place.* Sir, I cannot poſſibly do it better at the Table.

Trap. Then get all up, and come forward to the Front of the Stage. Now, you Gentlemen that Act the

the Mayor and Aldermen, range yourſelves in a Line; and you, my Lord, and the Colonel, come to one End and Bribe away with Right and Left.

Fuſt. Is this Wit, Mr. *Trapwit?*

Trap. Yes, Sir, it is Wit; and ſuch Wit as will run all over the Kingdom.

Fuſt. But, methinks, Colonel *Promiſe*, as you call him, is but ill-named; for he is a Man of very few Words.

Trap. You'll be of another Opinion before the Play is over; at preſent his Hands are too full of Buſineſs; and you may remember, Sir, I before told you, this is none of your Plays, wherein much is ſaid, and nothing done. Gentlemen, are you all Bribed?

Omn. Yes, Sir.

Trap. Then my Lord and the Colonel, you muſt go off, and make room for the other Candidates to come on and Bribe too.

[*Exeunt Lord* Place *and Colonel* Promiſe.

Fuſt. Is there nothing but Bribery in this Play of yours, Mr. *Trapwit?*

Trap. Sir, this Play is an exact Repreſentation of Nature; I hope the Audience will date the Time of Action before the Bill of Bribery and Corruption took Place; and then I believe it may go down; but now, Mr. *Fuſtian*, I ſhall ſhew you the Art of a Writer, which is, to diverſifie his Matter, and do the ſame thing ſeveral ways. You muſt know, Sir, I diſtinguiſh Bribery into two Kinds; the direct, and the indirect: the firſt you have ſeen already; and now, Sir, I ſhall give you a ſmall Specimen of the other. Prompter, call Sir *Harry* and the 'Squire. But, Gentlemen, what are you doing? How often ſhall I tell you that the Moment the Candidates are gone out you are to retire to the Table, and drink and look wiſe; you, Mr. *Mayor*, ought to look very wiſe.

Fuſt.

Fuſt. You'll take care he ſhall talk fooliſh enough; I warrant you. [*Aſide.*

Mayor. Come, here's a Round to my Lord, and the Colonel's Health; a *Place*, and a *Promiſe*, I ſay; they may talk of the Pride of Courtiers, but I am ſure I never had a civiller Squeeze by the Hand in my Life.

Trap. Ay, you have ſqueez'd that out pretty well; but ſhew the Gold at thoſe Words, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Mayor. Sir, I have none.

Trap. Pray, Mr. *Prompter*, take care to get ſome Counters againſt it is acted.

Fuſt. Ha, ha, ha! upon my Word the Courtiers have topt their Part; the Actor has out-done the Author; this Bribing with an empty Hand is quite in the Character of a Courtier.

Trap. Come, Enter Sir *Harry*, and the 'Squire; where are they?

1ſt *Player.* Sir, Mr. *Soundwell* has been regularly ſummoned, but he has refuſed to act the Part.

Trap. Has he been writ to?

1ſt *Player.* Yes, Sir, and here's his Anſwer.

Trap. Let both the Letters be produced before the Audience. Pray, Mr. *Prompter*, who ſhall we have to act the Part?

1ſt *Player.* Sir, I lik'd the Part ſo well, that I have ſtudied it in hope of ſome time playing it.

Trap. You are an exceeding pretty young Fellow, and I am very glad of the Exchange.

Sir *Har.* Haloo, hark, forwards; hark, honeſt *Ned*, good Morrow to you; how doſt, Maſter Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily, this Morning? Come, come, ſit down; the 'Squire and I will take a Pot with you. Come, Mr. *Mayor*, here's Liberty and Property, and no Exciſe.

Mayor. Sir *Harry*, your Health.

Sir *Har.* What, wont you Pledge me? Wont you drink, no Exciſe?

Mayor. I don't love Party Healths, Sir *Harry*.

All

All Ald. No, no, no Party Healths, no Party Healths.

Sir *Har*, Say ye ſo, Gentlemen? I begin to ſmoke you; your Pulſes have been felt, I perceive: And will you be Bribed to ſell your Country? Where do you think theſe Courtiers get the Money they Bribe you with, but from you yourſelves? Do you think a Man, who will give a Bribe, wont take one? If you would be ſerved faithfully, you muſt chooſe faithfully; and give your Vote on no Conſideration but Merit; for my part, I would as ſoon ſuborn an Evidence at an Aſſize, as a Vote at an Election.

Mayor. I do believe you, Sir *Harry*.

Sir *Har.* Mr. *Mayor*, I hope you receiv'd thoſe three Bucks I ſent you, and that they were good.

Mayor. Sir *Harry*, I thank you for them; but 'tis ſo long ſince I eat them, that I forgot the Taſte.

Sir *Har.* We'll try to revive it, I'll order you three more to-morrow Morning.

Mayor. You will ſurfeit us with Veniſon. You will indeed; for it is a dry Meat, Sir *Harry*, a very dry Meat.

Sir *Har.* We'll find a way to moiſten it, I'll warrant you, if there be any Wine in Town: Mr. Alderman *Stitch*, your Bill is too reaſonable, you certainly muſt loſe by it: Send me in half a Dozen more Great-Coats, pray; my Servants are the dirtieſt Dogs! Mr. *Damask*, I believe you are afraid to truſt me, by thoſe few Yards of Silk you ſent my Wife —— ſhe likes the Pattern ſo extremely, ſhe is reſolved to hang her Rooms with it——pray let me have a hundred Yards of it; I ſhall want more of you——Mr. *Timber*——and you Mr. *Iron*, I ſhall get into your Books too. ——

Fuſt. Would not that getting into Books have been more in the Character of the Courtier, Mr. *Trapwit?*

Trap. Go on, go on, Sir.

Sir *Harry.* That Gentleman interrupts one ſo —— Oh, now I remember —— Mr. *Timber*, and you, Mr.

Mr. *Iron*, I ſhall get into your Books too; tho' if I do, I aſſure you I wont continue in them long.

Trap. Now, Sir, would it have been more in the Character of a Courtier? But you are like all our modern Critick's, who damn a Man before they have heard a Man out; when if they would but ſtay till the Joke came———

Fuſt. They would ſtay to hear your laſt Words, I believe. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Har.* For you muſt know, Gentlemen, that I intend to pull down my old Houſe, and build a new one.

Trap. Pray, Gentlemen, obſerve all to ſtart at the Word *Houſe.* Sir *Harry*, that laſt Speech again, pray.

Sir *Har.* For you, *&c.*———Mr. Mayor, I muſt have all my Bricks of you.

Mayor. And do you intend to rebuild your Houſe, Sir *Harry?*

Sir *Har.* Poſitively.

Mayor. Gentlemen, methinks, Sir *Harry*'s Toaſt ſtands ſtill; will no Body drink Liberty and Property, and no Exciſe? [*They all drink and huzza.*

Sir *Har.* Give me thy Hand, Mayor; I hate Bribery and Corruption: if this Corporation will not ſuffer itſelf to be bribed, there ſhall not be a poor Man in it.

Mayor. And he that will deſerves to be poor; for my part, the World ſhould not bribe me to vote againſt my Conſcience.

Trap. Do you take that Joke, Sir?

Fuſt. No faith, Sir.

Trap. Why, how can a Man vote againſt his Conſcience, who has no Conſcience at all?

1ſt. *Ald.* Come, Gentlemen, here's a *Fox-Chaſe*, and a *Tankard!*

Omnes. A *Fox-Chaſe*, and a *Tankard!* Huzza!

Sir *Har.* Come, let's have one Turn in the Market-Place, and then we'll to Dinner.

Mayor.

Mayor. Let's fill the Air with our repeated Cries
Of Liberty and Property, and no Exciſe.

Exeunt May. *and* Ald.

Trap. How do you like that Couplet, Sir?

Fuſt. Oh! very fine, Sir!

Trap. This is the End of the firſt Act, Sir.

Fuſt. I cannot but obſerve, Mr. *Trapwit*, how nicely you have oppos'd 'Squire *Tankard* to Colonel *Promiſe*; neither of whom have yet utter'd one Syllable.

Trap. Why, you would not have every Man a Speaker, would you? One of a Side is ſufficient; and let me tell you, Sir, one is full enough to utter all that the Party have to ſay for itſelf.

Fuſt. Methinks, Sir, you ſhould let the Audience know they can ſpeak, if it were but an *Ay*, or a *No*.

Trap. Sir, the Audience muſt know that already; for if they could not ſay *Ay* and *No*, they would not be qualified for Candidates.

Fuſt. Oh! your humble Servant, I am anſwer'd: But pray, Sir, what is the Action of this Play?

Trap. The Action, Sir?

Fuſt. Yes, Sir, the Fable, the Deſign?

Trap. Oh! you ask who is to be married! Why, Sir, I have a Marriage; I hope you think I underſtand the Laws of Comedy, better than to write without marrying ſomebody.

Fuſt. But is that the main Deſign to which every thing conduces?

Trap. Yes, Sir.

Fuſt. Faith, Sir, I can't for the Soul of me ſee, how what has hitherto paſt can conduce at all to that End.

Trap. You can't; indeed, I believe you can't; for that is the whole Plot of my Play: And do you think I am like your ſhallow Writers of Comedy, who publiſh the Banns of Marriage between all the Couples in their Play, in the firſt Act? No, Sir, I defy you to gueſs my Couple 'till the thing is done, ſlap all at once; and that too

too by an Incident ariſing from the main Buſineſs of the Play, and to which every thing conduces.

Fuſt. That will, indeed, ſurpriſe me.

Trap. Sir, you are not the firſt Man my Writings have ſurpriſed———But what's become of all our Players? Here, who begins the ſecond Act? Prompter.

Enter 1ſt *Player.*

1ſt *Player.* Sir, the Prompter, and moſt of the Players, are drinking Tea in the *Green-Room.*

Trap. Mr. *Fuſtian,* ſhall we drink a Diſh of Tea with them? Come, Sir, as you have a Part in my Play, you ſhall drink a Diſh with us.

1ſt *Player.* Sir, I dare not go into the *Green-Room*; my Salary is not high enough: Iſhall be forfeited if I go in there.

Trap. Pſhaw, come along; your Siſter has Merit enough for herſelf, and you too; if they forfeit you, I'll warrant ſhe'll take it off again.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Trapwit, Fuſtian, Prompter, *Lord* Place, *Mrs.* Mayoreſs *and* Miſs.

Trap. I Am afraid, Mr. *Fuſtian,* you have hitherto ſuſpected that I was a Dabler in low Comedy: Now, Sir, you ſhall ſee ſome Scenes of Politeneſs and fine Converſation amongſt the Ladies. Come, my Lord, come, begin.

L. *Place.* Pray, Mrs. *Mayoreſs,* what do you think this Lace coſt a Yard?

Fuſt. A very pretty Beginning of a polite Converſation truly.

Trap. Sir, in this Play I keep exactly up to Nature: Nor is there any thing ſaid in this Scene, that I have not heard come out of the Mouths of the fineſt People of the Age. Sir, this Scene has coſt me Ten Shillings in Chair-hire, to keep the beſt Company, as it is call'd.

Mrs. *May.* Indeed, my Lord, I cannot gueſs it at leſs than Ten Pounds a Yard.

L. *Place.* Pray, Madam, was you at the laſt *Ridotto?*

Fuſt. Ridotto! the Devil! a Country Mayoreſs at a *Ridotto!* Sure, that is out of Character, Mr. *Trapwit.*

Trap. Sir, a Converſation of this Nature cannot be carried on without theſe Helps; beſides, Sir, this Country Mayoreſs, as you call her, may be allow'd to know ſomething of the Town; for you muſt know, Sir, that ſhe has been Woman to a Woman of Quality.

Fuſt. I am glad to hear that.

Mrs. *May.* Oh, my Lord! mention not thoſe dear *Ridotto*'s to me, who have been confined theſe twelve long Months in the Country; where we have no Entertainment, but a Set of hideous, ſtroling Players; nor have I ſeen any one human Creature, till your Lordſhip came to Town; Heaven ſend us a controverted Election, then I ſhall go to that dear delightful Place once more.

Miſs. Yes, Mama, and then we ſhall ſee *Faribelly*, the ſtrange Man-Woman that they ſay is with child; and the fine Pictures of *Merlin*'s Cave at the Play-Houſes; and the Rope-Dancing, and the Tumbling.

Fuſt. By Miſs's Taſte I believe ſhe has been bred up under a Woman of Quality too.

L. *Place.* I cannot but with Pleaſure obſerve, Madam, the polite Taſte Miſs ſhews in her Choice of Entertainments; I dare ſwear ſhe will be much admired in the *Beau Monde*, and I don't queſtion but will be ſoon taken into Keeping by ſome Man of Quality.

Miſs. Keeping, my Lord!

L. *Place.*

L. *Place.* Ay, that Surprize looks well enough in one ſo young, that does not know the World; but, Miſs, every one now keeps, and is kept: There are no ſuch Things as Marriages now-a-days, unleſs merely *Smithfield* Contracts, and that for the Support of Families; but then the Husband and Wife both take into Keeping within a Fortnight.

Mrs. *May.* My Lord, I would have my Girl act like other young Ladies; but ſhe does not know any Men of Quality, who ſhall introduce her to 'em?

L. *Place.* That, Madam, muſt be your Part; you muſt take a Houſe, and ſee Company; in a little while you may keep an Aſſembly, and play at Cards as high as you can; and almoſt all the Money that is won, muſt be put into the Box, which you muſt call, *Paying for the Cards*; tho' it is indeed paying for your Candles, your Cloaths, your Lodging, and in ſhort every thing you have: I know ſome Perſons who make a very conſiderable Figure in Town, whoſe whole Eſtate lies in their Card-Box.

Mrs. *May.* And have I been ſo long contented to be the Wife of a poor Country Tradeſman, when I might have had all this Happineſs?

Fuſt. How comes this Lady, Mr. *Trapwit*, conſidering her Education, to be ſo ignorant of all theſe things?

Trap. 'Gad that's true; I had forgot her Education, faith, when I writ that Speech; it's a Fault I ſometimes fall into ——— a Man ought to have the Memory of a Devil to remember every little thing; but come, go on, go on——— I'll alter it by and by.

L. *Place.* Indeed, Madam, it is a miſerable State of Life; I hope we ſhall have no ſuch People as Tradeſmen ſhortly; I can't ſee any uſe they are of; if I am choſe, I'll bring in a Ball to extirpate all Trade out of the Nation.

Mrs. *May.* Yes, my Lord, that would do very well amongſt People of Quality, who don't want Money.

Fuſt. Again! Sure Mrs. *Mayoreſs* knows very little of People of Quality, conſidering ſhe has lived amongſt them.

Trap. Lord, Sir, you are ſo troubleſome——then ſhe has not lived amongſt People of Quality, ſhe has lived where I pleaſe; but ſuppoſe we ſhould ſuppoſe ſhe had been Woman to a Lady of Quality, may we not alſo ſuppoſe ſhe was turn'd away in a Fortnight, and then what could ſhe know, Sir?——Go on, go on.

L. *Place.* A-lack-a-day, Madam, when I mention Trade, I only mention low, dull, mechanick Trade; ſuch as the *Canaille* practiſe; there are ſeveral Trades reputable enough, which People of Faſhion may practiſe; ſuch are Gaming, Intriguing, Voting, and running in Debt.

Trap. Come, enter a Servant, and whiſper my Lord. [*Enter a Servant.*] Pray, Sir, mind your Cue of Entrance. [*Exit Servant.*

L. *Place.* Ladies, a particular Affair obliges me to loſe ſo good Company——I am your moſt obedient Servant. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *May.* He is a prodigious fine Gentleman.

Miſs. But muſt I go into Keeping, Mama?

Mrs. *May.* Child, you muſt do what's in Faſhion.

Miſs. But I have heard that's a naughty thing.

Mrs. *May.* That can't be, if your Betters do it; People are puniſh'd for doing naughty things; but People of Quality are never puniſh'd; therefore they never do any naughty things.

Fuſt. An admirable Syllogiſm, and quite in Character.

Trap. Pſhaw, dear Sir, don't trouble me with Character; it's a good thing; and if it's a good thing, what ſignifies who ſays it?——Come, enter the Mayor drunk.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Liberty and Property, and no Exciſe, Wife.

Mrs. *May.* Ah! filthy Beaſt, come not near me.

Mayor.

Mayor. But I will tho'; I am for Liberty and Property; I'll vote for no Courtiers, Wife.

Mrs. *May.* Indeed but you ſhall, Sir.

Miſs. I hope you won't vote for a naſty ſtinking Tory, Papa.

Mayor. What a-pox! are you for the Courtiers too?

Miſs. Yes, I hope I am a Friend to my Country; I am not for bringing in the Pope.

Mayor. No, nor I an't for a Standing Army.

Mrs. *May.* But I am for a Standing Army, Sir; a Standing Army is a good thing: you pretend to be afraid of your Liberties and your Properties——You are afraid of your Wives and Daughters: I love to ſee Soldiers in the Town; and you may ſay what you will, I know the Town loſes nothing by 'em.

Mayor. The Women don't, I believe.

Mrs. *May.* And I'll have you know, the Women's Wants ſhall be conſider'd, as well as yours. I think my Lord and the Colonel do you too much Honour, in offering to repreſent ſuch a Set of clowniſh, dirty, beggarly Animals.——Ah! I wiſh we Woman were to chooſe.

Mayor. Ay, we ſhould have a fine Set of Members then, indeed.

Mrs. *May.* Yes, Sir, you would have none but pretty Gentlemen——there ſhould not be one Man in the Houſe of Commons without a lac'd Coat.

Miſs. O Law! what a delicate, fine, charming Sight that would be! Well, I like a lac'd Coat; and if ever I am taken into Keeping, it ſhall be by a Man in a lac'd Coat.

Mayor. What's that you ſay, Minx? what's that you ſay?

Mrs. *May.* What's that to you, Sir!

Mayor. Why Madam, muſt I not ſpeak to my own Daughter?

Mrs. *May.* You have the greater Obligation to me, Sir, if ſhe is; I am ſure, if I had thought you would

have endeavour'd to ruin your Family, I would have ſeen you hang'd before you ſhould have had any by me.

Mayor. I ruin my Family!

Mrs. *May.* Yes, I have been making your Fortune for you with my Lord; I have got a Place for you, but you won't accept on't.

Miſs. You ſhall except on't.

Mrs. *May.* You ſhall vote for my Lord and the Colonel.

Miſs. They are the fineſt Men———

Mrs. *May.* The prettieſt Men———

Miſs. The ſweeteſt Men———

Mrs. *May.* And you ſhall vote for them.

Mayor. I won't be brib'd———

Mrs. *May.* A Place is no Bribe———ask the Parſon of the Pariſh if a Place is a Bribe.

Mayor. What is the Place?

Mrs. *May.* I don't know what the Place is; nor my Lord does not know what it is; but it is a great ſwinging Place.

Mayor. I will have the Place firſt, I won't take a Bribe, I will have the Place firſt; Liberty and Property!—— I'll have the Place firſt. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *May.* Come, my Dear, follow me; I'll ſee whether he ſhall vote according to his Conſcience, or mine.

I'll teach Mankind, while Policy they boaſt,
They bear the Name of Power, we rule the Roaſt.

Trap. There ends Act the Second. [*Exeunt* Mayoreſs *and* Miſs.] Mr. *Fuſtian*, I inculcate a particular Moral at the End of every Act; and therefore might have put a particular Motto before every one, as the Author of *Cæſar in Egypt* has done; thus, Sir, my firſt Act ſweetly ſings, Bribe all, Bribe all; and the ſecond gives you to underſtand that we are all under Petticoat Government; and my third will———but you ſhall ſee———Enter my Lord *Place*, Colonel *Promiſe*, and ſeveral Voters. My Lord, you begin the third Act.

Enter

Enter Lord Place, *Colonel* Promiſe, *and ſeveral Voters.*

L. *Place.* Gentlemen, be aſſured, I will take care of you all; you ſhall all beprovided for as faſt as poſſible; the Cuſtoms and the Exciſe afford a great Number of Places.

1ſt *Vot.* Could not your Lordſhip provide for me at Court?

L. *Place.* Nothing eaſier, what ſort of a Place would you like?

1ſt *Vot.* Is not there a ſort of Employment, Sir, call'd —Beef-Eating? If your Lordſhip pleaſe to make me a Beef-Eater,—I would have a Place fitted for my Capacity.

L. *Place.* Sir, I will be ſure to remember you.

2d *Vot.* My Lord, I ſhould like a Place at Court too; I don't much care what it is, provided I wear fine Cloaths, and have ſomething to do in the Kitchen, or the Cellar; I own I ſhould like the Cellar, for I am a deviliſh Lover of Sack.

L. *Place.* Sack, ſay you? Odſo, you ſhall be Poet-Laureat.

2d *Vot.* Poet! no, my Lord, I am no Poet, I can't make Verſes.

L. *Place.* No matter for that,———you'll be able to make Odes.

2d *Vot.* Odes, my Lord! what are thoſe?

L. *Place.* Faith, Sir, I can't tell well what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the Place without being a Poet.

Trap. Now, my Lord, do you file off, and talk a-part with your People; and let the Colonel advance.

Fuſt. Ay, faith, I think it is high Time for the Colonel to be heard.

Col. Depend upon it, Sir; I'll ſerve you.

Fuſt. Upon my Word the Colonel begins very well; but has not that been ſaid already?

Trap. Ay, and if I was to bring a hundred Courtiers into my Play, they ſhould all ſay it:——None of them do it.

3d *Vot.* An't pleaſe your Honour, I have read in a Book call'd *Fog's Journal*, that your Honour's Men are to be made of Wax; now, Sir, I have ſerved my Time to a Waxwork-Maker, and deſire to make your Honour's Regiment.

Col. Sir, you may depend on me.

3d. *Vot.* Are your Officers to be made of Wax too, Sir? becauſe I would prepare a finer Sort for them.

Col. No, none but the Chaplain.

3d *Vot.* Oh! I have a moſt delicate Piece of black Wax for him.

Trap. You ſee, Sir, the Colonel can ſpeak when military Affairs are on the Carpet; hitherto, Mr. *Fuſtian*, the Play has gone on in great Tranquillity; now you ſhall ſee a Scene of a more turbulent Nature. Come, enter the Mob of both Sides, and cudgel one another off the Stage. Colonel, as your Buſineſs is not to fight at preſent, I beg you would go off before the Battle comes on; you, and your Brother Candidate, come into the middle of the Stage; you Voters range yourſelves under your ſeveral Leaders. [*The Mob attempt to break in.*] Pray, Gentlemen, keep back; mind the Colonel's going off is the Cue for the Battle to enter. Now, my Lord and the Colonel, you are at the Head of your Parties——but hold, hold, hold, you Beef-Eater, go you behind my Lord, if you pleaſe; and you, Soldier-Maker, come you behind the Colonel: Now, Gentlemen, ſpeak.

L. *Place.* } Gentlemen, we'll ſerve you.
Col. *Pro.* }

[*My Lord and the Colonel file off at different Doors, the Parties following.*

Enter

Enter Mob on each Side of the Stage, crying out promiſcuouſly, Down with the Rump! no Courtiers! no Jacobites! down with the Pope! no Exciſe! a Place *and a* Promiſe! *a* Fox-Chace *and a* Tankard! *At laſt they fall together by the Ears, and cudgel one another off the Stage.*

Enter Sir Harry, Squire, *and* Mayor,

Sir *Har.* Bravely done, my Boys, bravely done; faith our Party has got the Day.

Mayor. Ay, Sir *Harry*, at dry Blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the Army, I warrant we carried all our Points. But faith, Sir, I have fought a hard Battle on your Account; the other Side have ſecured my Wife; my Lord has promis'd her a Place, but I am not to be gull'd in that Manner; I may be taken, like the Fiſh in the Water, by a Bait; but not, like the Dog in the Water, by a Shadow.

Sir *Har.* I know you are an honeſt Man, and love your Country.

Mayor. Faith that I do, Sir *Harry*, as well as any Man; if my Country will but let me live by it, that's all I deſire.

Fuſt Mr. *Mayor* ſeems to have got himſelf ſober very ſuddenly.

Trap. Yes, ſo would you too, I believe, if you had been ſcolded at by your Wife as long as he has; but if you think that is not reaſon enough, he may be drunk ſtill, for any reaſon I ſee to the contrary: Pray, Sir, act this Scene as if you was drunk.

Fuſt, Nay, I muſt confeſs, I think it quite out of Character for the *Mayor* to be once ſober during the whole Election.

Squire [*Drunk.*] A Man that won't get drunk for his Country is a Raſcal.

Mayor. So he is, noble Squire; there is no Honeſty in a Man that won't be drunk——a Man that won't drink is an Enemy to the Trade of the Nation.

Sir

Sir *Har.* Thoſe were glorious Days, when honeſt *Engliſh* Hoſpitality flouriſh'd; when a Country Gentleman could afford to make his Neighbours drunk, before your damn'd *French* Faſhions were brought over; why, Mr. *Mayor*, would you think it? there are many of theſe Courtiers who have ſix ſtarved Footmen behind a Coach, and not half a Hogſhead of Wine in their Houſe; why, how do you think all the Money is ſpent?

Mayor. Faith I can't tell.

Sir *Har.* Why, in Houſes, Pictures, Lace, Embroidery, Nick-nacks, *Italian* Singers and *French* Tumblers; and thoſe who vote for them, will never get a Dinner of them after the Election is over.

Mayor. But there is a Thought comes often into my Head, which is this; if theſe Courtiers be turn'd out, who ſhall ſucceed them?

Sir *Har.* Who? why we!

Squire. Ay, we!

Sir *Har.* And then we may provide for our Friends; I love my Country, but I don't know why I may not get ſomething by it as well as another; at leaſt to reimburſe me.——— And I do aſſure you, tho' I have not bribed a ſingle Vote, my Election will ſtand me in a good Five Thouſand Pounds.

Squire. Ay, and ſo will mine me,———but if ever we ſhould get uppermoſt, Sir *Harry*, I inſiſt upon immediately paying off the Debts of the Nation.

Sir *Har.* Mr. *Tankard*, that ſhall be done with all convenient ſpeed.

Squire. I'll have no delay in it, Sir.

Mayor. There ſpoke the Spirit of a true *Engliſhman:* Ah! I love to hear the Squire ſpeak, he will be a great Honour to his Country in foreign Parts.

Sir *Har.* Our Friends ſtay for us at the Tavern; we'll go and talk more over a Bottle.

Squire. With all my Heart; but I will pay off the Debts of the Nation.

Mayor.

Mayor. Come to the Tavern then.

There while brisk Wine improves our Converſation,
We at our pleaſure will reform the Nation.

Trap. There ends Act the Third.

[*Exeunt Sir* Harry, Squire, *and* Mayor.

Fuſt. Pray, Sir, what's the Moral of this Act?

Trap. And you really don't know?

Fuſt. No, really.

Trap. Then I really will not tell you; but come, Sir, ſince you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the Plot; for now it is juſt going to begin to open, it will require a very cloſe Attention, I aſſure you; and the Devil take me if I give you any Aſſiſtance.

Fuſt. Is not the fourth Act a little too late to open the Plot, Mr. *Trapwit?*

Trap. Sir, 'tis an Error on the right Side; I have known a Plot open in the firſt Act, and the Audience, and the Poet too, forget it before the third was over; now, Sir, I am not willing to burden either the Audience's Memory, or my own; for they may forget all that has hitherto paſt, and know full as much of the Plot as if they remember'd it.

Promp. Call Mr. *Mayor*, Mrs. *Mayoreſs*, and Miſs.

Enter Mr. Mayor, *Mrs*. Mayoreſs, *and* Miſs.

Mrs. *May*. Oh have I found you at laſt, Sir? I have been hunting for you this Hour.

Mayor. Faith, my Dear, I wiſh you had found me ſooner; I have heen drinking to the good old Cauſe with Sir *Harry* and the Squire; you would have been heartily welcome to all the Company.

Mrs. *May*. Sir, I ſhall keep no ſuch Company; I ſhall converſe with no Clowns, or Country Squires.

Miſs. My Mama will converſe with no *Jacobites*.

Mayor. But, my dear, I have ſome News for you; I have got a Place for myſelf now.

Mrs. *May*. Oh, ho! then you will Vote for my Lord at laſt?

Mayor.

Mayor. No, my Dear, Sir *Harry* is to give me a Place.

Mrs. *May.* A Place in his Dog kennel?

Mayor. No, 'tis ſuch a one as you never could have got me from my Lord, I am to be made an Embaſſador.

Mrs. *May.* What, is Sir *Harry* going to change Sides then, that he is to have all this Intereſt?

Mayor. No, but the Sides are going to be changed; and Sir *Harry* is to be——I don't know what to call him, not I,——ſome very great Man; and as ſoon as he is a very great Man, I am to be made an Embaſſador of.

Mrs. *May.* Made an Aſs of! Will you never learn of me, that a Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Buſh?

Mayor. Yes, but I can't find that you had the Bird in Hand; if that had been the Caſe, I don't know what I might have done; but I am ſure any Man's Promiſe is as good as a Courtier's.

Mrs. *May.* Look'e, Mr. *Embaſſador*, that is to be; will you Vote as I would have you, or no? I am weary of arguing with a Fool any longer; ſo, Sir, I tell you you muſt Vote for my Lord and the Colonel, or I'll make the Houſe too hot to hold you; I'll ſee whether my poor Family is to be ruin'd becauſe you have Whims.

Miſs. I know he is a *Jacobite* in his Heart.

Mrs. *May.* What ſignifies what he is in his Heart; have not a Hundred, whom every Body knows to be as great *Jacobites* as he, acted like very good Whigs? What has a Man's Heart to do with his Lips? I don't trouble my Head with what he thinks, I only deſire him to Vote.

Miſs. I am ſure Mama is a very reaſonable Woman.

Mrs. *May.* Yes, I am too reaſonable a Woman, and have uſed gentle Methods too long; but I ll try others.

[*Goes to a Corner of the Stage, and takes a Stick.*

Mayor. Nay then, Liberty and Property, and no Exciſe! [*Runs off.*

Mrs *May.* I'll Exciſe you, you Villain.

[*Runs after him.*

Miſs.

Miſs. Hey ho! I wiſh ſomebody were here now; would the Man that I love beſt in the World were here, that I might uſe him like a Dog.

Fuſt. Is not that a very odd Wiſh, Mr. *Trapwit?*

Trap. No, Sir; don't all the young Ladies in Plays uſe all their Lovers ſo? Should we not loſe half the beſt Scenes in our Comedies elſe?

Promp. Pray, Gentlemen, don't diſturb the Rehearſal ſo; Where is this Servant? [*Enter Servant.*] Why don't you mind your Cue?

Serv. O, ay, Dog's my Cue.——Madam, here's Miſs *Stitch*, the Taylor's Daughter, come to wait on you.

Miſs. Shew her in.———What can the impertinent Flirt want with me? She knows I hate her too, for being of the other Party; however, I'll be as civil to her as I can.

Enter Miſs Stitch.

Dear Miſs! your Servant; this is an unexpected Favour.

Miſs *Stitch.* I am ſure, Madam, you have no Reaſon to ſay ſo; for tho' we are of different Parties, I have always coveted your Acquaintance. I can't ſee why People may not keep their Principles to themſelves. [*Aſide.*

Miſs. Pray, Miſs, ſit down. Well, have you any News in Town?

Miſs *Stitch.* I don't know, my Dear; for I have not been out theſe three Days; and I have been imploy'd all that time in reading one of the *Craftſmen*; 'tis a very pretty one; I have almoſt got it by Heart.

Miſs. [*Aſide.*] Saucy Flirt! ſhe might have ſpared that to me, when ſhe knows that I hate the Paper.

Miſs *Stitch.* But I ask your Pardon, my Dear, I know you never read it.

Miſs. No, Madam, I have enough to do to read the *Daily Gazetteer.* My Father has ſix of 'em ſent him every Week, for nothing; they are very pretty Papers, and I wiſh you would read them, Miſs.

Miſs *Stitch.* Fie upon you; how can you read what's writ by an Old Woman?

Miſs. An Old Woman, *Miſs?*

Miſs *Stitch.* Yes, Miſs; by Mrs. *Osborne*——Nay it is in vain to deny it to me.

Miſs. I deſire, Madam, we may diſcourſe no longer on this Subject; for we ſhall never agree on it.

Miſs *Stitch.* Well then, pray let me ask you ſeriouſly —are you thoroughly ſatisfied with this Peace?

Miſs. Yes, Madam, and think you ought to be ſo too.

Miſs. *Stitch.* I ſhould like it well enough, if I were ſure the Queen of *Spain* was to be truſted.

Miſs. [*Riſing.*] Pray, Miſs, none of your Inſinuations againſt the Queen of *Spain.*

Miſs *Stitch.* Don't be in a Paſſion, Madam.

Miſs. Yes, Madam, but I will be in a Paſſion, when the Intereſt of my Country is at Stake.

Miſs *Stitch.* [*Riſing.*] Perhaps, Madam, I have a Heart as warm in the Intereſt of my Country as you can have; tho' I pay Money for the Papers I read, Madam, and that's more than you can ſay.

Miſs. Miſs, Miſs, my Papers are paid for too by ſomebody, tho' I don't pay for them; I don't ſuppoſe the Old Woman, as you call her, ſends 'em about at her own Expence; but I'd have you to know, Miſs, I value my Money as little as you in my Country's Cauſe; and rather than have no Army, I would part with every Farthing of theſe Sixteen Shillings to maintain it.

Miſs *Stitch.* And if my Sweet-heart was to Vote for the Colonel, tho' I like this Fan of all the Fans I ever ſaw in my Life, I would tear it all to Pieces, becauſe it was his *Valentine*'s Gift to me.—Oh! Heavens! I have torn my Fan; I would not have torn my Fan for the World! Oh! my poor dear Fan!——I wiſh all Parties were at the Devil, for I am ſure I ſhall never get a Fan by them.

Miſs

Miſs. Notwithſtanding all you have ſaid, Madam, I ſhould be a Brute not to pity you under this Calamity; comfort yourſelf, Child, I have a Fan the exact Fellow to it; if you will bring your Sweet-heart over to Vote for the Colonel, you ſhall have it.

Miſs *Stitch.* And can I ſell my Country for a Fan? What's my Country to me? I ſhall never get a Fan by it. ——And will you give it me for nothing?

Miſs. I'll make you a free Preſent of it.

Miſs *Stitch.* I am aſham'd of your Conqueſt, but I'll take the Fan.

Miſs. And now, my Dear, we'll go and drink a Diſh of Tea together.

And let all Parties blame me, if they can,
Who're brib'd by Honours trifling as a Fan.

[*Ex. Miſſes.*

Trap. There ends Act the Fourth. If you want to know the Moral of this, the Devil muſt be in you: Faith, this Incident of the Fan ſtruck me ſo ſtrongly, that I was once going to call this Comedy by the Name of the Fan. But, come, now for Act the Fifth.

Promp. Sir, the Player who is to begin it is juſt ſtept aſide on ſome Buſineſs; he begs you would ſtay a few Minutes for him.

Trap. Come, *Fuſtian*, you and I will ſtep into the Green-Room, and chat with the Actreſſes mean while.

Fuſt. But don't you think theſe Girls improper Perſons to talk of Parties?

Trap. Sir, I aſſure you it is not out of Nature: And I have often heard theſe Affairs canvaſt by Men, who had not one whit more Underſtanding than theſe Girls.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Trapwit, Fuſtian, *and* Sneer-well.

Trap. FIE upon't, fie upon't, make no Excuſes.

Sneer. Conſider, Sir, I am my own Enemy.

Trap. I do conſider that you might have paſt your time, perhaps, here as well as in another Place.

Sneer. But I hope I have not tranſgreſs'd much—

Trap. All's over, Sir, all's over; you might as well have ſtay'd away entirely; the Fifth Act's beginning, and the Plot's at an End.

Sneer. What's the Plot at an End before the Fifth Act is begun?

Trap. No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end,——but we are ſo far advanced in it, that it will be impoſſible for you to comprehend or underſtand any thing of it.

Fuſt. You have too mean an Opinion of Mr. *Sneer-well*'s Capacity; I'll engage he ſhall underſtand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

Trap. Sir, I can't help your want of Underſtanding, or Apprehenſion; 'tis not my Fault if you cannot take a hint, Sir; would you have a Cataſtrophe in every Act? Oons and the Devil, have not I promiſed you, you ſhould know all by and by——but you are ſo impatient.——

Fuſt. I think you have no Reaſon to complain of my want of Patience; Mr. *Sneer-well*, be eaſy; 'tis but one ſhort Act before my Tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it. *Trapwit*, I wiſh you would begin.

Trap.

Trap. I wiſh ſo too. Come, Prompter; are the Members in their Chairs?

Promp. Yes, Sir.

Trap. Then carry them over the Stage; but hold, hold, hold, where is the Woman to ſtrew the Flowers?

[*The Members are carried over the Stage.*

Hollow, Mob, Hollow, Hollow; Oons, Mr. *Prompter*, you muſt get more Mob to Hollow, or theſe Gentlemen will never be believed to have had the Majority.

Promp. Sir, I can get no more Mob, all the reſt of the Mob are gone to St. *James*'s Park to ſee the Show.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. *Trapwit*, who are theſe Gentlemen in the Chairs?

Trap. Ay, Sir, this is your ſtaying away ſo long; if you had been here the firſt four Acts, you would have known who they were.

Fuſt. Dear *Sneer-well*, ask him no more Queſtions; if you enquire into every Abſurdity you ſee, we ſhall have no Tragedy to-day.

Trap. Come, Mr. *Mayor* and Mrs. *Mayoreſs*.

Enter Mayor *and Mrs.* Mayoreſs.

Mayor. So, now you have undone yourſelf your own way; you have made me Vote againſt my Conſcience and Intereſt too, and now I have loſt both Parties.

Mrs. *May.* How have you loſt both Parties?

Mayor. Why, my Lord will never remember my Voting for him, now he has loſt the Day; and Sir *Harry*, who has won it, will never forgive my Voting againſt him: Let which Side will be uppermoſt, I ſhall have no Place till the next Election.

Mrs. *May.* It will be your own Fault then, Sir; for you have it now in your Power to oblige my Lord more than ever; go and return my Lord and the Colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your Buſineſs with him yet.

Mayor. Return 'em, my Dear? Why there was a Majority of two or three-ſcore againſt 'em.

Mrs. *May.* A Fig for a Majority of two or three-ſcore; if there had been a Majority of as many Hundreds, you'll never be call'd to an Account for returning them; and when you have return'd 'em, you'll have done all in your Power: How can you expect that great Men ſhould do any thing to ſerve you, if you ſtick at any thing to ſerve them?

Mayor. My Conſcience boggles at this thing——but yet it is impoſſible I ſhould ever get any thing by the other Side.

Mrs. *May.* Ay, let that ſatisfy your Conſcience, that it is the only way to get any thing.

Mayor. Truly, I think it has.

Sneer. I think, Mr. *Trapwit*, *Intereſt* would be a better Word there than *Conſcience*.

Trap. Ay, *Intereſt*, or *Conſcience*, they are Words of the ſame Meaning: But I think Conſcience rather politer of the two, and moſt uſed at Court.

Mrs. *May.* Beſides, it will do a Service to your Town, for half of them muſt be carried to *London* at the Candidates Expence, and I dare ſwear there is not one of them, whatever Side he Votes of, but would be glad to put the Candidate to as much Expence as he can in an honeſt way. [*Exit* Mayor.

Enter Miſs *crying*.

Miſs. Oh, Mama, I have grieved myſelf to Death at the Court Party's loſing the Day; for if the others ſhould have a Majority in the Houſe, what would become of us? Alas! we ſhould not go to *London*.

Mrs. *May.* Dry up your Tears, my Dear, all will be well; your Father ſhall return my Lord and the Colonel; and we ſhall have a controverted Election; and we will go to *London*, my Dear.

Miſs. Shall we go to *London?* Then I am eaſy; but if we had ſtaid here, I ſhould have broke my Heart for the

the Love of my Country.——Since my Father returns them, I hope Juſtice will find ſome Friends above, where People have Senſe enough to know the right Side from the left; however, happen what will, there is ſome Conſolalation in going to *London*.

Mrs. *May*. But I hope you have conſider'd well what my Lord told you; that you will not ſcruple going into Keeping: Perhaps you will have it in your Power to ſerve your Family, and it would be a great Sin not to do all you can for your Family.

Miſs. I have dreamt of nothing but Coaches and ſix, and Balls, and Treats, and Shows, and Maſquerades ever ſince.

Fuſt. Dreamt, Sir? Why, I thought the Time of your Comedy had been confined to the ſame Day, Mr. *Trapwit*.

Trap. No, Sir, it is not; but ſuppoſe it was, might ſhe not have taken an After-noon's Nap?

Sneer. Ay, or Dreamt waking, as ſeveral People do.

Enter Lord Place *and Colonel* Promiſe.

L. *Place*. Madam, I am come to take my Leave of you; I am very ſenſible of my many Obligations to you, and ſhall remember them till the next Election, when I will wait on you again; nay, I don't queſtion but we ſhall carry our Point yet, tho' they have given us the Trouble of a Petition.

Mrs. *May*. No, no, my Lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevail'd on my Husband to return you and the Colonel.

L. *Place*. To return us, Madam?

Mrs. *May*. Yes, my Lord, as duly elected; and when we have return'd you ſo, it will be your own Fault if you don't prove yourſelf ſo.

L. *Place*. Madam, this News has ſo tranſported my Spirits, that I fear ſome ill Effect, unleſs you inſtantly give me a Dram.

Mrs. *May.* If your Lordſhip pleaſe to walk with me into my Cloſet, I'll equip your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Trap. How do you like that Dram, Sir?

Sneer. Oh! moſt excellent!

Fuſt. I can't ſay ſo, unleſs I taſted it.

Trap. Faith, Sir, if it had not been for that Dram, my Play had been at an end.

Fuſt. The Devil take the Dram, with all my Heart.

Trap. Now, Mr. *Fuſtian*, the Plot, which has hitherto been only carried on by Hints, and open'd itſelf like the infant Spring by ſmall and imperceptible Degrees to the Audience, will diſplay itſelf, like a Ripe Matron, in its full Summer's Bloom; and cannot, I think, fail with its attractive Charms, like a Loadſtone, to catch the Admiration of every one like a Trap, and raiſe an Applauſe like Thunder, till it makes the whole Houſe like a Hurricane. I muſt deſire a ſtrict Silence through this whole Scene. Colonel, ſtand you ſtill on this ſide of the Stage; and, Miſs, do you ſtand on the oppoſite.—— There, now look at each other.

[*A long Silence here.*

Fuſt. Pray, Mr. *Trapwit*, is no body ever to ſpeak again?

Trap. Oh! the Devil! You have interrupted the Scene; after all my Precautions the Scene's deſtroy'd; the beſt Scene of Silence that ever was pen'd by Man. Come, come, you may ſpeak now; you may ſpeak as faſt as you pleaſe.

Col. Madam, the Army is very much obliged to you for the Zeal you ſhew for it: Me it has made your Slave for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy, unleſs you conſent to Marry me.

Miſs. Ha! and can you be ſo generous to forgive all my ill Uſage of you?

Fuſt. What ill Uſage, Mr. *Trapwit?* For if I miſtake not, this is the firſt time theſe Lovers ſpoke to one another.

Trap.

Trap. What ill Uſage, Sir? a great deal, Sir.

Fuſt. When, Sir? Where, Sir?

Trap. Why, behind the Scenes, Sir. What, would you have every thing brought upon the Stage? I intend to bring ours to the Dignity of the *French* Stage; and I have *Horace*'s Advice on my Side; we have many Things both ſaid and done in our Comedies, which might be better perform'd behind the Scenes: The *French*, you know, baniſh all Cruelty from their Stage; and I don't ſee why we ſhould bring on a Lady in ours, practiſing all manner of Cruelty upon her Lover: beſides, Sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you ſome Comedies, if I would, where a Woman is brought in for four Acts together, behaving to a worthy Man in a Manner for which ſhe almoſt deſerves to be hang'd; and in the Fifth, forſooth, ſhe is rewarded with him for a Husband: Now, Sir, as I know this hits ſome Taſtes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every Lady a Latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever Manner ſhe would have her.

Sneer. Well ſaid, my little *Trap*: But pray let us have the Scene.

Trap. Go on, Miſs, if you pleaſe.

Miſs. I have ſtruggled with myſelf to put you to ſo many Trials of your Conſtancy; nay, perhaps have indulged myſelf a little too far in the innocent Liberties of abuſing you, tormenting you, coqueting, lying, and jilting; which as you are ſo good to forgive, I do faithfully promiſe to make you all the amends in my Power, by making you a good Wife.

Trap. That ſingle Promiſe, Sir, is more than any of my Brother Authors had ever the Grace to put into the Mouth of any of their fine Ladies yet; ſo that the Hero of a Comedy is left in a much worſe Condition than the Villain of a Tragedy, and I would chooſe rather to be hang'd with the one, than married with the other.

Sneer. Faith, *Trapwit*, without a Jeſt, thou art in the right on't.

Fuſt. Go on, go on, dear Sir, go on.

Col. And can you be ſo generous, ſo great, ſo good? Oh! load not thus my Heart with Obligations, leſt it ſink beneath its Burden: Oh! could I live a hundred thouſand Years, I never could repay the Bounty of that laſt Speech; Oh! my Paradiſe!

Eternal Honey drops from off your Tongue!
And when you ſpoke, then *Farinelli* ſung!

Trap. Open your Arms, Miſs, if you pleaſe; remember you are no Coquet now: How pretty this looks! don't it? [*Mimicking her.*] Let me have one of your beſt Embraces, I deſire; do it once more, pray—There, there, that's pretty well; you muſt practiſe this behind the Scenes. [*Exeunt* Miſs *and* Col.

Sneer. Are they gone to practiſe now, Mr. *Trapwit?*

Trap. You're a Joker, Mr. *Sneer-well*; you're a Joker.

Enter L. Place, Mayor, *and Mrs.* Mayoreſs.

L. *Place.* I return you my hearty Thanks, Mr. *Mayor*, for this Return; and in return of the Favour I will certainly do you a very good Turn very ſhortly.

Fuſt. I wiſh the Audience don't do you an ill Turn, Mr. *Trapwit*, for that laſt Speech.

Sneer. Yes, faith, I think I would cut out a Turn or two.

Trap. Sir, I'll ſooner cut off an Ear or two; Sir, that's the very beſt Thing in the whole Play———Come, enter the *Colonel* and *Miſs*——Married.

Sneer. Upon my word they have been very expeditious.

Trap. Yes, Sir, the Parſon underſtands his Buſineſs, he has ply'd ſeveral Years at the Fleet.

Enter

Enter Colonel *and* Miſs. [*They kneel.*

Col. } Sir and Madam, your Bleſſing.
Miſs. }

Mayor. } Ha!
Mrs. *May.* }

Col. Your Daughter, Sir and Madam, has made me the happieſt of Mankind.

Mrs. *May.* Colonel, you know you might have had my Conſent; why did you chooſe to marry without it? However I give you both my Bleſſing.

Mayor. And ſo do I.

L. *Place.* Then call in my Brother Candidates, we will ſpend this Night in Feaſt and Merriment.

Fuſt. What has made theſe two Parties ſo ſuddenly Friends, Mr. *Trapwit?*

Trap. What? why the Marriage, Sir; the uſual Reconciler at the End of a Comedy. I would not have concluded without every Perſon on the Stage for the World.

L. *Place.* Well, Colonel, I ſee you are ſetting out for Life, and ſo I wiſh you a good Journey.

And you, Gallants, from what you have ſeen to-night,
If you are wrong, may ſet your Judgments right;
Nor, like our Miſſes, about Bribing quarrel,
When *better Herring* is in *neither Barrel.*

[*Man.* Fuſt. Trap. *and* Sneer.

Trap. Thus ends my Play, Sir.

Fuſt. Pray, Mr. *Trapwit*, how has the former Part of it conduced to this Marriage?

Trap. Why, Sir, do you think the Colonel would ever had her, but on the Proſpect her Father has from this Election?

Sneer. Ay, or to ſtrengthen his Intereſt with the returning Officer.

Trap. Ay, Sir, I was juſt going to ſay ſo.

Sneer. But where's your Epilogue?

Trap. Faith, Sir, I can't tell what I ſhall do for an Epilogue.

Sneer. What! have you writ none

Trap. Yes, faith, I have writ one, but——

Sneer. But what?

Trap. Faith, Sir, I can get no one to ſpeak it; the Actreſſes are ſo damn'd difficult to pleaſe——When firſt I writ it they would not ſpeak it, becauſe there were not double Entendres enough in it; upon which I went to Mr. *Watt*'s, and borrow'd all his Plays; went Home, read over all the Epilogues, and cram'd it as full as poſſible; and now, forſooth, it has too many in it. Oons, I think we muſt get a Pair of Scales, and weigh out a ſufficient Quantity of that ſame ——

Fuſt. Come, come, Mr. *Trapwit*, clear the Stage if you pleaſe.

Trap. With all my Heart; for I have overſtay'd my Time already; I am to read my Play to-day to ſix different Companies of Quality.

Fuſt. You'll ſtay and ſee the Tragedy rehears'd, I hope.

Trap. Faith, Sir, it is my great Misfortune that I can't; I deny myſelf a great Pleaſure, but cannot poſſibly ſtay——to hear ſuch damn'd Stuff as I know it muſt be. [*Aſide.*

Sneer. Nay, dear *Trapwit*, you ſhall not go——Conſider your Advice may be of ſome Service to Mr. *Fuſtian*; beſide he has ſtay'd the Rehearſal of your Play——

Fuſt. Yes, I have——and kept myſelf awake with much Difficulty. [*Aſide.*

Trap. Nay, nay, you know I can't refuſe you—— tho' I ſhall certainly fall aſleep in the firſt Act. [*Aſide.*

Sneer. If you'll let me know who your People of Quality are, I'll endeavour to bring you off.

Trap.

Trap. No, no, hang me if I tell you, Ha, ha, ha! I know you too well—But, pr'ythee now tell me, *Fuſtian*, how doſt thou like my Play? Doſt think it will do?

Fuſt. 'Tis my Opinion it will.

Trap. Give me a Guinea, and I'll give you a Crown a-night as long as it runs.

Sneer. That's laying againſt yourſelf, Mr. *Trapwit.*

Trap. I love a Hedge, Sir.

Fuſt. Before the Rehearſal begins, Gentlemen, I muſt beg your Opinion of my Dedication; you know, a Dedication is generally a Bill drawn for Value therein contained; which Value is a Set of nauſeous fulſome Compliments, which my Soul abhors and ſcorns; for I mortally hate Flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

Sneer. Yes, faith, a Dedication without Flattery will be worth the ſeeing.

Fuſt. Well, Sir, you ſhall ſee it. Read it, dear *Trapwit*; I hate to read my own Works.

Trap. [Reads.] *My Lord, at a Time when Nonſenſe, Dulneſs, Lewdneſs, and all Manner of Profaneneſs and Immorality are daily practiſed on the Stage, I have prevail'd on my Modeſty to offer to your Lordſhip's Protection a Piece, which, if it has no Merit to recommend it, has at leaſt no Demerit to diſgrace it; nor do I queſtion at this, when every one elſe is dull, you will be pleas'd to find one Exception to the Number.*

I cannot indeed help aſſuming to myſelf ſome little Merit from the Applauſe, which the Town has ſo univerſally conferr'd upon me.———

Fuſt. That you know, Mr. *Sneer-well*, may be omitted, if it ſhould meet with any ill-natured Oppoſition; for which Reaſon I ſhall not print off my Dedication 'till after the Play is acted.

Trap. [Reads.] *I might here indulge myſelf with a Delineation of your Lordſhip's Character; but as I abhor*

the

the leaſt Imputation of Flattery, and as I am certain your Lordſhip is the only Perſon in this Nation that does not love to hear your Praiſes, I ſhall be ſilent——only this give me Leave to ſay, That you have more Wit, Senſe, Learning, Honour and Humanity, than all Mankind put together; and your Perſon comprehends in it every Thing that is beautiful; your Air is every Thing that is graceful, your Look every Thing that is majeſtick, and your Mind is a Storehouſe, where every Virtue and every Perfection are lodged: To paſs by your Generoſity, which is ſo great, ſo glorious, ſo diffuſive, that like the Sun it eclipſes, and makes Stars *of all your other Virtues——I could ſay more——*

Sneer. Faith, Sir, that's more than I could——

Trap. *But ſhall commit a Violence upon myſelf, and conclude with aſſuring your Lordſhip, that I am, my Lord, your Lordſhip's moſt obedient, moſt devoted, moſt obſequious, and moſt obliged humble Servant.*

Fuſt. There you ſee it, Sir, conciſe, and not fulſome.

Sneer. Very true, Sir, if you had ſaid leſs it would not have done.

Fuſt. No, I think leſs would have been down-right rude, conſidering it was to a Perſon of the firſt Quality.

Sneer. Pr'ythee, *Trapwit*, let's ſee yours.

Trap. I have none, Sir.

Fuſt. How, Sir, no Dedication?

Trap. No, Sir; for I have dedicated ſo many Plays, and received nothing for them, that I am reſolved to truſt no more: I'll let no more Flattery go out of my Shop without being paid before-hand.

Fuſt. Sir, Flattery is ſo cheap, and every Man of Quality keeps ſo many Flatterers about him, that e'gad our Trade is quite ſpoil'd; but if I am not paid for this Dedication, the next I write ſhall be a ſatirical one; if they won't pay me for opening my Mouth, I'll make them pay me for ſhutting it. But ſince you have been ſo kind, Gentlemen, to like my Dedication, I'll venture

venture to let you ſee my Prologue. Sir, I beg the Favour of you to repeat the Prologue, if you are perfect in it. [*To a Player.*

Player. Sir, I'll do it to the beſt of my Power.

Fuſt. This Prologue was writ by a Friend.

PROLOGUE.

WHen Death's ſharp Scythe has mow'd the Hero down,
The Muſe again awakes him to Renown;
She tells proud Fate that all her Darts are vain,
And bids the Hero live, and ſtrut about again:
Nor is ſhe only able to reſtore,
But ſhe can make what ne'er was made before:
Can ſearch the Realms of Fancy, and create
What never came into the Brain of Fate.
Forth from theſe Realms, to entertain to Night,
She brings imaginary Kings and Queens to light,
Bids Common-Senſe in Perſon mount the Stage,
And Harlequin to ſtorm in Tragick Rage.
Britons, *attend; and decent Reverence ſhew*
To her, who made th' Athenian *Boſoms glow;*
Whom the undaunted Romans *could revere,*
And who in Shakeſpear's *Time was worſhipp'd here;*
If none of theſe can her Succeſs preſage,
Your Hearts at leaſt a Wonder may engage:
Oh! Love her like her Siſter Monſters of the Age.

Sneer. Faith, Sir, your Friend has writ a very fine Prologue.

Fuſt. Do you think ſo? Why then, Sir, I muſt aſſure you, that Friend is no other than myſelf. But come, now for the Tragedy. Gentlemen, I muſt deſire you all to clear the Stage, for I have ſeveral Scenes which I could wiſh it as big again for.

2*d* Player

2d Player *enters and whiſpers* Trapwit.

2d *Player.* Sir, a Gentlewoman deſires to ſpeak to you.

Trap. Is ſhe in a Chair?

2d *Player.* No, Sir, ſhe is in a Riding-Hood, and ſays ſhe has brought you a clean Shirt. [*Exit* Player.

Trap. I'll come to her ——— Mr. *Fuſtian*, you muſt excuſe me a Moment; a Lady of Quality hath ſent to take ſome Boxes. [*Exit* Trap.

Promp. Common-Senſe, Sir, deſires to ſpeak with you in the *Green-Room.*

Fuſt. I'll wait upon her.

Sneer. You ought, for it is the firſt Meſſage, I believe, you ever received from her. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt* Fuſt. *and* Sneer.

Enter a Dancer.

Danc. Look'e, Mr. *Prompter*, I expect to Dance firſt Goddeſs; I will not Dance under Miſs *Minuet*; I am ſure I ſhew more to the Audience than any Lady upon the Stage.

Promp, Madam, it is not my Buſineſs.

Danc. I don't know whoſe Buſineſs it is; but I think the Town ought to be the Judges of a Dancer's Merit; I am ſure they are on my Side; and if I am not uſed better, I'll go to *France*; for now we have got all their Dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of ſome of ours.

Promp. Hey-day, what's the Matter?

[*A Noiſe within.*

Enter Player.

Player. The Author and *Common-Senſe* are quarreling in the *Green-Room.*

Promp. Nay, then that's better worth ſeeing than any thing in the Play. [*Exit* Promp.

Danc. Hang this Play, and all Plays; the Dancers are the only People that ſupport the Houſe; if it were not

not for us they might Act their *Shakeſpear* to empty Benches.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Fuſtian, *and* Sneer-well.

Fuſt. THESE little things, Mr. *Sneer-well*, will ſometimes happen. Indeed a Poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his Third Night; firſt with the Muſes, who are humourous Ladies, and muſt be attended; for if they take it into their Head at any time to go abroad and leave you, you will pump your Brain in vain: Then, Sir, with the Maſter of a *Play-houſe* to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a Year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then perhaps he tells you it won't do, and returns it you again, reſerving the Subject, and perhaps the Name, which he brings out in his next *Pantomime*; but if he ſhould receive the Play, then you muſt attend again to get it writ out into Parts, and Rehears'd. Well, Sir, at laſt the Rehearſals begin; then, Sir, begins another Scene of Trouble with the Actors, ſome of whom don't like their Parts, and all are continually plaguing you with Alterations: At length, after having waded tho' all theſe Difficulties, his Play appears on the Stage, where one Man Hiſſes out of Reſentment to the Author; a Second out of Diſlike to the Houſe; a Third out of Diſlike to the Actor; a Fourth out of Diſlike

Diſlike to the Play; a Fifth for the Joke ſake; a Sixth to keep all the reſt in Company. Enemies abuſe him, Friends give him up, the Play is damn'd, and the Author goes to the Devil, ſo ends the Farce.

Sneer. The Tragedy rather, I think, Mr. *Fuſtian.* But what's become of *Trapwit?*

Fuſt. Gone off, I ſuppoſe; I knew he would not ſtay; he is ſo taken up with his own performances, that he has no Time to attend any others. But come, *Prompter*, will the Tragedy never begin?

Enter Prompter.

Promp. Yes, Sir, they are all ready; come draw up the Curtain.

Firebrand, Law *and* Phyſick *diſcover'd.*

Sneer. Pray, Mr. *Fuſtian*, who are theſe Perſonages?

Fuſt. That in the middle, Sir, is *Firebrand*, Prieſt of the Sun; he on the Right repreſents *Law*, and he on the Left *Phyſick.*

Fireb. Avert theſe Omens, ye Auſpicious Stars!

Fuſt. What Omens? where the Devil is the Thunder and Light'ning?

Promp. Why don't you let go the Thunder there? and flaſh your Roſin? [*Thunder and Light'ning.*

Fuſt. Now, Sir, begin if you pleaſe. I deſire, Sir, you will get a larger Thunder-Bowl, and two Pennyworth more of Light'ning againſt the Repreſentation. Now, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Fireb. Avert theſe Omens, ye auſpicicious Stars!
Oh *Law!* Oh *Phyſick!* As laſt Even late
I offer'd Sacred Incenſe in the Temple,
The Temple ſhook: Strange Prodigies appear'd:
A Cat in Boots did Dance a *Rigadoon*,
While a huge Dog play'd on the Violin;
And whilſt I trembling at the Altar ſtood,
Voices were heard i' th' Air, and ſeem'd to ſay,

Awake

Awake my drowſy Sons, and ſleep no more:
They muſt mean ſomething!——
Law. Certainly they muſt ——
We have our Omens too! The other Day
A mighty Deluge ſwam into our Hall,
As if it meant to waſh away the Law:
Lawyers were forc'd to ride on Porters Shoulders;
One, O Prodigious Omen! tumbled down,
And he and all his Briefs were ſous'd together.
Now, if I durſt my Sentiments declare,
I think it is not hard to gueſs the Meaning.
Fireb. Speak boldly; by the Powers I ſerve, I ſwear
You ſpeak in Safety, even tho' you ſpeak
Againſt the Gods, provided that you ſpeak
Not againſt Prieſts.
Law. What then can the Powers
Mean by theſe Omens, but to rouſe us up
From the Lethargick Sway of *Common-Senſe?*
And well they urge, for while that drowſy Queen
Maintains her Empire, what becomes of us?
Phyſ. My Lord of *Law*, you ſpeak my Sentiments;
For tho' I wear the Mask of Loyalty
And outwards ſhew a Reverence to the Queen,
Yet in my Heart I hate her: Yes, by Heav'n
She ſtops my proud Ambition! Keeps me down
When I would ſoar upon an Eagle's Wing,
And thence look down and doſe the World below.
Law. Thou know'ſt, my Lord of *Phyſick*, I had long
Been privileg'd by Cuſtom immemorial,
In Tongues unknown, or rather none at all,
My Edicts to deliver thro' the Land;
When this proud Queen, this *Common-Senſe*, abridg'd
My Power, and made me underſtood by all.
Phyſ. My Lord, there goes a Rumour thro' the Court,
That you deſcended from a Family
Related to the Queen; Reaſon is ſaid
T' have been the mighty founder of your Houſe.

Law.

Law. Perhaps ſo; but we have rais'd ourſelves ſo high,
And ſhook this Founder from us off ſo far,
We hardly deign to own from whence we came.

Fireb. My Lords of *Law* and *Phyſick*, I have heard,
With perfect Approbation, all you've ſaid;
And ſince I know you Men of noble Spirit,
And fit to undertake a glorious Cauſe,
I will divulge myſelf: Know, thro' this Mask,
Which to impoſe on vulgar Minds I wear,
I am an Enemy to *Common-Senſe*;
But this not for Ambition's earthly Cauſe,
But to enlarge the Worſhip of the Sun:
To give his Prieſts a juſt Degree of Power,
And more than half the Profits of the Land.
Oh! my good Lord of *Law*, wouldſt you aſſiſt,
In ſpite of *Common-Senſe* it may be done.

Law. Propoſe the Method.

Fireb. Here ſurvey this Liſt,
In it you'll find a certain Set of Names,
Whom well I know ſure Friends to *Common-Senſe*;
Theſe it muſt be our Care to repreſent
The greateſt Enemies to the Gods and her.
But huſh, the Queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, attended by two Maids of Honour.

Fuſt. What! but two Maids of Honour?

Promp. Sir, a *Jew* carried off the other, but I ſhall be able to pick up ſome more againſt the Play is acted.

Q. C. S. My Lord of *Law*, I ſent for you this Morning;
I have a ſtrange Petition given to me;
Two Men, it ſeems, have lately been at Law
For an Eſtate, which both of them have loſt,
And their Attorneys now divide between them.

Law. Madam, theſe things will happen in the Law.

Q. C. S.

Q. C. S. Will they, my Lord? then better we had none:
But I have alſo heard a ſweet Bird ſing,
That Men unable to Diſcharge their Debts
At a ſhort Warning, being ſued for them,
Have, with both Power and Will their Debts to pay,
Lain all their Lives in Priſon for their Coſts.

Law. That may perhaps be ſome poor Perſon's Caſe,
Too mean to entertain your Royal Ear.

Q. C. S. My Lord, while I am Queen I ſhall not think
One Man too mean, or poor, to be redreſs'd;
Moreover, Lord, I am inform'd your Laws
Are grown ſo large, and daily yet encreaſe,
That the great Age of old *Methuſalem*
Would ſcarce ſuffice to read your Statutes out.

Fireb. Madam, a more important Cauſe demands
Your Royal Care; Strange Omens have appear'd,
Sights have been ſeen, and Voices have been heard;
The Gods are angry, and muſt be appeas'd,
Nor do I know to that a readier Way
Than by beginning to appeaſe their Prieſts,
Who groan for Power, and cry out after Honour.

Q. C. S. The Gods indeed, have Reaſon for their Anger,
And Sacrifices ſhall be offer'd to them;
But would you make 'em welcome; Prieſt, be meek,
Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront
The Sun you worſhip, while yourſelves prevent
That Happineſs to Men you ask of him.

Enter an Officer.

Q. C. S. What means this haſty Meſſage in your Looks?

Offic. Forgive me, Madam, if my Tongue declares
News for your ſake, which moſt my Heart abhors;
Queen *Ignorance* is landed in your Realm,

With a vaſt Power from *Italy* and *France*
Of Singers, Fidlers, Tumblers, and Rope-dancers.
Q. C S. Order our Army inſtantly to get
Themſelves in readineſs; ourſelf will Head 'em.
My Lords, you are concern'd as well as we,
T' oppoſe this foreign Force, and we expect
You join us with your utmoſt Levies ſtraight;
Go, Prieſt, and drive all frightful Omens hence;
To fright the Vulgar they are your Pretence,
But ſure the Gods will ſide with *Common-Senſe*.
[*Exit cum ſuis.*

Fireb. They know their Intereſt better; or at leaſt
Their Prieſts do for 'em, and themſelves. Oh! Lords,
This Queen of *Ignorance*, whom you have heard
Juſt now deſcrib'd, in ſuch a horrid Form,
Is the moſt Gentle, and moſt Pious Queen;
So fearful of the Gods, that ſhe believes
Whate'er their Prieſts affirm. And by the Sun,
Faith is no Faith, if it falls ſhort of that.
I'd be infallible! And that, I know,
Will ne'er be granted me by *Common-Senſe*:
Wherefore I do diſclaim her, and will join
The Cauſe of *Ignorance*. And now, my Lords,
Each to his Poſt.——The *Roſtrum* I aſcend,
My Lord of *Law*, you to your Courts repair;
And you, my good Lord *Phyſick*, to the Queen;
Handle her Pulſe, potion and pill her well.

Phyſ. Oh! my good Lord, had I her Royal Ear,
Would ſhe but take the Counſel I would give,
You'd need no Foreign Power to overthrow her:
Yes, by the Gods! I would with one ſmall Pill
Unhinge her Soul, and tear it from her Body;
But to my Art and me a deadly Foe,
She has averr'd, ay, in the publick Court,
That *Walter Gruel* is the beſt Phyſician;
For which, when ſhe's forgiven by the College,

Or

Or when we own the Sway of *Common-Senſe*,
May we be forc'd to take our own Preſcriptions.

Fireb. My Lord of *Phyſick*, I applaud thy Spirit;
Yes, by the Sun, my Heart laughs loud within me,
To ſee how eaſily the World's deceiv'd;
To ſee this *Common-Senſe* thus tumbled down
By Men, whom all the cheated Nations own
To be the ſtrongeſt Pillars of her Throne.

[*Exeunt* Fireb. Law *and* Phyſ.

Fuſt. Thus ends the Firſt Act, Sir.

Sneer. This Tragedy of yours, Mr. *Fuſtian*, I obſerve to be Emblematical; do you think it will be underſtood by the Audience?

Fuſt. Sir, I cannot anſwer for the Audience; tho' I think the Panegyrick intended by it is very plain, and very ſeaſonable.

Sneer. What Panegyrick?

Fuſt. On our Clergy, Sir, at leaſt the beſt of them, to ſhew the Difference between a Heathen and a Chriſtian Prieſt. And as I have touch'd only on generals, I hope I ſhall not be thought to bring any thing improper on the Stage, which I would carefully avoid.

Sneer. But is not your Satire on Law and Phyſick ſomewhat too general?

Fuſt. What is ſaid here cannot hurt either an honeſt Lawyer, or a good Phyſician; and ſuch may be, nay, I know ſuch are: If the Oppoſites to theſe are the moſt general, I cannot help that; as for the Profeſſors themſelves, I have no great Reaſon to be their Friend, for they once join'd in a particular Conſpiracy againſt me.

Sneer. Ay, how ſo?

Fuſt. Why, an Apothecary brought me in a long Bill, and a Lawyer made me pay it.

Sneer. Ha, ha, ha! a Conſpiracy indeed.

Fuſt. Now, Sir, for my Second Act; my Tragedy conſiſts but of Three.

Sneer. I thought that had been immethodical in Tragedy.

Fuſt. That may be; but I ſpun it out as long as I could keep *Common-Senſe* alive; ay, or even her Ghoſt. Come begin the Second Act.

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Common-Senſe *aſleep.*

Sneer. Pray, Sir, who's that upon the Couch there?

Fuſt. I thought you had known her better, Sir. That's *Common-Senſe* aſleep.

Sneer. I ſhould rather have expected her at the Head of her Army.

Fuſt. Very likely, but you do not underſtand the practical Rules of Writing as well as I do; the firſt and greateſt of which is Protraction, or the Art of Spinning, without which the Matter of a Play would loſe the chief Property of all other Matter, namely, Extenſion; and no Play, Sir, could poſſibly laſt longer than half an Hour. I perceive, Mr. *Sneer-well*, you are one of thoſe who would have no Character brought on, but what is neceſſary to the Buſineſs of the Play.——Nor I neither——But the Buſineſs of the Play, as I take it, is to Divert, and therefore every Character that Diverts, is neceſſary to the Buſineſs of the Play.

Sneer. But how will the Audience be brought to conceive any probable Reaſon for this Sleep?

Fuſt. Why, Sir, ſhe has been meditating on the preſent general Peace of *Europe*, 'till by too intenſe an Application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, ſhe was over-power'd, and fell faſt aſleep. Come, ring up the firſt Ghoſt. [*Ghoſt ariſes.*

You know that Ghoſt?

Sneer.

Sneer. Upon my Word, Sir, I can't recollect any Acquaintance with him.

Fuſt. I am ſurpriz'd at that, for you muſt have ſeen him often: that's the Ghoſt of *Tragedy*, Sir; he has walk'd all the Stages of *London* ſeveral Years; but why are not you flower'd?——What the Devil is become of the Barber?

Ghoſt. Sir, he's gone to *Drury-Lane* Play-houſe to ſhave the Sultan in the New Entertainment.

Fuſt. Come, Mr. *Ghoſt*, pray begin.

Ghoſt. From the dark Regions of the Realms below,
The Ghoſt of *Tragedy* has ridden Poſt;
To tell thee, *Common-Senſe*, a thouſand Things,
Which do import thee nearly to attend; [*Cock crows.*
But ha! the curſed Cock has warn'd me hence;
I did ſet out too late, and therefore muſt
Leave all my Buſineſs to ſome other time.
[*Ghoſt deſcends.*

Sneer. I preſume this is a Character neceſſary to Divert; for I can ſee no great Buſineſs he has fulfill'd.

Fuſt. Where's the ſecond Ghoſt?

Sneer. I thought the Cock had crow'd.

Fuſt. Yes, but the ſecond Ghoſt need not be ſuppoſed to have heard it. Pray, Mr. *Prompter*, obſerve, the Moment the firſt Ghoſt deſcends, the ſecond is to riſe: They are like the Twin-Stars in that.

[*Second Ghoſt riſes.*

2 *Ghoſt.* Awake, great *Common-Senſe*, and ſleep no more,
Look to thyſelf; for then, when I was ſlain,
Thyſelf was ſtruck at: Think not to ſurvive
My Murder long; for while thou art on Earth,
The Convocation will not meet again.
The Lawyers cannot rob Men of their Rights;
Phyſicians cannot doſe away their Souls:
A Courtier's Promiſe will not be believ'd;

Nor broken Citizens again be truſted.
A thouſand News-Papers cannot ſubſiſt,
In which there is not any News at all.
Play houſes cannot flouriſh, while they dare
To Nonſenſe give an Entertainment's Name.
Shakeſpear and *Johnſon*, *Dryden*, *Lee*, and *Row*,
Thou wilt not bear to yield to *Sadler's*-Wells;
Thou wilt not ſuffer Men of Wit to ſtarve,
And Fools, for only being Fools, to thrive.
Thou wilt not ſuffer Eunuchs to be hired,
At a vaſt Price, to be impertinent. [*Third Ghoſt riſes.*

3 *Ghoſt*. Dear Ghoſt, the Cock has crow'd; you cannot get
Under the Ground a Mile before 'tis Day.

2 *Ghoſt*. Your humble Servant then, I cannot ſtay.
[*Ghoſt deſcends.*

Fuſt. Thunder and Light'ning! Thunder and Light'ning! Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. *Fuſtian*, why muſt a Ghoſt always riſe in a Storm of Thunder and Light'ning? for I have read much of that Doctrine, and don't find any mention of ſuch Ornaments.

Fuſt. That may be, but they are very neceſſary: They are indeed properly the Paraphernalia of a Ghoſt.

Sneer. But, pray, whoſe Ghoſt was that?

Fuſt. Whoſe ſhould it be, but *Comedy*'s. I thought when you had been told the other was *Tragedy*, you would have wanted no Intimation who this was. Come, *Common-Senſe*, you are to awake and rub your Eyes.

Q. C. S. [*waking.*] Who's there?

Enter Maid of Honour.

Did you not hear or ſee ſome wond'rous thing?

Maid. No, may it pleaſe your Majeſty, I did not.

Q. C. S. I was a-dream'd I over-heard a Ghoſt.

Maid. In the next Room I cloſely did attend,
And had a Ghoſt been here I muſt have heard him.

Enter

Enter Firebrand.

Q. C. S. Prieſt of the Sun, you come moſt opportune,
For here has been a dreadful Apparition:
As I lay ſleeping on my Couch, methought
I ſaw a Ghoſt.

Sneer. Then I ſuppoſe ſhe ſleeps with her Eyes open.

Fuſt. Why, you would not have *Common-Senſe* ſee a Ghoſt, unleſs in her Sleep, I hope.

Fireb. And if ſuch Toleration
Be ſuffer'd, as at preſent you maintain,
Shortly your Court will be a Court of Ghoſts.
Make a huge Fire, and burn all Unbelievers,
Ghoſts will be hang'd ere venture near a Fire.

Q. C. S. Men cannot force belief upon themſelves,
And ſhall I then by Torture force it on them?

Fireb. The Sun will have it ſo.

Q. C. S. How do I know that?

Fireb. Why I, his Prieſt infallible, have told you.

Q. C. S. How do I know you are infallible?

Fireb. Ha? do you doubt it? nay, if you doubt that,
I will prove nothing——But my Zeal inſpires me,
And I will tell you, Madam, you yourſelf
Are a moſt deadly Enemy to the Sun,
And all his Prieſts have greateſt Cauſe to wiſh
You had been never born.

Q. C. S. Ha! ſay'ſt thou, Prieſt?
Then know I honour and adore the Sun!
And when I ſee his Light, and feel his Warmth,
I glow with flaming Gratitude toward him;
But know, I never will adore a Prieſt,
Who wears Pride's Face beneath Religion's Mask,
And makes a Pick-Lock of his Piety,
To ſteal away the Liberty of Mankind.
But while I live, I'll never give thee Power.

Fireb. Madam, our Power is not deriv'd from you,
Nor any one: 'Twas ſent us in a Box

From the great Sun himſelf, and Carriage paid:
Phaeton brought it when he overturn'd
The Chariot of the Sun into the Sea.

Q. C. S. Shew me the Inſtrument, and let me read it.

Fireb. Madam, you cannot read it; for being thrown Into the Sea, the Water has ſo damag'd it,
That none but Prieſts could ever read it ſince.

Q. C. S. And do you think I can believe this Tale?

Fireb. I order you to believe it, and you muſt.

Q. C. S. Proud and imperious Man, I can't believe it.

Religion, Law and Phyſick, were deſign'd,
By Heaven the greateſt Bleſſings on Mankind;
But Prieſts, and Lawyers, and Phyſicians made
Theſe general Goods to each a private Trade;
With each they rob, with each they fill their Purſes,
And turn our Benefits into our Curſes. [*Exit.*

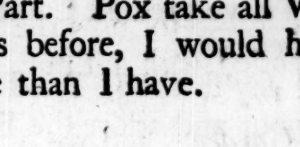
Fuſt. Law and *Phyſick.* Where's *Law?*

Enter Phyſick.

Phyſ. Sir, *Law*, going without the Play-Houſe-Paſſage, was taken up by a Lord Chief-Juſtice's Warrant.

Fireb. Then we muſt go on without him.

Fuſt. No, no, ſtay a Moment; I muſt get ſomebody elſe to rehearſe the Part. Pox take all Warrants for me; if I had known this before, I would have ſatirized the Law ten times more than I have.



ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Fuſtian, Sneer-well, Prompter, Firebrand, Law *and* Phyſick.

Fuſt. I Am glad you have made your Eſcape; but I hope you'll make the Matter up before the Day of Action: come, Mr. *Firebrand*, now if you pleaſe go on; the Moment *Common-Senſe* goes off the Stage, *Law* and *Phyſick* enter.

Fireb. Oh! my good Lords of *Phyſick* and of *Law*,
Had you been ſooner here you would have heard
The haughty Queen of *Common-Senſe* throw out
Abuſes on us all.

Law. I am not now
To learn the Hatred which ſhe bears to me.
No more of that ——— for now the warlike Queen
Of *Ignorance*, attended with a Train
Of Foreigners, all Foes to *Common-Senſe*,
Arrives at *Covent-Garden*; and we ought
To join her inſtantly with all our Force.
At *Temple-Bar* ſome Regiments parade,
The Colonels, *Clifford*, *Thaves*, and *Furnival*,
Thro' *Holborn* lead their Powers to *Drury-Lane*.
Attorneys, all compleatly arm'd in Braſs,
Theſe Bailiffs, and their Followers, will join
With Juſtices, and Conſtables, and Watchmen.

Phyſ. In *Warwick-Lane* my Powers expect me now,
A hundred Chariots, with a Chief in each,
Well-fam'd for Slaughter, in his Hand he bears
A feather'd Dart, that ſeldom errs in Flight.
Next march a Band of choice Apothecaries,
Each arm'd with deadly Pill; a Regiment
Of Surgeons terrible maintain the Rear,
All ready firſt to kill, and then diſſect.

Fireb My Lords, you merit greatly of the Queen,
And *Ignorance* ſhall well repay your Deeds;
For I foretel, that by her Influence,
Men ſhall be brought, (what ſcarce can be believ'd,)
To bribe you with large Fees to their Undoing.
Succeſs attend your glorious Enterprize;
I'll go and beg it earneſt of the Sun:
I, by my Office, am from Fight debarr'd,
But I'll be with you ere the Booty's ſhar'd.

[*Exeunt* Firebrand, Law *and* Phyſick.

Fuſt Now, Mr. *Sneer-well*, we ſhall begin my Third and laſt Act; and I believe I may defy all the Poets who have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its Equal: It is, Sir, ſo cram'd with Drums and Trumpets, Thunder and Lightning, Battles and Ghoſts, that I believe the Audience will want no Entertainment after it; it is as full of Shew as *Merlin*'s Cave itſelf, and for Wit—no Rope-Dancing or Tumbling can come near it. Come, begin.

[*A ridiculous March is play'd.*

Enter Queen Ignorance, *attended with Singers, Fidlers, Rope-Dancers, Tumblers,* &c.

Q. *Ign.* Here fix our Standard; what is this Place call'd?

1ſt *Atten.* Great Madam, *Covent-Garden* is its Name.

Q. *Ign.*

Q. *Ign.* Ha! then methinks we have ventured too far,
Too near thoſe Theatres, where *Common-Senſe*
Maintains her Garriſons of mighty Force;
Who, ſhould they ſally on us ere we're join'd
By *Law* and *Phyſick*, may offend us much.
[*Drum beats within.*
But ha! what means this Drum?

1ſt *Atten.* It beats a Parly, not a Point of War.

Enter Harlequin.

Harl. To you, great Queen of *Ignorance*, I come
Embaſſador from the two Theatres.
Who both congratulate you on your Arrival;
And to convince you with what hearty Meaning
They ſue for your Alliance, they have ſent
Their choiceſt Treaſure here as Hoſtages,
To be detain'd 'till you are well convinc'd,
They're not leſs Foes to *Common-Senſe* than you.

Q. *Ign.* Where are the Hoſtages?

Harl. Madam, I have brought
A Catalogue, and all therein ſhall be
Deliver'd to your Order; but conſider,
Oh mighty Queen! they offer you their All;
And gladly, for the leaſt of theſe would give
Their Poets and their Actors in Exchange.

Q. *Ign.* Read the Catalogue.

Harl. [*Reads.*] A tall Man, and a tall Woman,
Hired at a vaſt Price.
A ſtrong Man exceeding dear.
Two Dogs that walk on their hind Legs only, and perſonate human Creatures ſo well, they might be miſtaken for them.
A human Creature that perſonates a Dog ſo well, that he might almoſt be taken for one.
Two Human Cats.
A moſt curious Set of Puppies.

A Pair of Pidgeons.
A Set of Rope-Dancers and Tumblers, from *Sadler*'s-Wells.

Q. *Ign.* Enough, enough; and is it poſſible
That they can hold Alliance with my Friends
Of *Sadler*'s-Wells? then are they Foes indeed
To *Common-Senſe*, and I'm indebted to 'em.
Take back their Hoſtages, for they may need 'em;
And take this Play, and bid 'em forthwith act it;
There is not in it either Head or Tail.

Harl. Madam, they will moſt gratefully receive it.
The Character you give would recommend it,
Tho' it had come from a leſs powerful Hand.

Q. *Ign.* The *Modiſh Couple* is its Name; myſelf
Stood Goſſip to it, and I will ſupport
This Play againſt the Town.

1ſt *Atten.* Madam, the Queen
Of *Common-Senſe* advances with her Powers.

Q. *Ign.* Draw up my Men; I'll meet her as I ought;
This Day ſhall end the long Diſpute between us.

Enter Queen Common-Senſe *with a* Drummer.

Fuſt. Hey Day! where's *Common-Senſe*'s Army?

Prompt. Sir, I have ſent all over the Town, and could not get one Soldier for her, except that poor *Drummer* who was lately turn'd out of an *Iriſh* Regiment.

Drum. Upon my Shoul but I have been a Drummer theſe Twenty Years, Maſter, and have ſeen no Wars yet; and I was willing to learn a little of my Trade before I died.

Fuſt. Huſh, Sirrah, don't you be witty; that is not in your Part.

Drum. I don't know what is in my Part, Sir; but I deſire to have ſomething in it; for I have been tired of Doing a great while.

Fuſt.

Fuſt. Silence.

Q. C. S. What is the Reaſon, Madam, that you bring
Theſe hoſtile Arms into my peaceful Realm?

Q. Ign. To eaſe your Subjects from that dire Oppreſſion
They groan beneath, which longer to ſupport
Unable, they invited my Redreſs.

Q. C. S. And can my Subjects then complain of Wrong?
Baſe and ungrateful! what is their Complaint?

Q. Ign. They ſay you do impoſe a Tax of Thought
Upon their Minds, which they're too weak to bear.

Q. C. S. Would'ſt thou from Thinking then abſolve Mankind?

Q. Ign. I wou'd, for thinking only makes Men wretched;
And Happineſs is ſtill the Lot of Fools.
Why ſhould a wiſe Man wiſh to think, when Thought
Still hurts his Pride? In ſpite of all his Art,
Malicious Fortune, by a lucky Train
Of Accidents, ſhall ſtill defeat his Schemes,
And ſet the greateſt Blunderer above him.

Q. C. S. Urgeſt thou that againſt me, which thyſelf
Has been the wicked Cauſe of? Which thy Power,
Thy Artifice, thy Favourites have done?
Could *Common-Senſe* bear univerſal Sway,
No Fool could ever poſſibly be great.

Q. Ign. What is this Folly, which you try to paint
In Colours ſo deteſtable and black?
Is't not the general Gift of Fate to Men,
And tho' ſome few may boaſt ſuperior Senſe,
Are they not call'd Odd Fellows by the reſt?

In

In any Science, if this Senſe peep forth,
Shew Men the Truth, and ſtrive to turn their Steps
From Ways wherein their groſs Foreſathers err'd,
Is not the generał Cry againſt them ſtraight?

Sneer. This *Ignorance*, Mr. *Fuſtian*, ſeems to know a great deal.

Fuſt. Yes, Sir, ſhe knows what ſhe has ſeen ſo often; but you find ſhe miſtakes the Cauſe, and *Common-Senſe* can never beat it into her.

Q. *Ign.* Senſe is the Parent ſtill of Fear; the Fox,
Wiſe Beaſt, who knows the Treachery of Men,
Flies their Society, and ſculks in Woods,
While the poor Gooſe, in Happineſs and Eaſe,
Fearleſs grows fat within its narrow Coop,
And thinks the Hand that feeds it is its Friend.
Then yield thee, *Common-Senſe*, nor raſhly dare
Try a vain Combat with ſuperior Force.

Q. *C. S.* Know, Queen, I never will give up the Cauſe
Of all theſe Followers, when at the Head
Of all theſe Heroes I reſign my Right,
May my curſt Name be blotted from the Earth.

Sneer. Methinks *Common-Senſe* tho' ought to give it up, when ſhe has no more to defend it.

Fuſt. It does indeed look a little odd at preſent; but I'll get her an Army ſtrong enough againſt it's Acted. Come, go on.

Q. *Ign.* Then thus I hurl Defiance at thy Head.
Draw all your Swords.

Q. *C. S.* And Gentlemen draw yours.

Q. *Ign.* Fall on, have at thy Heart. [*A Fight.*

Q. *C. S.* And have at thine.

Fuſt. Oh, fy upon't, fy upon't, I never ſaw a worſe Battle in all my Life upon any Stage. Pray, Gentlemen, come ſome of you over to the other ſide.

Sneer. Theſe are *Swiſs* Soldiers, I perceive, Mr. *Fuſtian*; they care not which ſide they fight of.

Fuſt.

Fuſt. Now begin again, if you pleaſe, and fight away; pray fight as if you were in earneſt, Gentlemen. [*They fight.*] Oons, Mr. *Prompter*, I fancy you hired theſe Soldiers out of the Train'd-Bands, they are afraid to fight even in Jeſt. [*They fight again.*] There, there, pretty well; I think, Mr. *Sneer-well*, we have made a ſhift to make out a good ſort of a Battle at laſt.

Sneer. Indeed I cannot ſay I ever ſaw a better.

Fuſt. You don't ſeem, Mr. *Sneer-well*, to reliſh this Battle greatly.

Sneer. I cannot profeſs myſelf the greateſt Admirer of this Part of Tragedy; and I own my Imagination can better conceive the Idea of a Battle from a ſkilful Relation of it, than from ſuch a Repreſentation; for my Mind is not able to enlarge the Stage into a vaſt Plain, nor multiply half a Score into ſeveral Thouſands.

Fuſt. Oh! your humble Servant; but if we write to pleaſe you, and half a dozen others, who will pay the Charges of the Houſe? Sir, if the Audience will be contented with a Battle or two, inſtead of all the Raree-ſhow Shows exhibited to them in what they call Entertainments.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. *Fuſtian*, how came they to give the Name of Entertainments to their Pantomimical Farces?

Fuſt. Faith, Sir, out of their peculiar Modeſty: intimating that after the Audience have been tired with the dull Works of *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon*, *Vanbrugh*, and others, they are to be entertain'd with one of theſe *Pantomimes*, of which the Maſter of the *Play-Houſe*, two or three Painters, and half a Score Dancing-Maſters are the Compilers: What theſe Entertainments are, I need not inform you who have ſeen 'em; but I have often wond'red how it was poſſible for any Creature of human Underſtanding, after having

having been diverted for three Hours with the Productions of a great Genius, to ſit for three more, and ſee a Set of People running about the Stage after one another, without ſpeaking one Syllable, and playing ſeveral Jugling Tricks, which are done at *Fawks*'s after a much better manner; and for this, Sir, the Town does not only pay additional Prices, but loſe ſeveral fine Parts of their beſt Authors, which are cut out to make room for the ſaid Farces.

Sneer. It's very true, and I have heard a hundred ſay the ſame thing, who never fail'd being preſent at them.

Fuſt. And while that happens they will force any Entertainment upon the Town they pleaſe, in ſpight of its Teeth. [*Ghoſt of* Common-Senſe *riſes.*] Oons, and the Devil, Madam! What's the meaning of this? You have left out a Scene; was ever ſuch an Abſurdity, as for your Ghoſt to appear before you are kill'd.

Ghoſt. I ask Pardon, Sir, in the Hurry of the Battle I forgot to come and kill myſelf.

Fuſt. Well, let me wipe the Flower off your Face then; and now if you pleaſe Rehearſe the Scene; take care you don't make this Miſtake any more tho'; for it would inevitably damn the Play, if you ſhould. Go to the Corner of the Scene, and come in as if you had loſt the Battle.

Q. C. S. Behold the Ghoſt of *Common-Senſe* appears.

Fuſt. 'Sdeath, Madam, I tell you you are no Ghoſt,
You are not kill'd.

Q. C. S. Deſerted and forlorn, where ſhall I fly?
The Battle's loſt, and ſo are all my Friends.

Enter

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Madam, not ſo, ſtill have you one Friend left.

Q. C. S. Why, what art thou?

Poet. Madam, I am a Poet.

Q. C. S. Whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt a Friend to Miſery,
Know, *Common-Senſe* diſclaims thee.

Poet. I have been damn'd
Becauſe I was your Foe, and yet I ſtill
Courted your Friendſhip with my utmoſt Art.

Q. C. S. Fool, thou wert damn'd becauſe thou didſt pretend
Thyſelf my Friend; for hadſt thou boldly dar'd,
Like *Hurlothrombo*, to deny me quite;
Or like an Opera or Pantomime,
Profeſt the cauſe of Ignorance in publick,
Thou might'ſt have met with thy deſir'd Succeſs;
But Men can't bear even a Pretence to Me.

Poet. Then take a Ticket for my Benefit Night.

Q. C. S. I will do more, for *Common-Senſe* will ſtay
Quite from your Houſe, ſo may you not be damn'd.

Poet. Ha! Say'ſt thou? By my Soul a better Play
Ne'er came upon a Stage; but ſince you dare
Contemn me thus, I'll dedicate my Play
To *Ignorance*, and call her *Common-Senſe*:
Yes, I will dreſs her in your Pomp, and ſwear
That *Ignorance* knows more than all the World. [*Exit.*

Enter Firebrand.

Fireb. Thanks to the Sun for this deſir'd Encounter.

Q. C. S. Oh! Prieſt, all's loſt; our Forces are o'erthrown,
Some gaſping lie, but moſt are run away.

Fireb. I knew it all before, and told you too
The Sun has long been out of Humour with you.

Q. C. S. Doſt thou then lay upon the Sun the Faults
Of all thoſe Cowards, who forſook my Cauſe?

Fireb. Thoſe Cowards all were moſt religious Men,
And I beſeech the Sun to ſhine upon them.

Q. C. S. Oh Impudence, and dar'ſt thou to my Face?———

Fireb. Yes I dare more——the Sun preſents you this,
[*Stabs her.*
Which I his faithful Meſſenger deliver.

Q. C. S. Oh! Traytor, thou haſt murder'd *Common-Senſe.*
Farewel vain World! to *Ignorance* I give thee,
Her leaden Sceptre ſhall henceforward rule.
Now, Prieſt, indulge thy wild ambitious Thoughts,
Men ſhall embrace thy Schemes, 'till thou haſt drawn
All worſhip from the Sun upon thy Self:
Henceforth all things ſhall topſy turvy turn;
Phyſick ſhall kill, and Law enſlave the World:
Cits ſhall turn Beaus, and taſte *Italian* Songs,
While Courtiers are Stock-jobbing in the City.
Places, requiring Learning and great Parts,
Henceforth ſhall all be huſled in a Hat,
And drawn by Men deficient in them both.
Stateſmen ——— but Oh! cold Death will let me ſay
No more——and you muſt gueſs & *cætera.* [*Dies.*

Fireb. She's gone, but ha! It may beſeem me ill
T'appear her Murderer; I'll therefore lay
This Dagger by her Side, and that will be
Sufficient Evidence, with a little Money,
To make the Coroner's Inqueſt find Self-Murder.
I'll preach her Funeral Sermon, and deplore

Her

Her Loſs with Tears, praiſe her with all my Art;
Good *Ignorance* will ſtill believe it all. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen Ignorance, *&c.*

Q. *Ign.* Beat a Retreat, the Day is now our own,
The Powers of *Common-Senſe* are all deſtroy'd;
Thoſe that remain are fled away with her.
I wiſh, Mr. *Fuſtian*, this Speech be Common-Senſe.

Sneer. How the Devil ſhould it, when he's dead?

Fuſt. One would think ſo, when a Cavil is made againſt the beſt thing in the whole Play; and I would willingly part with any thing elſe but thoſe two Lines.

Harl. Behold! where welt'ring in her Blood ſhe lies.—
I wiſh, Sir, you would cut out that Line, or alter it if you pleaſe.

Fuſt. That's another Line that I won't part with; I would conſent to cut out any thing, but the chief Beauties of my Play.

Harl. Behold the bloody Dagger by her Side,
With which ſhe did the Deed.

Q. *Ign.* 'Twas nobly done!
I envy her her Exit, and will pay
All Honours to her Duſt,——bear hence her Body,
And let her lie in State in *Goodman's-Fields.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Madam, I come an Envoy from *Crane Court*,
The great Society that there aſſemble
Congratulate your Victory, and requeſt
That firm Alliance henceforth may ſubſiſt
Between your Majeſty's Society
Of *Grubſtreet* and themſelves: They rather beg
That they may be united both in one;
They alſo hope your Majeſty's Acceptance
Of certain Curioſities, which in
That Hamper are contain'd; wherein you'll find

A Horſe's Tail, which has a Hundred Hairs
More than are uſual in't; and a Tooth
Of Elephant, full half an Inch too long;
With Turn-pike Ticket like an ancient Coin.

Q. *Ign.* We gracefully accept their bounteous Gifts;
And order they be kept with proper Care,
Till we do build a Place moſt fit to hold
Theſe precious Toys: Tell your Society
We ever did eſteem them of great Worth,
And our firm Friends: And tell 'em 'tis our Pleaſure
They do prepare to dance a Jig before us.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

My Lords of *Law* and *Phyſick*, you ſhall find
I w not be ungrateful for your Service:
To you, good *Harlequin*, and your Allies,
And you, *Squeekaronelly*, I will be
A moſt propitious Queen——But ha!

[*Muſick under the Stage.*

What hideous Muſick, or what Yell is this?
Sure 'tis the Ghoſt of ſome poor Opera Tune.

Sneer. The Ghoſt of a Tune, Mr. *Fuſtian?*

Fuſt. Ay, Sir, did you never hear one before? I had once a Mind to have brought the Apparition of Muſick in Perſon upon the Stage, in the Shape of an *Engliſh* Opera. Come, Mr. *Ghoſt of the Tune*, if you pleaſe to appear in the Sound of ſoft Muſick, and let the Ghoſt of *Common-Senſe* riſe to it.

[*Ghoſt of* Common-Senſe *riſes to ſoft Muſick.*

Ghoſt. Behold the Ghoſt of *Common Senſe* appears.
Caitiffs avaunt, or I will ſweep you off,
And clean the Land from ſuch infernal Vermin.

Q. *Ign.* A Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! haſte, ſcamper off my Friends; we have kill'd the Body, and I know the Ghoſt will have no Mercy upon us.

Omn. A Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! [*Run off.*

Ghoſt. The Coaſt is clear, and to her native Realms
Pale Ignorance with all her Hoſt is fled;

Whence

Whence ſhe will never dare invade us more:
Here, tho' a Ghoſt, I will my Power maintain,
And all the Friends of Ignorance ſhall find,
My Ghoſt, at leaſt, they cannot baniſh hence.
And all henceforth, who murder *Common-Senſe*,
Learn from theſe Scenes that tho' Succeſs you boaſt,
You ſhall at laſt be haunted with her Ghoſt.

Sneer. I am glad you make *Common-Senſe* get the better at laſt; I was under terrible Apprehenſions for your Moral.

Fuſt. Faith, Sir, this is almoſt the only Play where ſhe has got the better lately. But now for my Epilogue, if you pleaſe to begin, Madam.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Ghoſt. THE *Play once done, the* Epilogue, *by Rule,*
Should come and turn it all to Ridicule;
Should tell the Ladies that the Tragic-Bards,
Who prate of Virtue and her vaſt Rewards,
Are all in Jeſt, and only Fools ſhould heed 'em;
For all wiſe Women *flock to* Mother Needham.
This is the Method Epilogues *purſue,*
But we to-Night in every thing are new.
Our Author then in Jeſt thro'out the Play,
Now begs a ſerious Word or two to ſay.
Baniſh all Childiſh Entertainments hence;
Let all that boaſt your Favour have pretence,
If not to ſparkling Wit, at leaſt to Senſe.
With ſoft Italian *Notes indulge your Ear,*
But let thoſe Singers, who are bought ſo dear,
Learn to be civil for their Cheer at leaſt;
Nor uſe like Beggars thoſe who give the Feaſt.
And tho' while Muſick for herſelf may carve,
Poor Poetry, her Siſter-Art, muſt ſtarve;
Starve her, at leaſt, with Shew of Approbation,
Nor ſlight her, while you ſearch the whole Creation,
For all the Tumbling-Scum of every Nation.
Can the whole World *in Science match our Soil?*
Have they a Locke, *a* Newton, *or a* Boyle?
Or dare the greateſt Genius of their Stage,
With Shakeſpear, *or immortal* Ben *engage?*
Content with Nature's Bounty, do not crave
The little which to other Lands ſhe gave;
Nor, like the Cock, a Barley-Corn prefer
To all the Jewels which you owe to her.

FINIS.

THE

HISTORICAL REGISTER,

For the YEAR 1736.

As it is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE

In the *HAY-MARKET.*

To which is added a very Merry TRAGEDY, called

EURYDICE HISS'D,

OR,

A WORD *to the* WISE.

Both written by the Author of *Paſquin.*

To theſe are prefixed a long Dedication to the Publick, and a Preface to that Dedication.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS at the *Printing-Office* in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

MDCCXLI. Price One Shilling.

PREFACE

TO THE

DEDICATION.

AS no Man hath a more ſtern and inflexible Hatred to Flattery than my ſelf, it hath been uſual with me to ſend moſt of my Performances into the World without the Ornament of thoſe Epiſtolary Prefaces, commonly called Dedications; a Cuſtom however highly cenſured by my Bookſeller, who affirms it a moſt unchriſtian Practice: A Patron is, ſays he, a kind of God-father to a Book, and a good Author ought as carefully to provide a Patron to his Works, as a good Parent ſhould a God-father to his Children: He carries this very far and draws ſeveral Reſemblances between thoſe two Offices (for having, in the Courſe of his Trade with Dramatick Writers, purchaſed,

at a moderate Computation, the Fee-ſimple of one hundred thouſand Similes, he is perhaps the moſt expert in their Application, and moſt capable of ſhewing Likeneſſes, in things utterly unlike, of any Man living) What, ſays he, does more Service to a Book, or raiſes Curioſity in the Reader, equal with-------dedicated to his Grace the Duke of-------or the Right Honourable the Earl of-----in an Advertiſement? I think the Patron here may properly be ſaid *to give a Name* to the Book----and if he gives a Preſent alſo; what doth he leſs than a Godfather? which Preſent if the Author applies to his own Uſe, what doth he other than the Parent? He proceeds to ſhew how a Bookſeller is a kind of dry Nurſe to our Works, with other Inſtances which I ſhall omit, having already ſaid enough to prove the exact Analogy between Children and Books, and of the Method of providing for each; which I think affords a ſufficient Precedent for throwing the following Piece on the Publick, it having been uſual for ſeveral very prudent Parents to act by their Children in the ſame Manner.

DEDICATION

TO THE

PUBLICK.

I HOPE you will pardon the Preſumption of this Dedication, ſince I really did not know in what manner to apply for your Leave; and ſince I expect no Preſent in return: (the Reaſon I conceive, which firſt introduc'd the Ceremony of asking Leave among Dedicators:) For ſurely it is ſomewhat abſurd to ask a Man Leave to flatter him; and he muſt be a very impudent or ſimple Fellow, or both, who will give it. Asking Leave to dedicate, therefore,

is asking whether you will pay for your Dedication, and in that Senſe I believe it underſtood by both Authors and Patrons.

But farther, the very candid Reception which you have given theſe Pieces, pleads my Excuſe. The leaſt Civility to an Author or his Works, hath been held, Time immemorial, a juſt Title to a Dedication, which is perhaps no more than an honeſt Return of Flattery, and in this Light I am certain no one ever had ſo great (I may call it) an Obligation as my ſelf, ſeeing that you have honour'd this my Performance with your Preſence every Night of its Exhibition, where you have never failed ſhewing the greateſt Delight and Approbation; nor am I leſs oblig'd to you for thoſe Elogiums which you have been heard in all Places to------but hold, I am afraid this is an ingenious way which Authors have diſcovered to convey inward Flattery to themſelves, while outwardly they addreſs it to their Patron: Wherefore I ſhall be ſilent on this Head, having more Reaſons to give why I choſe you to patronize theſe Pieces: And

Firſt, The Deſign with which they are writ; for tho' all Dramatick Entertainments are properly calculated for the Publick, yet theſe, I may affirm, more particularly belong to you: as your Diverſion is not merely intended by them, their Deſign being to convey ſome Hints, which may, if you pleaſe, be of infinite Service in

in the preſent State of that Theatrical World whereof they treat, and which is I think, at preſent ſo far from flouriſhing as one cou'd wiſh, that I have with Concern obſerved ſome Steps lately taken, and others too juſtly apprehended, that may much endanger the Conſtitution of the *Britiſh* Theatre: For tho' Mr.—— be a very worthy Man, and my very good Friend, I cannot help thinking his Manner of proceeding ſomewhat too arbitrary, and his Method of buying Actors at exhorbitant Prices to be of very ill conſequence: For the Town muſt reimburſe him theſe Expences, on which Account thoſe advanced Prices ſo much complained of muſt be always continued; which tho' the People in their preſent flouriſhing State of Trade and Riches may very well pay, yet in worſe Times (if ſuch can be ſuppoſed) I am afraid they may fall too heavy, the Conſequence of which I need not mention. Moreover, ſhould any great Genius produce a Piece of moſt exquiſite Contrivance, and which would be highly reliſhed by the Publick, tho' perhaps not agreeable to his own Taſte or private Intereſt; if he ſhould buy off the chief Actors, ſuch Play, however excellent, muſt be unavoidably ſunk, and the Publick loſe all the Benefit thereof. Not to trouble the Reader with more Inconveniencies ariſing from this *Argumentum Argentarium*, many of which are obvious enough——I ſhall only obſerve, that Corruption hath the ſame Influence on all Societies, all Bodies, which it hath on Corporeal Bodies, where we ſee it always pro-

duce an entire Deſtruction and total Change: For which Reaſon, whoever attempteth to introduce Corruption into any Community, doth much the ſame thing, and ought to be treated in much the ſame manner with him who poiſoneth a Fountain in order to diſperſe a Contagion, which he is ſure every one will drink of.

The laſt Excuſe I ſhall make for this Preſumption, is the Neceſſity I have of ſo potent a Patron to defend me from the iniquitous Surmiſes of a certain anonymous dialogous Author, who in *The Gazetteer* of the 17th Inſtant has repreſented *The Hiſtorical Regiſter* as aiming, in Conjunction with *The Miller of Mansfield*, the Overthrow of the M———y. If this Suggeſtion had been inſerted in *The Craftſman* or *Common-Senſe*, or any of thoſe Papers which no Body reads, it might have paſt unanſwered; but as it appears in a Paper of ſo general a Reception as *The Gazetteer*, which lies in the Window of almoſt every Poſthouſe in *England*, it behoves me, I think, in the moſt ſerious Manner, to vindicate myſelf from Aſperſions of ſo evil a Tendency to my future Proſpects. And here I muſt obſerve, that had not Mankind been either very blind or very diſhoneſt, I need not have publickly informed them that *The Regiſter* is a Miniſterial Pamphlet, calculated to infuſe into the Minds of the People a great Opinion of their Miniſtry, and thereby procure an Employment for the Author, who has been often promiſed

one,

one, whenever he would write on that Side. And firſt,

Can any thing be plainer than the firſt Stanza of the Ode?

*This is a * Day, in Days of Yore,*
Our Fathers never ſaw before;
This is a Day 'tis one to ten,
Our Sons will never ſee again.

Plainly intimating that ſuch Times as theſe never were ſeen before, nor will ever be ſeen again; for which the preſent Age are certainly obliged to their Miniſtry.

What can be meant by the Scene of Politicians, but to ridicule the abſurd and inadequate Notions Perſons among us, who have not the Honour to know 'em, have of the Miniſtry and their Meaſures: Nay I have put ſome Sentiments into the Mouths of theſe Characters, which I was a little apprehenſive were too low even for a Converſation at an Alehouſe—— I hope *The Gazetteer* will not find any Reſemblance here, as I hope he will not make ſuch a Compliment to any M——y, as to ſuppoſe that ſuch Perſons have been ever capable of the Aſſurance of aiming at being at the Head of a great People, or to any

---

* *For* Day *in the firſt and third Line, you may read* Man, *if you pleaſe.*

Nation,

Nation, as to ſuſpect 'em contentedly living under ſuch an Adminiſtration.

The Eagerneſs which theſe Gentlemen expreſs at applying all Manner of evil Characters to their Patrons, brings to my Mind a Story I have ſomewhere read; as two Gentlemen were walking the Street together, the one ſaid to the other, upon ſpying the figure of an Aſs hung out——— *Bob*, *Bob*, look yonder, ſome impudent Raſcal has hung out your Picture on a Sign-poſt: The grave Companion, who had the Misforturne to be extremely ſhort-ſighted, fell into a violent Rage, and calling for the Maſter of the Houſe threatned to proſecute him for expoſing his Features in that publick manner: The poor landlord, as you may well conceive, was extremely aſtoniſhed, and denied the Fact; upon which the witty Spark, who had juſt mentioned the Reſemblance, appeals to the Mob now aſſembled together, who ſoon ſmoked the Jeſt, and agreed with him that the Sign was the exact Picture of the Gentleman: At laſt a good-natur'd Man, taking Compaſſion of the poor Figure, whom he ſaw the Jeſt of the Multitude, whiſpered in his Ear; Sir, I ſee your Eyes are bad, and that your Friend is a Raſcal and impoſes on you; the Sign hung out is the Sign of an Aſs, nor will your Picture be here unleſs you draw it yourſelf.

But I ask Pardon for troubling the Reader with an impertinent Story, which can be apply'd only in the above-mentioned Inſtance to my preſent Subject.

I pro-

I proceed in my Defence to the Scene of the Patriots; a Scene which I thought would have made my Fortune, ſeeing that the favourite Scheme of turning Patriotiſm into a Jeſt is ſo induſtriouſly purſued, and I will challenge all the Miniſterial Advocates to ſhew me, in the whole Bundle of their Writings, one Paſſage where falſe Patriotiſm (for I ſuppoſe they have not the Impudence to mean any other) is ſet in a more contemptible and odious Light than in the aforeſaid Scene. I hope too it will be remarked that the Politicians are repreſented as a Set of blundering Blockheads rather deſerving Pity than Abhorrence, whereas the others are repreſented as a Set of cunning ſelf-intereſted Fellows, who for a little paltry Bribe would give up the Liberties and Properties of their Country. Here is the Danger, here is the Rock on which our Conſtitution muſt, if ever it does, ſplit. The Liberties of a People have been ſubdued by the Conqueſt of Valour and Force, and have been betrayed by the ſubtle and dexterous Arts of refined Policy, but theſe are rare Inſtances; for Genius's of this kind are not the Growth of every Age, whereas, if a general Corruption be once introduced, and thoſe, who ſhould be the Guardians and Bulwarks of our Liberty, once find, or think they find an Intereſt in giving it up, no great Capacity will be required to deſtroy it: On the contrary the meaneſt, loweſt, dirtieſt Fellow, if ſuch a one ſhould have ever the Aſſurance in future Ages to mimick Power, and browbeat his Betters, will be as able, as *Machiavel* himſelf

ſelf could have been, to root out the Liberties of the braveſt People.

But I am aware I ſhall be asked, who is this *Quidam*, that turns the Patriots into Ridicule, and bribes them out of their Honeſty? Who but the Devil could act ſuch a Part? Is not this the Light wherein he is every where deſcribed in Scripture, and the Writings of our beſt Divines? Gold hath been always his favourite Bait wherewith he fiſheth for Sinners; and his laughing at the poor Wretches he ſeduceth, is as diabolical an Attribute as any. Indeed it is ſo plain who is meant by this *Quidam*, that he who maketh any wrong Application thereof might as well miſtake the Name of *Thomas* for *John*, or old *Nick* for old *Bob*.

I think I have ſaid enough to aſſure every impartial Perſon of my Innocence, againſt all malicious Inſinuations; and farther to convince them that I am a Miniſterial Writer, (an Honour I am highly ambitious of attaining) I ſhall proceed now to obviate an Opinion entertain'd by too many, that a certain Perſon is ſometimes the Author, often the Corrector of the Preſs, and always the Patron of the *Gazetteer*. To ſhew the Folly of this Suppoſition I ſhall only inſiſt, that all Perſons, tho' they ſhould not afford him any extraordinary Genius, nor any (the leaſt) Taſte in polite Literature, will grant me this *Datum* that the ſaid certain Perſon is a Man of an ordinary Capacity, and a moderate Share of Common-Senſe:

Senſe: Which if allowed, I think it will follow that it is impoſſible he ſhould either write or countenance a Paper written, not only without the leaſt glimmering of Genius, the leaſt Pretenſion to Taſte, but in direct Oppoſition to all Common-Senſe whatever. If any one ſhould ask me, How then is it carried on? I ſhall only anſwer with my Politicians, I cannot tell, unleſs by the Aſſiſtance of the old Gentleman, juſt before mentioned, who would, I think, alone protect or patronize; as I think, indeed, he is the only Perſon who could invent ſome of the Schemes avowed in that Paper, which, if it does not immediately diſappear, I do intend ſhortly to attempt conjuring it down, intending to publiſh a Paper in Defence of the M———y againſt the wicked, malicious, and ſly Inſinuations conveyed in the ſaid Paper.

You will excuſe a Digreſſion ſo neceſſary to take off Surmiſes, which may prove ſo prejudicial to my Fortune; which, however, if I ſhould not be able to accompliſh, I hope you will make me ſome amends for what I ſuffer by endeavouring your Entertainment. The very great Indulgence you have ſhewn my Performances at the little Theatre, theſe two laſt Years, have encouraged me to the Propoſal of a Subſcription for carrying on that Theatre, for beautifying and enlarging it, and procuring a better Company of Actors. If you think proper to ſubſcribe to theſe Propoſals, I aſſure you no Labour ſhall be ſpared on my Side, to entertain

tain you in a cheaper and better Manner than ſeems to be the Intention of any other. If Nature hath given me any Talents at ridiculing Vice and Impoſture, I ſhall not be indolent, nor afraid of exerting them, while the Liberty of the Preſs and Stage ſubſiſts, that is to ſay, while we have any Liberty left among us. I am, to the Publick,

a moſt ſincere Friend,

and moſt devoted Servant.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Medley,	Mr. Roberts.
Sowrwit,	Mr. Lacey.
Lord Dapper,	Mr. Ward.
Ground-Ivy,	Mr. Jones.
Hen, the Auctioneer,	Mrs. Charke.
Apollo's Bastard Son,	Mr. Blakes.
Pistol,	Mr. Davis.
Quidam,	Mr. Smith.
Politicians,	Mr. Jones.
	Mr. Topping.
	Mr. Woodburn.
	Mr. Smith.
	Mr. Macben.
Patriots,	Mr. Topping.
	Mr. Macben.
	Mr. Pullen.
	Mr. Woodburn.
Banter,	Mr. Smith.
Dangle,	Mr. Leruther.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Screen,	Mrs. Haywood.
Mrs. Batter,	Miss Kauer.
Ladies,	Mrs. Charke.
	Mrs. Haywood.
	Mrs. Lacey.
	Miss Jones.

Prompter, Actors, &c.

THE

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Medley,	Mr. *Roberts.*
Sowrwit,	Mr. *Lacey.*
Lord Dapper,	Mr. *Ward.*
Ground-Ivy,	Mr. *Jones.*
Hen, *the Auctioneer*,	Mrs. *Charke.*
Apollo's *Baſtard Son*,	Mr. *Blakes.*
Piſtol,	Mr. *Davis.*
Quidam,	Mr. *Smith.*
Politicians,	Mr. *Jones.*
	Mr. *Topping.*
	Mr. *Woodburn.*
	Mr. *Smith.*
	Mr. *Machen.*
Patriots,	Mr. *Topping.*
	Mr. *Machen.*
	Mr. *Pullen.*
	Mr. *Woodburn.*
Banter,	Mr. *Smith.*
Dangle,	Mr. *Lowthen.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. Screen,	Mrs. *Haywood.*
Mrs. Barter,	Miſs *Kawer.*
Ladies,	Mrs. *Charke.*
	Mrs. *Haywood.*
	Mrs. *Lacey.*
	Miſs *Jones.*

Prompter, Actors, &c.

THE

THE HISTORICAL REGISTER, For the YEAR 1736.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Play-Houſe.*

Enter ſeveral Players.

1 *Player.*

MR. *Emphaſis*, good-morrow, you are early at the Rehearſal this Morning.

Emph. Why, faith, *Jack*, our Beer and Beer ſat but ill on my Stomach, ſo I got up to try if I could not walk it off.

1 *Play.* I wiſh I had any thing in my Stomach to walk off; if Matters do not go better with us ſhortly, my Teeth will forget their Office.

2 *Play.* Theſe are poor Times, indeed, not like the Days of *Paſquin.*

1 *Play.* Oh! name 'em not! thoſe were glorious Days indeed, the Days of Beef and Punch; my Friends, when come there ſuch again?

2 *Play.* Who knows what this new Author may produce? Faith I like my Part very well.

1 *Play.* Nay, if Variety will pleaſe the Town, I am ſure there is enough of it, but I could wiſh, methinks, the Satire had been a little ſtronger, a little plainer.

2 *Play.* Now I think it is plain enough.

1 *Play.* Hum! Ay, it is intelligible; but I wou'd have it downright; 'gad, I fancy I could write a thing to ſucceed, my ſelf.

2 *Play.* Ay, prithee, what Subject wou'dſt thou write on?

1 *Play.* Why, no ſubject at all, Sir, but I would have a humming deal of Satire, and I would repeat in every Page, that Courtiers are Cheats and don't pay their Debts, that Lawyers are Rogues, Phyſicians Blockheads, Soldiers Cowards, and Miniſters ———

2 *Play.* What, what, Sir?

1 *Play.* Nay, I'll only name 'em, that's enough to ſet the Audience a-hooting.

2 *Play.* Zounds, Sir, here is Wit enough for a whole Play in one Speech.

1 *Play.* For one Play, why, Sir, it's all I have extracted out of above a Dozen.

2 *Play.* Who have we here?

1 *Play.* Some Gentlemen, I ſuppoſe, come to hear the Rehearſal.

Enter Sowrwit *and Lord* Dapper.

L. *Dap.* Pray, Gentlemen, don't you rehearſe the *Hiſtorical Regiſter* this Morning?

1 *Play.* Sir, we expect the Author every Minute.

Sowr. What is this *Hiſtorical Regiſter*, is it a Tragedy, or a Comedy?

1 *Play.* Upon my Word, Sir, I can't tell.

Sowr. Then I ſuppoſe you have no Part in it.

1 *Play.* Yes, Sir, I have ſeveral, but-------Oh, here is the Author himſelf, I ſuppoſe he can tell, Sir.

Sowr. Faith, Sir, that's more than I ſuppoſe.

Enter

Enter Medley.

Med. My Lord, your moſt obedient Servant; this is a very great, and unexpected Favour indeed, my Lord. Mr. *Sowrwit*, I kiſs your Hands; I am very glad to ſee you here.

Sowr. That's more than you may be by-and-by, perhaps.

L. *Dap.* We are come to attend your Rehearſal, Sir; Pray, when will it begin?

Med. This very Inſtant, my Lord: Gentlemen, I beg you would be all ready, and let the Prompter bring me ſome Copies for theſe Gentlemen.

Sowr. Mr. *Medley*, you know I am a plain Speaker, ſo you will excuſe any Liberties I take.

Med. Dear Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sowr. Then I muſt tell you, Sir, I am a little ſtagger'd at the Name of your Piece; doubtleſs, Sir, you know the Rules of Writing, and I can't gueſs how you can bring the Actions of a whole Year into the Circumference of four and twenty Hours.

Med. Sir, I have ſeveral Anſwers to make to your Objection; in the firſt Place, my Piece is not of a Nature confin'd to any Rules, as being avowedly irregular, but if it was otherwiſe I think I could quote you Precedents of Plays that neglect them; beſides, Sir, if I compriſe the whole Actions of the Year in half an Hour, will you blame me, or thoſe who have done ſo little in that time? My Regiſter is not to be fill'd like thoſe of vulgar News-Writers with Traſh for want of News, and therefore if I ſay little or nothing, you may thank thoſe who have done little or nothing.

Enter Prompter *with Books.*

Oh! here are my Books.

Sowr. In Print already, Mr. *Medley?*

Med. Yes, Sir, it is the ſafeſt way, for if a Man

ſtays till he is damn'd, it is poſſible he never may get into print at all; the Town is capricious, for which Reaſon always print as faſt as you write, that if they damn your Play, they may not damn your Copy too.

Sowr. Well, Sir, and pray what is your Deſign, your Plot?

Med. Why, Sir, I have ſeveral Plots, ſome pretty deep, and ſome but ſhallow.

Sowr. I hope, Sir, they all conduce to the main Deſign.

Med. Yes, Sir, they do.

Sowr Pray, Sir, what is that?

Med. To divert the Town, and bring full Houſes.

Sowr. Pſhaw! you miſunderſtand me, I mean what is your Moral, your, your, your———

Med. Oh! Sir, I comprehend you———Why, Sir, my Deſign is to ridicule the vicious and fooliſh Cuſtoms of the Age, and that in a fair manner, without Fear, Favour, or Ill-nature, and without Scurrility, ill Manners, or common Place; I hope to expoſe the reigning Follies in ſuch a manner, that Men ſhall laugh themſelves out of them before they feel that they are touch'd.

Sowr. But what Thread or Connexion can you have in this Hiſtory? For inſtance, how is your Political connected with your Theatrical?

Med. O very eaſily——When my Politicks come to a Farce, they very naturally lead me to the Play-Houſe, where, let me tell you, there are ſome Politicians too, where there is Lying, Flattering, Diſſembling, Promiſing, Deceiving, and Undermining, as well as in any Court in Chriſtendom.

Enter a Player.

Play. Won't you begin your Rehearſal, Sir?

Med. Ay, ay, with all my Heart, is the Muſick ready for the Prologue?

Sowr.

Sowr. Muſick for the Prologue!

Med. Ay, Sir, I intend to have every thing new, I had rather be the Author of my own Dulneſs than the Publiſher of other Mens Wit, and really, Mr. *Sowrwit*, the Subjects for Prologues are utterly exhauſted: I think the general Method has been either to frighten the Audience with the Author's Reputation, or to flatter them to give their Applauſe, or to beſeech them to it, and that in a manner that will ſerve for every Play alike: Now, Sir, my Prologue will ſerve for no Play but my own, and to that I think nothing can be better adapted, for as mine is the Hiſtory of the Year, what can be a properer Prologue than an Ode to the New Year?

Sowr. An Ode to the New Year?

Med. Yes, Sir, an Ode to the New Year——Come, begin, begin.

Enter Prompter.

Promp. Sir, the Prologue is ready.

Sowr. Dear *Medley*, let me hear you read it, poſſibly it may be ſung ſo fine I may not underſtand a Word of it.

Med. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

O D E to the New Year.

This is a Day in Days of Yore,
Our Fathers never ſaw before:
This is a Day, 'tis one to ten,
Our Sons will never ſee again.
Then ſing the Day,
And ſing the Song,
And thus be merry
All Day long.
This is the Day,
And that's the Night,
When the Sun ſhall be gay,
And the Moon ſhall be bright.

The Sun ſhall riſe,
All in the Skies;
The Moon ſhall go,
All down below.

Then ſing the Day,
And ſing the Song;
And thus be merry
All Day long.

Ay, ay, come on, and ſing it away.

Enter Singers, who ſing the Ode.

Med. There, Sir, there's the very Quinteſſence and Cream of all the Odes I have ſeen for ſeveral Years laſt paſt.

Sowr. Ay, Sir, I thought you wou'd not be the Publiſher of another Man's Wit?

Med. No more I an't, Sir, for the Devil of any Wit did I ever ſee in any of them.

Sowr. Oh! your moſt humble Servant, Sir.

Med. Yours, Sir, yours; now for my Play, *Prompter*, are the Politicians all ready at the Table?

Promp. I'll go and ſee, Sir. [*Exit.*

Med. My firſt Scene, Mr. *Sowrwit*, lies in the Iſland of *Corſica*, being at preſent the chief Scene of Politicks of all *Europe*.

Enter Prompter.

Promp. Sir, they are ready.

Med. Then draw the Scene, and diſcover them.

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers Five Politicians ſitting at a Table.*

Sowr. Here's a Miſtake in the Print, Mr. *Medley*, I obſerve the ſecond Politician is the firſt Perſon who ſpeaks.

Med. Sir, my firſt and greateſt Politician never ſpeaks at all, he's a very deep Man, by which, you will

will obſerve I convey this Moral, that the chief Art of a Politician is to keep a Secret.

Sowr. To keep his Politicks a Secret, I ſuppoſe you mean.

Med. Come, Sir, begin.

2 *Polit.* Is King *Theodore* return'd yet?

3 *Polit.* No.

2 *Polit.* When will he return?

3 *Polit.* I cannot tell.

Sowr. This Politician ſeems to me to know very little of the matter.

Med. Zounds, Sir, would you have him a Prophet as well as a Politician? You ſee, Sir, he knows what's paſt, and that's all he ought to know; 'Sblood, Sir, would it be in the Character of a Politician to make him a Conjurer? Go on, Gentlemen: Pray, Sir, don't interrupt their Debates, for they are of great Conſequence.

2 *Polit.* Theſe mighty Preparations of the *Turks* are certainly deſign'd againſt ſome Place or other; now, the Queſtion is, What Place they are deſign'd againſt? And that is a Queſtion which I cannot anſwer.

3 *Polit.* But it behoves us to be upon our Guard.

4 *Polit.* It does, and the Reaſon is, becauſe we know nothing of the matter.

2 *Polit.* You ſay right, it is eaſy for a Man to guard againſt Dangers which he knows of, but to guard againſt Dangers which no Body knows of, requires a very great *Politician.*

Med. Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe you think that no Body knows any thing.

Sowr. Faith, Sir, it appears ſo.

Med. Ay, Sir, but there is one who knows, that little Gentleman, yonder in the Chair, who ſays nothing, knows it all.

Sowr. But how do you intend to convey this Knowledge to the Audience?

Med. Sir, they can read it in his Looks; 'Sblood, Sir, muſt not a Politician be thought a wiſe Man without his giving Inſtances of his Wiſdom?

5 *Polit.* Hang foreign Affairs, let us apply ourſelves to Money.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

Med. Gentlemen, that over again——and be ſure to ſnatch haſtily at the Money; you're pretty Politicians truly.

5 *Polit.* Hang foreign Affairs, let us apply ourſelves to Money.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

2 *Polit.* All we have to conſider relating to Money is how we ſhall get it.

3 *Polit.* I think we ought firſt to conſider whether there is any to be got, which if there be, I do readily agree that the next Queſtion is how to come at it.

Omnes. Hum.

Sowr. Pray, Sir, what are theſe Gentlemen in *Corſica?*

Med. Why, Sir, they are the ableſt Heads in the Kingdom, and conſequently the greateſt Men, for you may be ſure all well-regulated Governments, as I repreſent this of *Corſica* to be, will employ in their greateſt Poſts Men of the greateſt Capacity.

2 *Polit.* I have conſider'd the Matter, and I find it muſt be by a Tax.

3 *Polit.* I thought of that, and was conſidering what was not tax'd already.

2 *Polit.* Learning; ſuppoſe we put a Tax upon Learning.

3 *Polit.* Learning, it is true, is a uſeleſs Commodity, but I think we had better lay it on Ignorance, for Learning being the Property but of a very few, and thoſe poor ones too, I am afraid we can get little among them; whereas Ignorance will take in moſt of the great Fortunes in the Kingdom.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

[*Exeunt* Politicians.

Sowr.

Sowr. Faith, it's very generous in theſe Gentlemen to tax themſelves ſo readily.

Med. Ay and very wiſe too to prevent the People's grumbling, and they will have it all among themſelves.

Sowr. But what is become of the Politicians?

Med. They are gone, Sir, they're gone; they have finiſh'd the Buſineſs they met about, which was to agree on a Tax, that being done———they are gone to raiſe it; and this, Sir, is the full Account of the whole Hiſtory of *Europe*, as far as we know of it, compriz'd in one Scene.

Sowr. The Devil it is! Why, you have not mention'd one Word of *France*, or *Spain*, or the Emperor.

Med. No, Sir, I turn thoſe over to the next Year, by which time we may poſſibly know ſomething what they are about; at preſent our Advices are ſo very uncertain, I know not what to depend on; but come, Sir, now you ſhall have a Council of Ladies.

Sowr. Does this Scene lie in *Corſica* too?

Med. No, no, this lies in *London*———You know, Sir, it would not have been quite ſo proper to have brought *Engliſh* Politicians (of the male Kind I mean) on the Stage, becauſe our Politicks are not quite ſo famous; but in Female Politicians, to the Honour of my Countrywomen I ſay it, I believe no Country can excel us; come, draw the Scene, and diſcover the Ladies.

Promp. Sir, they are not here; one of them is practiſing above Stairs with a Dancing-maſter, and I can't get her down.

Med. I'll fetch 'em, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Sowr. Well, my Lord, what does your Lordſhip think of what you have ſeen?

L. *Dap.* Faith, Sir, I did not obſerve it; but it's damn'd Stuff, I am ſure.

Sowr.

Sowr. I think ſo, and I hope your Lordſhip will not encourage it. They are ſuch Men as your Lordſhip, who muſt reform the Age; if Perſons of your exquiſite and refin'd Taſte will give a Sanction to politer Entertainments, the Town will ſoon be aſham'd of laughing at what they do now.

L. *Dap.* Really, this is a very bad Houſe.

Sowr. It is not indeed ſo large as the others, but I think one hears better in it.

L. *Dap.* Pox of hearing, one can't ſee —— one's ſelf I mean; here are no Looking-glaſſes, I love *Lincolns-Inn Fields* for that Reaſon better than any Houſe in Town.

Sowr. Very true, my Lord, but I wiſh your Lordſhip would think it worth your Conſideration, as the Morals of a People depend, as has been ſo often and well prov'd, entirely on their publick Diverſions, it would be of great Conſequence that thoſe of the ſublimeſt Kind ſhould meet with your Lordſhip's and the reſt of the Nobility's Countenance.

L. *Dap.* Mr. *Sowrwit*, I am always ready to give my Countenance to any thing of that kind, which might bring the beſt Company together, for as one does not go to ſee the Play but the Company, I think that's chiefly to be conſider'd, and therefore I am always ready to countenance good Plays.

Sowr. No one is a better Judge what is ſo than your Lordſhip.

L. *Dap.* Not I, indeed, Mr. *Sowrwit* —— but as I am one half of the Play in the *Green-Room* talking to the Actreſſes, and the other half in the Boxes talking to the Women of Quality, I have an Opportunity of ſeeing ſomething of the Play, and perhaps may be as good a Judge as another.

Enter Medley.

Med. My Lord, the Ladies cannot begin yet, if your Lordſhip will honour me in the *Green-Room*, where

where you will find it pleaſanter than upon this cold Stage.

L. *Dap.* With all my Heart——Come, Mr. *Sowrwit.*

Sowr. I attend your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

Promp. Thou art a ſweet Judge of Plays, indeed, and yet it is in the Power of ſuch Sparks as theſe to damn an honeſt Fellow, both in his Profit and Reputation. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Medley, *Lord* Dapper, Sowrwit *and* Prompter.

Med. COME, draw the Scene, and diſcover the Ladies in Council; pray, my Lord, ſit.

[*The Scene draws and diſcovers four Ladies.*

Sowr. What are theſe Ladies aſſembled about?

Med. Affairs of great Importance, as you will ſee---- Pleaſe to begin all of you.

[*The Ladies all ſpeak together.*

All Ladies. Was you at the Opera, Madam, laſt Night?

2 *Lady.* Who can miſs an Opera while *Farinello* ſtays?

3 *Lady.* Sure he is the charmingeſt Creature.

4 *Lady.* He's every thing in the World one could wiſh.

1 *Lady.* Almoſt every thing one could wiſh.

2 *Lady.* They ſay there's a Lady in the City has a Child by him.

All Ladies. Ha, ha, ha!

1 *Lady.* Well it muſt be charming to have a Child by him.

3 *Lady.*

3 *Lady.* Madam, I met a Lady in a Viſit the other Day with three.

All Ladies. All *Farinello*'s.

3 *Lady.* All *Farinello*'s, all in Wax.

1 *Lady.* O Gemini! Who makes them, I'll ſend and beſpeak half a dozen to-morrow Morning.

2 *Lady.* I'll have as many as I can cram into a Coach with me.

Sowr. Mr. *Medley*, Sir, is this Hiſtory? this muſt be Invention.

Med. Upon my Word, Sir, it's Fact, and I take it to be the moſt extraordinary Accident that has happen'd in the whole Year, and as well worth recording. Faith, Sir, let me tell you, I take it to be ominous, for if we go on to improve in Luxury, Effeminacy and Debauchery, as we have done lately, the next Age, for ought I know, may be more like the Children of ſqueaking *Italians* than hardy *Britons*.

All Ladies. Don't interrupt us, dear Sir.

1 *Lady.* What mighty pretty Company they muſt be?

2 *Lady.* Oh, the prettieſt Company in the World.

3 *Lady.* If one could but teach them to ſing like their Father.

4 *Lady.* I am afraid my Husband won't let me keep them, for he hates I ſhou'd be fond of any thing but himſelf.

All Ladies. O the unreaſonable Creature!

1 *Lady.* If my Husband was to make any Objection to my having 'em, I'd run away from him, and take the dear Babies with me.

Med. Come, enter Beau *Dangle*.

Enter Dangle.

Dang. Fy upon it, Ladies, what are you doing here? Why are not you at the Auction? Mr. *Hen* has been in the Pulpit this half Hour.

1 *Lady.* Oh, dear Mr. *Hen*, I ask his Pardon, I never miſs him.

2 *Lady.*

2 *Lady.* What's to be ſold to-day?

1 *Lady.* Oh, I never mind that; there will be all the World there.

Dang. You'll find it almoſt impoſſible to get in.

All Ladies. Oh! I ſhall be quite miſerable if I don't get in.

Dang. Then you muſt not loſe a Moment.

All Ladies. O! not a Moment for the World.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Med. There they are gone.

Sowr. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

L. *Dap.* Upon my Word, Mr. *Medley*, that laſt is an exceeding good Scene, and full of a great deal of Politeneſs, good Senſe, and Philoſophy.

Med. It's Nature, my Lord, it's Nature.

Sowr. Faith, Sir, the Ladies are much oblig'd to you.

Med. Faith, Sir, it's more than I deſire ſuch Ladies, as I repreſent here, ſhou'd be; as for the nobler Part of the Sex for whom I have the greateſt Honour, their Characters can be no better ſet off, than by ridiculing that light, trifling, giddy-headed Crew, who are a Scandal to their own Sex, and a Curſe on ours.

Promp. Gentlemen, you muſt make room, for the Curtain muſt be let down, to prepare the Auction-Room.

Med. My Lord, I believe you will be beſt before the Curtain, for we have but little Room behind, and a great deal to do.

Sowr. Upon my Word, Mr. *Medley*, I muſt ask you the ſame Queſtion which one of your Ladies did juſt now; what do you intend to ſell at this Auction, the whole Stock in Trade of ſome Milliner or Mercer who has left off Buſineſs?

Med. Sir, I intend to ſell ſuch things as were never ſold in any Auction before, nor ever will again: I can aſſure you, Mr. *Sowrwit*, this Scene, which I look on

as

as the beſt in the whole Performance, will require a very deep Attention; Sir, if you ſhould take one Pinch of Snuff during the whole Scene, you will loſe a Joke by it, and yet they lie pretty deep too, and may eſcape Obſervation from a moderate Underſtanding, unleſs very cloſely attended to.

Sowr. I hope, however, they don't lie as deep as the dumb Gentleman's Politicks did in the firſt Act; if ſo, nothing but an inſpir'd Underſtanding can come at 'em.

Med. Sir, this Scene is writ in Allegory, and tho' I have endeavour'd to make it as plain as poſſible; yet all Allegory will require a ſtrict Attention to be underſtood, Sir.

Promp. Sir, every thing is ready.

Med. Then draw up the Curtain——Come, enter Mrs. *Screen*, and Mrs. *Barter*.

The AUCTION.

SCENE *an Auction-Room, a Pulpit and Forms plac'd, and ſeveral People walking about, ſome ſeated near the Pulpit.*

Enter Mrs. Screen *and Mrs.* Barter.

Mrs. *Screen.* Dear Mrs. *Barter*.

Mrs. *Bart.* Dear Madam, you are early to-day?

Mrs. *Screen.* Oh, if one does not get near the Pulpit, one does nothing, and I intend to buy a great deal to-day; I believe I ſhall buy the whole Auction, at leaſt if things go cheap; you won't bid againſt me?

Mrs. *Bart.* You know I never bid for any thing?

Enter Banter *and* Dangle.

Bant. That's true, Mrs. *Barter*, I'll be your Evidence.

Mrs. *Screen.*

Mrs. *Screen.* Are you come? now I ſuppoſe we ſhall have fine Bidding; I don't expect to buy cheaper than at a Shop.

Bant. That's unkind, Mrs. *Screen*, you know I never bid againſt you; it would be cruel to bid againſt a Lady who frequents Auctions, only with a Deſign one Day or other to make one great Auction of her own: No, no, I will not prevent the filling your Warehouſe; I aſſure you, I bid againſt no Haberdaſhers of all Wares.

Mrs. *Bart.* You are a mighty civil Perſon, truly.

Bant. You need not take up the Cudgels, Madam, who are of no more Conſequence at an Auction, than a Mayor at a Seſſions; you only come here where you have nothing to do, to ſhew People you have nothing to do any where elſe.

Mrs. *Bart.* I don't come to ſay rude things to all the World as you do.

Bant. No, the World may thank Heaven, that did not give you Wit enough to do that.

Mrs. *Screen.* Let him alone, he will have his Jeſt?

Mrs. *Bart.* You don't think I mind him, I hope; but pray, Sir, of what great Uſe is your Friend, Mr. *Dangle*, here?

Bant. Oh, he is of very great Uſe to all Women of Underſtanding.

Dang. Ay! of what Uſe am I, pray?

Bant. To keep 'em at home, that they may not hear the ſilly things you ſay to 'em.

Mrs. *Screen.* I hope, Mr. *Banter*, you will not baniſh all People from Places where they are of no Conſequence; you will allow 'em to go to an Aſſembly, or a Maſquerade, without either Playing, Dancing or Intriguing; you will let People go to an Opera without any Ear, to a Play without any Taſte, and to a Church without any Religion?

Enter

Enter Mr. Hen *Auctioneer* (*bowing.*)

Mrs. *Screen.* Oh! dear Mr. *Hen*, I am glad you are come, you are horrible late to-day

Hen. Madam, I am juſt mounting the Pulpit; I hope you like the Catalogue, Ladies?

Mrs. *Screen.* There are ſome good things here, if you are not too dilatory with your Hammer.

Bant. Boy, give me a Catalogue?

Hen. [*in the Pulpit.*] I dare ſwear, Gentlemen and Ladies, this Auction will give general Satisfaction; it is the firſt of its kind which I ever had the Honour to exhibit, and I believe I may challenge the World to produce ſome of the Curioſities which this choice Cabinet contains: A Catalogue of Curioſities which were collected by the indefatigable Pains of that celebrated Virtuoſo, *Peter Humdrum*, Eſq; which will be ſold by Auction, by *Chriſtopher Hen* on *Monday*, the 21ſt Day of *March*, beginning at Lot 1. Gentlemen and Ladies, this is Lot 1. A moſt curious Remnant of Political Honeſty. Who puts it up, Gentlemen? It will make you a very good Cloke, you ſee it's both Sides alike, ſo you may turn it as often as you will——Come, five Pounds for this curious Remnant: I aſſure you, ſeveral great Men have made their Birth-day Suits out of the ſame Piece—It will wear for ever, and never be the worſe for wearing ——Five Pounds is bid——no Body more than five Pounds for this curious Piece of Political Honeſty, five Pound, no more—— [*knocks.*] Lord *Both-Sides.* Lot 2, a moſt delicate Piece of Patriotiſm, Gentlemen, who bids? ten Pounds for this Piece of Patriotiſm?

1 *Court.* I would not wear it for a thouſand Pound.

Hen. Sir, I aſſure you, ſeveral Gentlemen at Court have worn the ſame; it's a quite different thing within to what it is without.

1 *Court.*

1 *Court.* Sir, it is prohibited Goods, I ſhan't run the riſque of being brought into *Weſtminſter-hall* for wearing it.

Hen. You take it for the old Patriotiſm, whereas it is indeed like that in nothing but the Cut, but alas! Sir, there is a great Difference in the Stuff: But, Sir, I don't propoſe this for a Town-Suit, this is only proper for the Country; Conſider, Gentlemen, what a Figure this will make at an Election——— Come, five Pound———One Guinea——Put Patriotiſm by.

Bant. Ay, put it by, one Day or other it may be in Faſhion.

Hen. Lot 3. Three Grains of Modeſty: Come, Ladies, conſider how ſcarce this valuable Commodity is.

Mrs. *Screen.* Yes, and out of Faſhion too, Mr. *Hen.*

Hen. I ask your Pardon, Madam, it is true *French* I aſſure you, and never changes Colour on any Account———Half a Crown for all this Modeſty——— Is there not one Lady in the Room who wants any Modeſty?

1 *Lady.* Pray Sir, what is it, for I can't ſee it at this Diſtance?

Hen. It cannot be ſeen at any Diſtance, Madam, but it is a beautiful Powder, which makes a fine Waſh for the Complexion.

Mrs. *Screen.* I thought you ſaid it was true *French*, and wou'd not change the Colour of the Skin?

Hen. No, it will not, Madam; but it ſerves mighty well to bluſh behind a Fan with, or to wear under a Lady's Mask at a Maſquerade——What, no Body bid———Well, lay Modeſty aſide——Lot 4. One Bottle of Courage, formerly in the Poſſeſſion of Lieutenant Colonel *Ezekiel Pipkin*, Citizen, Alderman and Tallowchandler——What, is there no Officer of the Train'd-Bands here? Or it will ſerve an Officer of the Army as well in Time of Peace, nay even

in War, Gentlemen; it will ſerve all of you who ſell out?

1 *Offi.* Is the Bottle whole? is there no Crack in it?

Hen. None, Sir, I aſſure you; tho' it has been in many Engagements in *Tothill-Fields*; nay it has ſerv'd a Campaign or two in *Hide-Park*, ſince the Alderman's Death——it will never waſte while you ſtay at home, but it evaporates immediately if carried abroad.

1 *Offi.* Damn me, I don't want it; but a Man can't have too much Courage——Three Shillings for it.

Hen. Three Shillings are bid for this Bottle of Courage.

1 *Beau.* Four.

Bant. What do you bid for Courage for?

1 *Beau.* Not for my ſelf, but I have a Commiſſion to buy it for a Lady.

1 *Offi.* Five.

Hen. Five Shillings, five Shillings for all this Courage; no Body more than five Shillings? [*knocks.*] your Name, Sir?

1 *Offi. Mackdonald O Thunder.*

Hen. Lot 5, and Lot 6. All the Wit lately belonging to Mr. *Hugh Pantomime*, Compoſer of Entertainments for the Play-houſes, and Mr. *William Gooſequil*, Compoſer of political Papers in Defence of a Miniſtry; ſhall I put up theſe together?

Bant. Ay, it is a pity to part them, where are they?

Hen. Sir, in the next Room, where any Gentleman may ſee them, but they are too heavy to bring in; there are near three hundred Volumes in Folio.

Bant. Put them by, who the Devil would bid for them unleſs he was the Manager of ſome Houſe or other? The Town has paid enough for their Works already.

Hen.

Hen. Lot 7. A very neat clear Conſcience which has been worn by a Judge, and a Biſhop.

Mrs. *Screen.* It is as clean as if it was new.

Hen. Yes, no Dirt will ſtick to it, and pray obſerve how capacious it is; it has one particular Quality, put as much as you will into it, it is never full: Come, Gentlemen, don't be afraid to bid for this, for whoever has it will never be poor.

Beau. One Shilling for it.

Hen. O fy, Sir, I am ſure you want it, for if you had any Conſcience, you would put it up at more than that: Come, fifty Pound for this Conſcience.

Bant. I'll give fifty Pound to get rid of my Conſcience with all my Heart.

Hen. Well, Gentlemen, I ſee you are reſolv'd not to bid for it, ſo I'll lay it by: Come, Lot 8, a very conſiderable Quantity of Intereſt at Court; Come, a Hundred Pound for this Intereſt at Court.

Omnes. For me, Mr. *Hen?*

Hen. A Hundred Pound is bid in a Hundred Places, Gentlemen.

Beau. Two Hundred Pound.

Hen. Two Hundred Pound, two Hundred and Fifty, three Hundred Pound, three Hundred and Fifty, four Hundred, five Hundred, ſix Hundred, a Thouſand; a Thouſand Pound is bid, Gentlemen, no Body more than a Thouſand Pounds for this Intereſt at Court; no Body more than one Thouſand? [*knocks.*] Mr. *Littlewit.*

Bant. Damn me, I know a Shop where I can buy it for leſs.

L. *Dap.* Egad, you took me in, Mr. *Medley*, I could not help bidding for it.

Med. It's a ſure Sign it's Nature, my Lord, and I ſhould not be ſurpriz'd to ſee the whole Audience ſtand up and bid for it too.

Hen. All the Cardinal Virtues, Lot 9. Come, Gentlemen, put in theſe Cardinal Virtues?

Gent. Eighteen Pence.

Hen. Eighteen Pence is bid for theſe Cardinal Virtues; no body more than Eighteen Pence? Eighteen Pence for all theſe Cardinal Virtues, no body more? All theſe Virtues, Gentlemen, are going for Eighteen Pence; perhaps there is not ſo much more Virtue in the World, as here is, and all going for Eighteen Pence [*Knocks.*] Your Name, Sir?

Gent. Sir, here's a Miſtake; I thought you had ſaid a Cardinal's Virtues, 'Sblood Sir, I thought to have bought a Pennyworth; here's Temperance and Chaſtity, and a Pack of Stuff that I would not give three Farthings for?

Hen. Well, lay 'em by, Lot 10, and Lot 11, A great deal of Wit, and a little common Senſe.

Bant. Why do you put up theſe together? they have no Relation to each other.

Hen. Well, the Senſe by it ſelf; then Lot 10, A little common Senſe——I aſſure you, Gentlemen, this is a very valuable Commodity; Come, who puts it in?

Med. You obſerve as valuable as it is, no body bids; I take this, if I may ſpeak in the Stile of a great Writer, to be a moſt emphatical Silence; you ſee, Mr. *Sowrwit*, no one ſpeaks againſt this Lot, and the reaſon no body bids for it, is becauſe every one thinks he has it.

Hen. Lay it by, I'll keep it my ſelf; Lot 12.

[*Drum beats.*

Sowr. Hey-day! What's to be done, now, Mr. *Medley?*

Med. Now, Sir, the Sport begins.

Enter a Gentleman laughing.

[*Huzza within.*

Bant. What's the Matter?

Gent. There's a Sight without would kill all Mankind with laughing: *Piſtol* is run mad, and thinks himſelf

himſelf a great Man, and he's marching thro' the Streets with a Drum and Fiddles.

Bant. Pleaſe Heaven, I'll go and ſee this Sight. [*Exit.*

Omnes. And ſo will I. [*Exeunt.*

Hen. Nay, if every one elſe goes, I don't know why I ſhould ſtay behind.

L. *Dap.* Mr. *Sowrwit*, we'll go too.

Med. If your Lordſhip will have but a little Patience 'till the Scene be chang'd, you ſhall ſee him on the Stage.

Sowr. Is not this Jeſt a little over-acted?

Med. I warrant, we don't over-act him half ſo much as he does his Parts; tho' 'tis not ſo much his acting Capacity which I intend to exhibit as his miniſterial.

Sowr. His miniſterial!

Med. Yes, Sir, you may remember I told you before my Rehearſal, that there was a ſtrict Reſemblance between the States Political and Theatrical; there is a Miniſtry in the latter as well as the former, and I believe as weak a Miniſtry as any poor Kingdom could ever boaſt of; Parts are given in the latter to Actors, with much the ſame Regard to Capacity as Places in the former have ſometimes been, in former Ages I mean; and tho' the Publick damn both, yet while they both receive their Pay, they laugh at the Publick behind the Scenes; and if one conſiders the Plays that come from one Part, and the Writings from the other, one would be apt to think the ſame Authors were retain'd in both: But, come, change the Scene into the Street, and then enter *Piſtol cum ſuis*———Hitherto, Mr. *Sowrwit*, as we have had only to do with inferior Characters, ſuch as Beaux and Tailors, and ſo forth, we have dealt in the Proſaick; now we are going to introduce a more conſiderable Perſon, our Muſe will riſe in her Stile:

Now, Sir, for a Taſte of the ſublime; come, enter, *Piſtol.* [*Drum beats and Fiddles play.*

Enter Piſtol *and Mob.*

Piſt. Aſſociates, Brethren, Countrymen and Friends,
Partakers with us in this glorious Enterprize,
Which for our Conſort we have undertaken;
It grieves us much, yes by the Gods it does!
That we whoſe great Ability and Parts
Have rais'd us to this Pinacle of Power,
Entitling us Prime Miniſter Theatrical;
That we ſhou'd with an Upſtart of the Stage
Contend ſucceſleſs on our Conſort's Side;
But tho', by juſt hereditary Right
We claim a lawleſs Power, yet for ſome Reaſons,
Which to our ſelf we keep as yet conceal'd:
Thus to the Publick, deign we to appeal;
Behold how humbly the Great *Piſtol* kneels.
Say then, Oh Town, is it your Royal Will,
That my Great Conſort repreſent the Part
Of *Polly Peachum* in the *Beggar's Opera?*

[*Mob hiſs.*

Piſt. Thanks to the Town, that Hiſs ſpeaks their Aſſent;
Such was the Hiſs that ſpoke the great Applauſe,
Our mighty Father met with, when he brought
His *Riddle* on the Stage; ſuch was the Hiſs,
Welcom'd his *Cæſar* to the *Ægyptian* Shore;
Such was the Hiſs, in which Great *John* ſhou'd have expir'd:
But, wherefore do I try in vain to number
Thoſe glorious Hiſſes, which from Age to Age
Our Family has born triumphant from the Stage?

Med. Get thee gone for the prettieſt Hero that ever was ſhown on any Stage. [*Exit* Piſtol.

Sowr. Short and ſweet, faith, what, are we to have no more of him?

Med.

Med. Ay, ay, Sir; he's only gone to take a little Breath.

L. *Dap.* If you pleaſe, Sir, in the mean time, we'll go take a little Fire, for 'tis confounded cold upon the Stage.

Med. I wait upon your Lordſhip: Stop the Rehearſal a few Moments, we'll be back again inſtantly.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Medley, Sowrwit *and Lord* Dapper.

Med. NOW, my Lord, for my modern *Apollo*: Come, make all things ready, and draw the Scene as ſoon as you can.

Sowr. Modern, why modern? You Common-Place Satiriſts are always endeavouring to perſwade us, that the Age we live in, is worſe than any other has been, whereas Mankind have differ'd very little ſince the World began; for one Age has been as bad as another.

Med. Mr. *Sowrwit*, I do not deny that Men have been always bad enough, Vice and Folly are not the Invention of our Age; but I will maintain, that what I intend to ridicule in the following Scene, is the whole and ſole Production and Invention of ſome People now living; and faith, let me tell you, tho' perhaps the Publick may not be the better for it, it is an Invention exceeding all the Diſcoveries of every Philoſopher or Mathematician, from the Beginning of the World to this Day.

Sowr. Ay, pray what is it?

Med. Why, Sir, it is a Diſcovery lately found out, that a Man of great Parts, Learning and Virtue, is fit for no employment whatever; that an Eſtate renders a Man unfit to be truſted, that being a Blockhead is a Qualification for Buſineſs; that Honeſty is the only Sort of Folly for which a Man ought to be utterly neglected and contemn'd. And —— But here is the Inventor himſelf.

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Apollo *in a great Chair, ſurrounded by Attendants.*

Come, bring him forward, that the Audience may ſee and hear him: You muſt know, Sir, this is a Baſtard of *Apollo*, begotten on that beautiful Nymph *Moria*, who ſold Oranges to *Theſpis*'s Company, or rather Cart-load of Comedians; and being a great Favourite of his Father's, the old Gentleman ſettled upon him the entire Direction of all our Play-houſes and poetical Performances whatever.

Apol. Prompter.

Promp. Sir.

Apol. Is there any thing to be done?

Promp. Yes, Sir, this Play to be caſt.

Apol. Give it me. The Life and Death of King *John*, written by *Shakeſpear:* Who can act the King?

Promp. Piſtol, Sir, he loves to act it behind the Scenes.

Apol. Here are a parcel of *Engliſh* Lords.

Promp. Their Parts are but of little Conſequence, I will take care to caſt them.

Apol. Do; but be ſure you give them to Actors who will mind their Cues——*Faulconbridge*——What ſort of a Character is he?

Promp. Sir, he is a Warrior, my Couſin here will do him very well.

1 *Play.* I do a Warrior! I never learnt to fence.

Apol.

Apol. No Matter, you will have no Occaſion to fight; can you look fierce, and ſpeak well?

1 *Play.* Boh!

Apol. I would not deſire a better Warrior in the Houſe than your ſelf——*Robert Faulconbridge*——What, is this *Robert?*

Promp. Really, Sir, I don't well know what he is, his chief Deſire ſeems to be for Land, I think; he is no very conſiderable Character, any body may do him well enough; or if you leave him quite out, the Play will be little the worſe for it.

Apol. Well, I'll leave it to you——*Peter* of *Pomfret*, a Prophet——Have you any Body that looks like a Prophet?

Promp. I have one that looks like a Fool.

Apol. He'll do——*Philip* of *France.*

Promp. I have caſt all the *French* Parts, except the Ambaſſador.

Apol. Who ſhall do it? His Part is but ſhort, have you never a good genteel Figure, and one that can dance? for as the *Engliſh* are the politeſt People in *Europe*, it will be mighty proper that the Ambaſſador ſhould be able at his Arrival to entertain them with a Jig or two.

Promp. Truly, Sir, here are abundance of Dancing-maſters in the Houſe, who do little or nothing for their Money.

Apol. Give it to one of them; ſee that he has a little Drollery tho' in him, for *Shakeſpear* ſeems to have intended him as a ridiculous Character, and only to make the Audience laugh.

Sowr. What's that, Sir? Do you affirm that *Shakeſpear* intended the Ambaſſador *Chatilion* a ridiculous Character?

Med. No, Sir, I don't.

Sowr. Oh, Sir, your humble Servant, then I miſunderſtood you; I thought I had heard him ſay ſo.

Med.

Med. Yes, Sir, but I ſhall not ſtand to all he ſays.

Sowr. But, Sir, you ſhould not put a wrong Sentiment into the Mouth of the God of Wit.

Med. I tell you, he is the God only of modern Wit, and he has a very juſt Right to be God of moſt of the modern Wits that I know; of ſome who are lik'd for their Wit; of ſome who are preferr'd for their Wit; of ſome who live by their Wit; of thoſe ingenious Gentlemen who damn Plays, and thoſe who write them too perhaps. Here comes one of his Votaries; come, enter, enter——Enter Mr. *Ground-Ivy.*

Enter Ground-Ivy.

Ground. What are you doing here?

Apol. I am caſting the Parts in the Tragedy of King *John.*

Ground. Then you are caſting the Parts in a Tragedy that won't do.

Apol. How, Sir! Was it not written by *Sheakſpear*, and was not *Shakeſpear* one of the greateſt Genius's that ever lived?

Ground. No, Sir, *Shakeſpear* was a pretty Fellow, and ſaid ſome things which only want a little of my licking to do well enough; King *John*, as now writ, will not do——But a Word in your Ear, I will make him do.

Apol. How?

Ground. By Alteration, Sir, it was a Maxim of mine, when I was at the Head of Theatrical Affairs, that no Play, tho' ever ſo good, would do without Alteration——For inſtance, in the Play before us, the Baſtard *Faulconbridge* is a moſt effeminate Character, for which Reaſon I would cut him out, and put all his Sentiments in the Mouth of *Conſtance*, who is ſo much properer to ſpeak them——Let me tell you, Mr. *Apollo*, Propriety of Character, Dignity of Diction, and

and Emphaſis of Sentiment are the things I chiefly conſider on theſe Occaſions.

Promp. I am only afraid as *Shakeſpear* is ſo popular an Author, and you, asking your Pardon, ſo unpopular.

Ground. Damn me, I'll write to the Town and deſire them to be civil, and that in ſo modeſt a manner, that an Army of *Coſſacks* ſhall be melted: I'll tell them that no Actors are equal to me, and no Authors ever were ſuperior: And how do you think I can inſinuate that in a modeſt manner?

Promp. Nay, faith, I can't tell.

Ground. Why, I'll tell them that the former only tread on my Heels, and that the greateſt among the latter have been damn'd as well as my ſelf; and after that, what do you think of your Popularity? I can tell you, Mr. *Prompter*, I have ſeen things carried in the Houſe againſt the Voice of the People before to Day.

Apol. Let them hiſs, let them hiſs, and grumble as much as they pleaſe as long as we get their Money.

Med. There, Sir, is the Sentiment of a great Man, and worthy to come from the great *Apollo* himſelf.

Sowr. He's worthy his Sire, indeed, to think of this Gentleman for altering *Shakeſpear*.

Med. Sir, I will maintain this Gentleman as proper as any Man in the Kingdom for the Buſineſs.

Sowr. Indeed!

Med. Ay, Sir, for as *Shakeſqear* is already good enough for People of Taſte, he muſt be alter'd to the Palates of thoſe who have none; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worſe? But if you are ſo zealous in old *Shakeſpear*'s Cauſe, perhaps you may find by-and-by all this come to nothing ——Now for *Piſtol*.

Piſtol *enters, and overturns his Father.*

Ground. Pox on't, the Boy treads cloſe on my Heels in a litteral Senſe.

Piſt. Your Pardon, Sir, why will you not obey
Your Son's Advice, and give him ſtill his way:
For you, and all who will oppoſe his Force,
Muſt be o'ethrown in his triumphant Courſe.

Sowr. I hope, Sir, your *Piſtol* is not intended to burleſque *Shakeſpear.*

Med. No, Sir, I have too great an Honour for *Shakeſpear* to think of burleſquing him, and to be ſure of not burleſquing him I will never attempt to alter him, for fear of burleſquing him by Accident, as perhaps ſome others have done.

L. *Dap. Piſtol* is the young Captain.

Med. My Lord, *Piſtol* is every inſignificant Fellow in Town, who fancies himſelf of great Conſequence, and is of none; he is my Lord *Piſtol*, Captain *Piſtol*, Counſellor *Piſtol*, Alderman *Piſtol*, Beau *Piſtol*, and—and——Odſo, what was I going to ſay? Come, go on.

Apol. Prompter, take care that all things well go on; We will retire, my Friend, and read King *John.*

[*Exeunt.*

Sowr. To what purpoſe, Sir, was Mr. *Piſtol* introduced?

Med. To no purpoſe at all, Sir; it's all in Character, Sir, and plainly ſhews of what mighty Conſequence he is——And there ends my Article from the Theatre.

Sowr. Hey-day! What's become of your two *Pollys?*

Med. Damn'd, Sir, damn'd; they were damn'd at my firſt Rehearſal, for which Reaſon I have cut them out; and to tell you the Truth, I think the Town has honour'd 'em enough with talking of 'em for a whole Month; tho', faith, I believe it was owing to their having nothing elſe to talk of. Well, now for my Patriots

----You

——You will obſerve, Mr. *Sourwit*, that I place my Politicians and my Patriots at oppoſite Ends of my Piece, which I do, Sir, to ſhew the wide Difference between them; I begin with my Politicians to ſignify that they will always have the Preference in the World to Patriots, and I end with Patriots to leave a good Reliſh in the Mouths of my Audience.

Sowr. Ay? by your Dance of Patriots, one would think you intended to turn Patriotiſm into a Jeſt.

Med. So I do——But don't you obſerve I conclude the whole with a Dance of Patriots? which plainly intimates that when Patriotiſm is turn'd into a Jeſt, there is an end of the whole Play: Come, enter four Patriots——You obſerve I have not ſo many Patriots as Politicians; you will collect from thence that they are not ſo plenty.

Sowr. Where does the Scene lie now, Sir?

Med. In *Corſica*, Sir, all in *Corſica*.

Enter four Patriots *from different Doors, who meet in the Center and ſhake Hands.*

Sowr. Theſe Patriots ſeem to equal your greateſt Politicians in their Silence.

Med. Sir, what they think now cannot well be ſpoke, but you may conjecture a great deal from their ſhaking their Heads; they will ſpeak by-and-by——as ſoon as they are a little heated with Wine: You cannot, however, expect any great Speaking in this Scene, for tho' I do not make my Patriots Politicians, I don't make them Fools.

Sowr. But, methinks, your Patriots are a Set of ſhabby Fellows.

Med. They are the cheaper dreſs'd; beſides, no Man can be too low for a Patriot, tho' perhaps it is poſſible he may be too high.

1 *Patr.* Proſperity to *Corſica*.

2 *Patr.* Liberty and Property.

3 *Patr.*

3 *Patr.* Succeſs to Trade.

4 *Patr.* Ay, to Trade——to Trade——particularly to my Shop.

Sowr. Why do you ſuffer that Actor to ſtand laughing behind the Scenes, and interrupt your Rehearſal?

Med. O, Sir, he ought to be there, he's a laughing in his Sleeve at the Patriots; he's a very conſiderable Character——and has much to do by-and-by.

Sowr. Methinks the Audience ſhou'd know that, or perhaps they may miſtake him as I did, and hiſs him.

Med. If they ſhou'd, he's a pure impudent Fellow, and can ſtand the Hiſſes of them all; I choſe him particularly for the Part——Go on, Patriots.

1 *Patr.* Gentlemen, I think this our Iſland of *Corſica* is an ill State, I do not ſay we are actually in War, for that we are not; but however we are threaten'd with it daily, and why may not the Apprehenſion of a War, like other Evils, be worſe than the Evil itſelf; for my part, this I will ſay, this I will venture to ſay, That let what will happen I will drink a Health to Peace.

Med. This Gentleman is the Noiſy-Patriot, who drinks and roars for his Country, and never does either good or Harm in it—The next is the Cautious-Patriot.

2 *Patr.* Sir, give me your Hand; there's Truth in what you ſay, and I will pledge you with all my Soul, but remember it is all under the Roſe.

3 *Patr.* Look'ee, Gentlemen, my Shop is my Country, I always meaſure the Proſperity of the latter by that of the former. My Country is either richer or poorer, in my Opinion, as my Trade riſes or falls; therefore, Sir, I cannot agree with you that a War wou'd be diſſerviceable: On the contrary I think it the only way to make my Country flouriſh; for as I am a Sword-Cutler, it would make my Shop flouriſh, ſo here's to War.

Med.

Med. This is the Self-intereſted-Patriot, and now you ſhall hear the fourth and laſt kind, which is the Indolent-Patriot, one who acts as I have ſeen a prudent Man in Company fall aſleep at the beginniug of a Fray, and never wake 'till the end on't.

4 *Patr.* [*Waking.*] Here's to Peace or War, I do not care which.

Sowr. So this Gentleman being neutral, Peace has it two to one.

Med. Perhaps neither ſhall have it, perhaps I have found a way to reconcile both Parties: But go on.

1 *Patr.* Can any one, who is a Friend to *Corſica*, wiſh for War, in our preſent Circumſtances?——I deſire to ask you all one Queſtion, Are we not a Set of miſerable poor Dogs?

Omnes. Ay, ay.

3 *Patr.* That we are ſure enough, that no body will deny.

Enter Quidam.

Quid. Yes, Sir, I deny it. [*All ſtart.*] Nay, Gentlemen, let me not diſturb you, I beg you will all ſit down, I am come to drink a Glaſs with you——Can *Corſica* be poor while there is this in it? [*Lays a Purſe on the Table.*] Nay, be not afraid of it, Gentlemen, it is honeſt Gold I aſſure you; you are a ſet of poor Dogs, you agree, I ſay you are not, for this is all yours, there, [*Pours it on the Table.*] take it among you.

1 *Patr.* And what are we to do for it?

Quid. Only ſay you are rich, that's all.

Omnes. Oh, if that be all!

[*They ſnatch up the Money.*

Quid. Well, Sir, what is your Opinion now? tell me freely.

1 *Patr.* I will, a Man may be in the wrong through Ignorance, but he's a Raſcal who ſpeaks with open Eyes againſt his Conſcience——I own I thought we were

were poor, but, Sir, you have convinc'd me that we are rich.

Omnes. We are all convinc'd.

Quid. Then you are all honeſt Fellows, and here is to your Healths, and ſince the Bottle is out, hang Sorrow, caſt away Care, e'en take a Dance, and I will play you a Tune on the Fiddle.

Omnes. Agreed.

1 *Patr.* Strike up when you will, we are ready to attend your Motions.

[*Dance here*; Quidam *dances out, and they all dance after him.*

Med. Perhaps there may be ſomething intended by this Dance which you don't take.

Sowr. Ay, what prithee?

Med. Sir, every one of theſe Patriots have a Hole in their Pockets, as Mr. *Quidam* the Fiddler there knows, ſo that he intends to make them dance 'till all the Money is fall'n through, which he will pick up again, and ſo not loſe one Half-penny by his Generoſity; ſo far from it, that he will get his Wine for nothing, and the poor People, alas! out of their own Pockets, pay the whole Reckoning. This, Sir, I think is a very pretty Pantomime Trick, and an ingenious Burleſque on all the Fourberies which the great *Lun* has exhibited in all his Entertainments: And ſo ends my Play, my Farce, or what you pleaſe to call it; may I hope it has your Lordſhip's Approbation?

L. *Dap.* Very pretty, indeed, it's very pretty.

Med. Then, my Lord, I hope I ſhall have your Encouragement; for things in this Town do not always ſucceed according to their Merit; there is a Vogue, my Lord, which if you will bring me into, you will lay a laſting Obligation on me: And you, Mr. *Sowr-wit*, I hope, will ſerve me among the Criticks, that I may have no elaborate Treatiſe writ to prove that a Farce of three Acts is not a regular Play of Five.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, to you Gentlemen, whom I have not the Honour to know, who have pleas'd to grace my Rehearſal; and you Ladies, whether you be *Shakeſpear*'s Ladies, or *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s Ladies, I hope you will make Allowances for a Rehearſal;

And kindly all report us to the Town;
No borrow'd, nor no ſtol'n Goods we've ſhown,
If witty, or if dull, our Play's our own.

EURYDICE HISS'D,

OR,

A WORD *to the* WISE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Spatter,	Mrs. *Charke.*
Sowrwit,	Mr. *Lacy.*
Lord Dapper,	Mr. *Ward.*
Pillage,	Mr. *Roberts.*
Honeſtus,	Mr. *Davis.*
Muſe,	Mrs. *Haywood.*
Actors,	Mr. *Blakes.*
	Mr. *Louther.*
	Mr. *Pullen.*
	Mr. *Topping.*
	Mr. *Woodburn.*
	Mr. *Machen.*
Gentlemen,	Mr. *Jones.*
	Mr. *Machen.*
	Mr. *Woodburn.*

EURYDICE HISS'D,

OR,

A WORD *to the* WISE.

Enter Spatter, Sowrwit *and Lord* Dapper.

SPATTER.

MY Lord, I am extremely obliged to you for the Honour you ſhew me in ſtaying to the Rehearſal of my Tragedy: I hope it will pleaſe your Lordſhip, as well as Mr. *Medley*'s Comedy has, for I aſſure you it's ten times as ridiculous.

Sowr. Is it the Merit of a Tragedy, Mr. *Spatter*, to be ridiculous?

Spat. Yes, Sir, of ſuch Tragedies as mine; and I think you, Mr. *Sowrwit*, will grant me this, that a Tragedy had better be ridiculous than dull; and that there is more Merit in making the Audience laugh, than in ſetting them aſleep.

L. *Dap.* I beg, Sir, you would begin, or I ſhan't get my Hair powder'd before Dinner; for I am always four Hours about it.

Sowr. Why, pr'ythee, what is this Tragedy of thine?

Spat. Sir, it is the Damnation of *Eurydice*; I fancy, Mr. *Sowrwit*, you will allow I have choſe this Subject very cunningly, for as the Town have damn'd my Play

for their own Sakes, they will not damn the Damnation of it.

Sowr. Faith, I muſt confeſs, there is ſomething of ſingular Modeſty in the Inſtance.

Spat. And of ſingular Prudence too; what ſignifies denying the Fact after Sentence, and dying with a Lye in your Mouth? No, no, rather, like a good pious Criminal, rejoice, that in being put to ſhame, you make ſome Atonement for your Sins; and I hope to do ſo in the following Play, for it is, Mr. *Sowrwit*, of a moſt inſtructive Kind, and conveys to us a beautiful Image of the Inſtability of human Greatneſs, and the Uncertainty of Friends. You ſee here the Author of a mighty Farce at the very Top and Pinacle of Poetical or rather Farcical Greatneſs, follow'd, flatter'd and ador'd by a Croud of Dependants: On a ſudden Fortune changing the Scene, and his Farce being damn'd, you ſee him become the Scorn of his Admirers, and deſerted and abandon'd by all thoſe who courted his Favour, and appear'd the foremoſt to uphold and protect him. Draw the Scene, and diſcover Mr. *Pillage*. [*Scene draws.*

Sowr. Who is he?

Spat. The Author of the Farce.

Sowr. A very odd Name for an Author.

Spat. Perhaps you will not remain long in that Opinion: But Silence.

Pil. Who'd wiſh to be the Author of a Farce,
Surrounded daily by a Croud of Actors,
Gaping for Parts, and never to be ſatisfied;
Yet, ſay the Wiſe, in loftier Seats of Life,
Solicitation is the chief Reward;
And *Wolſey*'s ſelf, that mighty Miniſter,
In the full Height and Zenith of his Power,
Amid a Croud of Sycophants and Slaves,
Was but perhaps the Author of a Farce,
Perhaps a damn'd one too. 'Tis all a Cheat,
Some Men play little Farces, and ſome great. [*Exit.*

Spat. Now for the Levèe.

Sowr.

Sowr. Whoſe Levèe, Sir?

Spat. My Poet's, Sir.

Sowr. 'Sdeath, Sir, did ever any Mortal hear of a Poet's Levèe?

Spat. Sir, my Poet is a very great Man.

Sowr. And pray, Sir, of what Sort of People do you compoſe your great Man's Levèe?

Spat. Of his Dependants, Sir: Pray of what Sort of People are all great Mens Levèe compos'd? I have been forc'd, Sir, to do a ſmall Violence to Hiſtory, and make my great Man not only a Poet, but a Maſter of a Play-houſe, and ſo, Sir, his Levèe is compos'd of Actors ſoliciting for Parts, Printers for Copies, Boxkeepers, Scenemen, Fiddlers and Candle-ſnuffers. And now, Mr. *Sowr-wit*, do you think I could have compos'd his Levèe of properer Company? Come, enter, enter, Gentlemen.

[*The* Levèe *enters, and range themſelves to a ridiculous Tune.*

Enter Pillage.

1 *Act.* Sir, you have promis'd me a Part a long time: If you had not intended to employ me, it would have been kind in you to let me know it, that I might have turn'd my ſelf to ſome Trade or other.

Pil. Sir, one Farce cannot find Parts for all; but you ſhall be provided for in time. You muſt have Patience; I intend to exhibit ſeveral Farces, depend on me you ſhall have a Part.

1 *Act.* I humbly thank you.

2 *Act.* Sir, I was to have had a principal Part long ago.

Pil. Speak to me before the Parts are caſt, and I will remember you in my next Farce; I ſhall exhibit ſeveral. I am very glad to ſee you, you remember my Farce is to [*To 3d Actor.*] come on to-day, and will lend me your Hands.

3 *Act.* Depend on me.

Pil. And you, Sir, I hope, will clap heartily.

4 *Act.* De'el o' my Sal, but I will.

Pil. Be ſure, and get into the Houſe as ſoon as the Doors are open.

4 *Act.* Fear me not, I will but get a Bet of Denner, and I will be the firſt in the Huſe—but—

Pil. What, Sir?

4 *Act.* I want Money to buy a Pair of Gloves.

Pil. I will order it you out of the Office.

4 *Act.* De'el o' my Sal, but I will clap every gud thing, 'till I bring the Huſe down.

Pil. That won't do: The Town of its own accord will applaud what they like; you muſt ſtand by me, when they diſlike———I don't deſire any of you to clap unleſs when you hear a Hiſs——let that be your Cue for Clapping.

All. We'll obſerve.

5 *Act.* But, Sir, I have not Money enough to get into the Houſe.

Pil. I cannot disburſe it.

5 *Act.* But I hope you will remember your Promiſes, Sir.

Pil. Some other Time, you ſee I am buſy——— What are your Commands, Sir?

1 *Print.* I am a Printer, and deſire to print your Play.

2 *Print.* Sir, I'll give you the moſt Money.

Pil. [*To 2d Printer, whiſpering.*] You ſhall have it—— Oh! I am heartily glad to ſee you. [*Takes him aſide.*] You know my Farce comes on to-day, and I have many Enemies; I hope you will ſtand by me.

Poet. Depend on me, never fear your Enemies, I'll warrant we make more Noiſe than they.

Pil. Thou art a very honeſt Fellow.

[*Shaking him by the Hand.*

Poet. I am always proud to ſerve you.

Pil. I wiſh you would let me ſerve you, I wiſh you would turn Actor, and accept of a Part in ſome of my Farces.

Poet. No, I thank you, I don't intend to come upon the Stage, my ſelf; but I deſire you would let me recommend this handſom, genteel young Fellow to act the Part of a fine Gentleman.

Pil.

Pil. Depend on it, he ſhall do the very firſt I bring on the Stage: I dare ſwear, Sir, his Abilities are ſuch that the Town will be obliged to us both for producing them.

Poet. I hope ſo, but I muſt take my leave of you, for I am to meet a ſtrong Party that I have engaged for your Service.

Pil. Do, do, be ſure, do clap heartily.

Poet. Fear not, I warrant we bring you off triumphant. [*Exeunt.*

Pil. Then I defy the Town, if by my Friends,
Againſt their Liking, I ſupport my Farce,
And fill my loaded Pockets with their Pence;
Let After-ages damn me if they pleaſe.

Sowr. Well, Sir, and pray what do you principally intend by this Levèe Scene?

Spat. Sir, I intend firſt to warn all future Authors from depending ſolely on a Party to ſupport them againſt the Judgment of the Town. Secondly, ſhewing that even the Author of a Farce may have his Attendants and Dependants; I hope greater Perſons may learn to deſpiſe them, which may be a more uſeful Moral than you may apprehend; for perhaps the mean Ambition of being worſhipp'd, flatter'd and attended by ſuch Fellows as theſe, may have led Men into the worſt of Schemes from which they could promiſe themſelves little more.

Enter Honeſtus.

Hon. You ſent me word that you deſir'd to ſee me.

Pil. I did, *Honeſtus*, for my Farce appears
This Day upon the Stage——and I intreat
Your Preſence in the Pit, to help applaud it.

Hon. Faith, Sir, my Voice ſhall never be corrupt.
If I approve your Farce, I will applaud it;
If not, I'll hiſs it, tho' I hiſs alone.

Pil. Now, by my Soul, I hope to ſee the Time,
When none ſhall dare to hiſs within the Houſe.

Hon. I rather hope to ſee the Time, when none

Shall

Shall come prepar'd to cenſure or applaud,
But Merit always bear away the Prize.
If you have Merit, take your Merit's Due;
If not, why ſhould a Bungler in his Art,
Keep off ſome better Genius from the Stage?
I tell you, Sir, the Farce you act to-night,
I don't approve, nor will the Houſe, unleſs
Your Friends by Partiality prevail.
Beſides, you are moſt impolitick to affront
The Army in the Beginning of your Piece;
Your Satire is unjuſt, I know no Ghoſt
Of Army-Beaus, unleſs of your own making.

Sowr. What do you mean by that?

Spat. Sir, in the Farce of *Eurydice*, a Ghoſt of an Army-Beau was brought on the Stage.

Sowr. Oh! ay, I remember him.

Pil. I fear them not, I have ſo many Friends,
That the Majority will ſure be mine.

Hon. Curſe on this way of carrying things by Friends.
This Bar to Merit; by ſuch unjuſt Means,
A Play's Succeſs, or ill Succeſs is known,
And fix'd before it has been try'd i' th' Houſe;
Yet grant it ſhou'd ſucceed, grant that by Chance,
Or by the Whim and Madneſs of the Town,
A Farce without Contrivance, without Senſe
Should run to the Aſtoniſhment of Mankind;
Think how you will be read in After-times,
When Friends are not, and the impartial Judge
Shall with the meaneſt Scribbler rank your Name;
Who would not rather wiſh a *Butler*'s Fame,
Diſtreſs'd, and poor in every thing but Merit,
Than be the blundering Laureat to a Court?

Pil. Not I——On me, ye Gods, beſtow the Pence,
And give your Fame to any Fools you pleaſe.

Hon. Your Love of Pence ſufficiently you ſhew,
By raiſing ſtill your Prices on the Town.

Pil. The Town for their own Sakes thoſe Prices pay,
Which the additional Expence demands.

Hon.

Hon. Then give us a good Tragedy for our Money,
And let not *Harlequin* ſtill pick our Pockets,
With his low paltry Tricks, and juggling Cheats,
Which any School-Boy, was he on the Stage,
Could do as well as he——In former Times,
When better Actors acted better Plays,
The Town paid leſs.

Pil. We have more Actors now.

Hon. Ay, many more, I'm certain, than you need.
Make your additional Expence apparent,
Let it appear quite neceſſary too,
And then, perhaps, they'll grumble not to pay.

Pil. What is a Manager whom the Publick rule?

Hon. The Servant of the Publick, and no more;
For tho' indeed you ſee the Actors paid,
Yet from the Peoples Pockets come the Pence,
They therefore ſhou'd decide what they will pay for.

Pil. If you aſſiſt me on this Trial Day,
You may aſſure yourſelf a Dedication.

Hon. No Bribe-----I go impartial to your Cauſe,
Like a juſt Critick, to give Worth Applauſe,
But damn you if you write againſt our Laws. [*Exit.*

Pil. I wiſh I cou'd have gain'd one honeſt Man
Sure to my ſide——But ſince the Attempt is vain,
Numbers muſt ſerve for Worth; the Veſſel ſails
With equal rapid Fury and Succeſs,
Born by the fouleſt Tide, as cleareſt Stream.

Enter Valet de Chambre.

Val. Your Honour's Muſe
Is come to wait upon you.

Pil. Shew her in.
I gueſs ſhe comes to chide me for Neglect,
Since twice two Days have paſt ſince I invok'd her.

Enter Muſe.

Sowr. The Devil there have! This is a mighty pretty way the Gentleman has found out to inſinuate his Acquaintance

quaintance with the Muſes; tho', like other Ladies, I believe they are often wrong'd by Fellows who brag of Favours they never receiv'd.

Pil. Why wears my gentle Muſe ſo ſtern a Brow?
Why awful thus affects ſhe to appear,
Where ſhe delighted to be ſo ſerene?

Muſe. And doſt thou ask, thou Traytor, doſt thou ask?
Art thou not conſcious of the Wrongs I bear,
Neglected, ſlighted for a freſher Muſe?
I, whoſe fond Heart too eaſily did yield
My Virgin Joys and Honour to thy Arms,
And bore thee *Paſquin.*

Pil. Where will this Fury end?

Muſe. Ask thy baſe Heart, whoſe is *Eurydice?*

Pil. By all that's great, begotten on no Muſe,
The trifling Offspring of an idle Hour,
When you were abſent, far below your Care.

Muſe. Can I believe you had her by no Muſe?

Pil. Ay, by your Love, and more, by mine you ſhall;
My raptur'd Fancy ſhall again enjoy thee;
Cure all thy Jealouſies, and eaſe thy Fears.

Muſe. Wilt thou? make ready then thy Pen and Ink.

Pil. Oh, they are ever ready; when they fail,
Mayſt thou forſake me, mayſt thou then inſpire
The blundering Brain of Scribblers, who for Hire
Would write away their Country's Liberties.

Muſe. Oh name not Wreches ſo below the Muſe:
No, my dear *Pillage*, ſooner will I whet
The Ordinary of *Newgate*'s leaden Quill;
Sooner will I indite the annual Verſe,
Which City Bellmen, or Court Laureats ſing;
Sooner with thee in humble Garret dwell,
And thou, or elſe thy Muſe diſclaims thy Pen,
Would'ſt ſooner ſtarve, ay, even in Priſon ſtarve,
Than vindicate Oppreſſion for thy Bread,
Or write down Liberty to gain thy own.

Sowr. Hey-day! methinks this merry Tragedy is growing ſublime.

Spat.

Spat. That laſt is, indeed, a little out of my preſent Stile; it dropt from me before I was aware; talking of Liberty made me ſerious in ſpite of my Teeth, for between you and me, Mr. *Sowrwit*, I think that Affair is paſt a Jeſt: But I ask your Pardon, you ſhall have no more on't.

Pil. Come to my Arms, inſpire me with ſweet Thoughts,
And now thy Inſpiration fires my Brain:
Not more I felt thy Power, nor fiercer burnt
My vig'rous Fancy, when thy bluſhing Charms
Firſt yielded trembling, and inſpir'd my Pen
To write nine Scenes with Spirit in one Day.

Muſe. That was a Day indeed!

Sowr. Ay, faith! ſo it was.

Muſe. And do's my *Pillage* write with Joy as then?
Would not a freſher Subject charm his Pen?

Pil. Let the dull ſated Appetite require
Variety to whet its blunted Edge;
The Subject which has once delighted me,
Shall ſtill delight, ſhall ever be my Choice;
Come to my Arms, thou Maſter-Piece of Nature.
The faireſt Roſe, firſt Op'ning to the Sun,
Bears not thy Beauty, nor ſends forth thy Sweets;
But that once gather'd loſes all its Pride,
Fades to the Sight, and ſickens to the Smell;
Thou, gather'd, charmeſt every Senſe the more,
Can'ſt flouriſh, and be gather'd o'er and o'er. [*Exeunt.*

Spat. There, they are gone to write
A Scene, and the Town may expect the Fruit of it.

Sowr. Yes, I think the Town may expect an Offſpring indeed.

Spat. But now my Cataſtrophe is approaching; change the Scene to the out-ſide of the Play-Houſe, and enter two Gentlemen.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Came you from the Houſe?

2 *Gent.* I did.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* How wears the Farce?

2 *Gent.* The Pit is cram'd, I could not get Admiſſion,
But at the Door I heard a mighty Noiſe,
It ſeem'd of Approbation, and of Laughter.

1 *Gent.* If Laughter, it was ſurely Approbation,
For I've long ſtudied the Dramatick Art,
Read many Volumes, ſeen a thouſand Plays,
Whence I've at length found out this certain Truth,
That Laughs applaud a Farce, and Tears a Tragedy.

Sowr. A very great Diſcovery indeed, and very pompouſly introduced!

Spat. You ſneer, Mr. *Sowrwit*; but I have ſeen Diſcoveries in Life of the ſame Nature, introduced with much greater Pomp.

Sowr. But don't you intend to lay the Scene in the Theatre, and let us ſee the Farce fairly damn'd before us?

Spat. No, Sir, it is a thing of too horrible a Nature; for which Reaſon I ſhall follow *Horace*'s Rule, and only introduce a Deſcription of it. Come, enter, Deſcription; I aſſure you I have thrown myſelf out greatly in this next Scene.

Enter third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Oh, Friends, all's loſt; *Eurydice* is damn'd.

2 *Gent.* Ha! damn'd! A few ſhort Moments paſt I came
From the Pit-door, and heard a loud Applauſe.

3 *Gent.* 'Tis true, at firſt the Pit ſeem'd greatly pleas'd,
And loud Applauſes thro' the Benches rung,
But as the Plot began to open more,
(A ſhallow Plot) the Claps leſs frequent grew,
'Till by degrees a gentle Hiſs aroſe;
This by a Cat-call from the Gallery
Was quickly ſeconded: Then follow'd Claps,
And long 'twixt Claps and Hiſſes did ſucceed,
A ſtern Contention: Victory hung dubious.
So hangs the Conſcience, doubtful to determine,
When Honeſty pleads here and there a Bribe;
At length, from ſome ill-fated Actor's Mouth,

Sudden

Sudden there iſſued forth a horrid Dram,
And from another ruſh'd two Gallons forth:
The Audience, as it were contagious Air,
All caught it, hollow'd, cat-call'd, hiſs'd, and groan'd.

1 *Gent.* I always thought indeed, that Joke would damn him; and told him that the People wou'd not take it.

3 *Gent* But it was mighty pleaſant to behold,
When the Damnation of the Farce was ſure,
How all thoſe Friends who had begun the Claps,
With greateſt Vigour ſtrove who firſt ſhould hiſs,
And ſhew Diſapprobation. And *John Watts*,
Who was this Morning eager for the Copy,
Slunk haſty from the Pit, and ſhook his Head.

2 *Gent.* And ſo 'tis certain that his Farce is gone?

3 *Gent.* Moſt certain.

2 *Gent.* Let us then retire with Speed,
For ſee he comes this way.

3 *Gent.* By all means,
Let us avoid him with what Haſte we can. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pillage.

Pil. Then I am damn'd—Curſt henceforth be the Bard,
Who e'er depends on Fortune, or on Friends.

Sowr. So, the Play is over; for I reckon you will not find it poſſible to get any one to come near this honeſt Gentleman.

Spat. Yes, Sir, there is one, and you may eaſily gueſs who it is: The Man who will not flatter his Friend in Proſperity, will hardly leave him in Adverſity----Come, enter, *Honeſtus.*

Pil. Honeſtus here! will he not ſhun me too?

Hon. When *Paſquin* run, and the Town lik'd you moſt,
And every Scribbler loaded you with Praiſe,
I did not court you, nor will ſhun you now.

Pil. Oh! had I taken your Advice, my Friend!
I had not now been damn'd———Then had I truſted
To the impartial Judgment of the Town,
And by the Goodneſs of my Piece had try'd

To

To merit Favour, nor with vain Reliance
On the frail Promiſe of uncertain Friends,
Produc'd a Farce like this——Friends who forſook me
And left me nought to comfort me, but this. [*Drinks.*
Hon. Forbear to drink.
Pil. Oh! it is now too late.
Already I have drank two Bottles off,
Of this fell Potion, and it now begins
To work its deadly Purpoſe on my Brain;
I'm giddy, ha, my Head begins to ſwim,
And ſee *Eurydice* all pale before me;
Why doſt thou haunt me thus? I did not damn thee.
By *Jove* there never was a better Farce:
She beckons me—Say—whether—blame the Town,
And not thy *Pillage*——Now my Brain's on fire!
My ſtaggering Senſes dance——and I am——
Hon. Drunk.
That Word he ſhould have ſaid, that ends the Verſe;
Farewell, a twelve Hours Nap compoſe thy Senſes.
May Mankind profit by thy ſad Example,
May Men grow wiſer, Writers grow more ſcarce,
And no Man dare to make a ſimple Farce.

FINIS.

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK:

OR,

PHAETON *in the Suds.*

A

Dramatick Entertainment of Walking, in Serious and Fooliſh Characters:

Interlarded with

Burleſque, Groteſque, Comick Interludes,

CALL'D,

HARLEQUIN A PICK-POCKET.

As it is Perform'd at the

New Theatre *in the* Hay-Market.

Being ('tis hop'd) the laſt Entertainment that will ever be exhibited on any Stage.

Invented by the Ingenious

MONSIEUR *SANS ESPRIT.*

The Muſick compos'd by the Harmonious

SIGNIOR *WARBLERINI.*

And the Scenes painted by the Prodigious

MYNHEER *VAN BOTTOM-FLAT.*

Monſtr' horrend' inform. ——

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

M DCC XLIV.

[Price Six Pence.]

TO

Mr. *JOHN LUN*,

Vulgarly call'd ESQUIRE.

SIR,

THO' *Paſquin* has put Dedications in ſo ridiculous a Light, that Patrons may, perhaps, pay ſome Shame for the future for reading their own Praiſes; yet, I hope you will not begin to be affected with ſo troubleſome a Paſſion, when I tell you, I know no Man in *England* to whom I can ſo properly dedicate the following Pages as yourſelf.

It is to You, Sir, we owe (if not the Invention) at leaſt the bringing into a Faſhion, that ſort of Writing which you have pleaſed to diſtinguiſh by the Name of *Entertainment*. Your Succeſs herein (whether owing to your Heels or your Head, I will not determine) ſufficiently entitles you to all Reſpect from the inferior Dablers in Things of this Nature.

But, Sir, I have farther Obligations to you than the Succeſs, whatever it be, which this little Farce may meet with, can lay on me. It was to a Play judiciouſly brought on by you in the *May*-Month, to which I owe the Original Hint, as I have always own'd, of the contraſted Poets, and two or three other Particulars, which have received great Applauſe on the Stage. Nor am I leſs obliged to you for diſcovering in my imperfect Performance the Strokes of an Author, any of whoſe Wit, if I have preſerved entire, I ſhall think it my chief Merit to the Town. Tho' I cannot enough cure myſelf of Selfiſhneſs, while I meddle in Dramatick Writings, to profeſs a Sorrow that One of ſo ſuperior a Genius is led, by his better Senſe and better Fortune, to more profitable Studies than the Stage. How far you have contributed to this, I will not preſume to determine. Farther, as *Paſquin* has proved of greater Advantage to me, than it could have been at any other Play-Houſe, under their preſent Regulations, I am oblig'd to you for the Indifference you ſhew'd at my Propoſal to you of bringing a Play on your Stage this Winter, which immediately determin'd me againſt any further purſuing that Project; for as I never yet yielded to any mean or ſubſervient Solicitations of the Great Men in real Life, I could by no means prevail on myſelf to play an Under-part in that Dramatick Entertainment of Greatneſs, which you are pleaſed to divert yourſelf with in Private, and which, was you to exhibit it in Publick, might prove

prove as profitable to you, and as diverting a *Pantomime* to the Town, as any you have hitherto favour'd us with.

I am, moreover, much oblig'd to you for that Satire on *Paſquin*, which you was ſo kind to bring on your Stage; and here I declare (whatever People may think to the contrary) you did it of your own mere Goodneſs, without any Reward or Solicitation from me. I own it was a ſenſible Pleaſure to me to obſerve the Town, which had before been ſo favourable to *Paſquin* at his own Houſe, confirming that Applauſe, by thoroughly condemning the Satire on him at Yours.

Whether this was written by your Command, or your Aſſiſtance, or only Acted by your Permiſſion; I will not venture to decide. I believe every impartial honeſt Man will conclude, that either lays me under the ſame Obligation to you, and juſtly intitles you to this Dedication. Indeed I am inclin'd to believe the latter; for I fanſy you have too ſtrong a Head ever to meddle with *Common-Senſe*, eſpecially ſince you have found the way ſo well to ſucceed without her, and you are too great and good a Manager, to keep a needleſs Supernumerary in your Houſe.

I ſuppoſe you will here expect ſomething in the Dedicatory Style on your Perſon and your Accompliſhments: But why ſhould I entertain the Town with a Recital of your particular Perfections, when they may ſee your whole Merit all at once, whenever you condeſcend to perform the *Harlequin*?

How-

However, I ſhall beg Leave to mention here (I ſolemnly proteſt, without the leaſt Deſign of Flattery) your adequate Behaviour in that great Station to which you was born, your great Judgment in Plays and Players, too well known to be here expatiated on; your Generoſity, in diverting the whole Kingdom with your Race-Horſes at the Expence, I might almoſt ſay, of more than your Purſe. To ſay nothing of your Wit, and other Perfections, I muſt force myſelf to add, tho' I know every Man will be pleas'd with it but yourſelf, That the Perſon who has the Honour to know your very inmoſt Thoughts beſt, is the moſt ſenſible of your great Endowments.

But, Sir, while I am pleaſing myſelf, and I believe the World, I am, I fear, offending you; I will therefore deſiſt, tho' I can affirm, what few Dedicators can, that I can, and perhaps may, ſay much more; and only aſſure you that I am, with the Sincerity of moſt of the foregoing Lines,

Your moſt Obedient,

and moſt humble Servant,

PASQUIN.

The ARGUMENT.

PHAETON *was the Son of* Phœbus, *and* Clymene *a* Grecian *Oyſter-Wench. The Pariſh-Boys would often upbraid him with the Infamy of his Mother* Clymene, *telling him, ſhe reported him to be Son of* Apollo, *only to cover her Adultery with a Serjeant of the Foot-Guards. He complains to* Clymene *of the Affront put upon them both. She adviſes him to go to the Round-Houſe (the Temple of his Father) and there be reſolved from his own Mouth of the Truth of his Sire; bidding him at the ſame time beg ſome indubitable Mark, that ſhould convince the World that his Mother was a virtuous Woman, and Whore to* Phœbus. *He goes to the ſaid Round-Houſe, where* Apollo *grants his Requeſt, and gives him the Guidance of his Lanthorn for a Day. The Youth falling aſleep, was tumbled out of the Wheelbarrow, and what became of him I could never learn.*

Dra-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Machine, *the Compoſer*,	*Mr.* Roberts.
Fuſtian, *an Author*,	*Mr.* Lacy.
Sneerwell, *a Critick*,	*Mr.* Machen.
Prompter,	*Mr.* Turner.
Clymene,	*Mrs.* Charke.
Jupiter,	*Mr.* Freeman.
Neptune,	*Mr.* Wallis.
Phœbus,	*Mr.* Toping.
Old Phaeton,	*Mr.* Smith.
Young Phaeton,	*Mr.* Boothby.
Aurora,	*Mrs.* Egerton.
Aurora's *Maid*,	*Miſs* Jones.
Terra,	*Miſs* Burgeſs.
Genius *of* Gin,	*Miſs* Ferguſon.
Harlequin,	*Mr.* Roſamond.
Juſtice,	*Mr.* Jones.
Juſtice's *Clerk*,	*Monſ.* Caſtiglione.
Managers,	*Mr.* Freeman. *Mr.* Turner.
Stars,	*Maſter* Sherwin. *Miſs* Ferguſon.
Columbine,	*Mademoiſelle* Beaumaunt.
1 Countryman,	*Mr.* Smith.
2 Countryman,	*Mr.* Lowder.
3 Countryman,	*Mr.* Collerd.
1 Rake,	*Mr.* Boothby.
2 Rake,	*Mr.* Pullen.
3 Rake,	*Mr.* Wallis.
4 Rake,	*Mr.* Phenix.
Chairmen,	*Mr.* Smith. *Mr.* Collerd.
Piſtol,	*Mr.* Lowder.
Tragedy King,	*Mr.* Pullen.
School-Miſtreſs,	*Mrs.* Egerton.
Tragedy Queen,	*Miſs* Jones.
Watchmen,	*Mr.* Smith. *Mr.* Lowder. *Mr.* Collerd. *Mr.* Chapman.

Conſtables, Watch, Fidlers, Lanthorns, Suns, Moons, Whores, &c. &c: &c:

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK:

OR,

PHAETON *in the Suds.*

Prompter, Fuſtian, Sneerwell, *and* Machine.

PROMPTER.

MR. *Fuſtian*, I hope the Tragedy is over, for Mr. *Machine* is juſt come, and we muſt practiſe the Entertainment.

Fuſt. Sir, my Tragedy is done; but you need not be in ſuch Haſte about your Entertainment, for you will not want it this Seaſon.

Promp. That, Sir, I don't know; but we dare not diſoblige Mr. *Machine*, for fear he ſhou'd go to the other Houſe.

Sneer. Dr. *Fuſtian*, do let us ſtay and ſee the Practice.

Fuſt. And can you bear, after ſuch a luſcious Meal of Tragedy as you have had, to put away the Taſte with ſuch an inſipid Deſert?

Sneer. It will divert me a different way.——I can admire the Sublime which I have ſeen in the Tragedy,

and laugh at the Ridiculous which I expect in the Entertainment.

Fuſt. You ſhall laugh by yourſelf then. [*Going.*

Sneer. Nay, dear *Fuſtian*, I beg you wou'd ſtay for me, for I believe I can ſerve you; I will carry you to Dinner in a large Company, where you may diſpoſe of ſome Tickets.

Fuſt. Sir, I can deny you nothing. —— Ay, I have a few Tickets in my Pockets.

[*Pulls out a vaſt Quantity of Paper.*

Mach. Gentlemen, I muſt beg you to clear the Stage intirely; for in things of this ſerious Nature, if we do not comply with the exacteſt Decency, the Audience will be very juſtly offended.

Fuſt. Things of a ſerious Nature! Oh the Devil!

Mach. Harkye, Prompter, who is that Figure there?

Promp. That, Sir, is Mr. *Fuſtian*, Author of the New Tragedy.

Mach. Oh! I ſmoke him, I ſmoke him. But, Mr. Prompter, I muſt inſiſt that you cut out a great deal of *Othello*, if my Pantomine is perform'd with it, or the Audience will be pall'd before the Entertainment begins.

Promp. We'll cut out the Fifth Act, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Mach. Sir, that's not enough, I'll have the Firſt cut out too.

Fuſt. Death and the Devil! Can I bear this? Shall *Shakeſpear* be mangled to introduce this Trumpery?

Promp. Sir, this Gentleman brings more Money to the Houſe, than all the Poets put together.

Mach. Pugh, pugh, *Shakeſpear!* —— Come, let down the Curtain, and play away the Overture. —— Prompter, to your Poſt.

[*The Curtain drawn up, diſcovers* Phaeton *leaning againſt the Scene.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Cobler's Stall.*

Enter Clymene.

Sneer. Pray, Sir, who are theſe extraordinary Figures?

Mach. He, leaning againſt the Scene, is *Phaeton*; and the Lady is *Clymene*; or *Clymene*, as they call her in *Drury-Lane*. This Scene, Sir, is in the true Altercative, or Scolding Style of the Ancients. Come, Madam, begin.

Clym. You lazy, louſy Raſcal, is't well done,
That you, the Heir apparent of the Sun,
Stand with your Arms before you, like a Lout,
When your great Father has two Hours ſet out,
And bears his Lanthorn all the World about?

Phae. Oh Mother, Mother! think you it ſounds well,
That the Sun's Son in Cobler's Stall ſhou'd dwell?
Think you it does not on my Soul encroach,
To walk on Foot while Father keeps a Coach?
If he ſhou'd ſhine into the Stall, d'ye think,
To ſee me mending Shoes, he wou'd not wink?
Beſides, by all the Pariſh-Boys I'm flamm'd,
You the Sun's Son! You Raſcal, you be damn'd!

Clym. And doſt thou, Blockhead, then make all this Noiſe,
Becauſe you're ſleer'd at by the Pariſh-Boys?
When, Sirrah, you may know the Mob will dare
Sometimes to ſcorn, and hiſs at my Lord-Mayor.

AIR I. Gilliflower gentle Roſemary.

Phae. *O Mother, this Story will never go down,*
'Twill ne'er be believ'd by the Boys of the Town;
'Tis true what you ſwore,
I'm the Son of a Whore,
They all believe That, but believe nothing more.

Cly. *You Raſcal, who dare your Mama thus to doubt,*
Come along to the Juſtice, and he'll make it out;
He knows very well,
When you firſt made me ſwell,
That I ſwore 'twas the Sun that had ſhin'd in my Cell.

Phae. O Mother, Mother, I muſt ever grieve;
Can I the Juſtice, if not you, believe?
If to your Oath no Credit I afford,
Do you believe I'll take his Worſhip's Word?

Cly. Go to the Watch-houſe, where your Father bright
That Lanthorn keeps which gives the World its Light;
Whence ſallying, he does the Day's Gates unlock,
Walks thro' the World's great Streets, and tells Folks what's o' Clock.

Phae. With Joy I go; and ere two Days are run,
I'll know if I am my own Father's Son. [*Exit.*

Cly. Go, clear my Fame, for greater 'tis in Life
To be a great Man's Whore, than poor Man's Wife.
If you are rich, your Vices Men adore,
But hate and ſcorn your Virtues, if you're poor.

AIR II. *Pierot* Tune.

Great Courtiers Palaces contain,
Poor Courtiers fear a Goal;
Great Parſons riot in Champaign,
Poor Parſons ſot in Ale;
Great Whores in Coaches gang,
Smaller Miſſes,
For their Kiſſes,
Are in Bridewell *bang'd;*
Whilſt in vogue
Lives the great Rogue,
Small Rogues are by Dozens hang'd. [Exit.

[*The Scene draws, and diſcovers the Sun in a great Chair in the Round-houſe, attended by Watchmen.*

Enter

Enter Phaeton.

Sneer. Pray, Sir, what is this Scene to repreſent?

Mach. Sir, this is the Palace of the Sun.

Fuſt. It looks as like the Round-houſe as ever I ſaw any thing.

Mach. Yes, Sir, the Sun is introduced in the Character of a Watchman; and that Lanthorn there repreſents his Chariot.

Fuſt. The Devil it does!

Mach. Yes Sir, it does, and as like the Chariot of the Sun it is, as ever you ſaw any thing on any Stage.

Fuſt. I can't help thinking this a properer Repreſentation of the Moon, than the Sun.

Sneer. Perhaps the Scene lies in the Antipodes, where the Sun riſes at Midnight.

Mach. Sir, the Scene lies in *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*; and ſo, pray Sir, don't ask any more Queſtions, for things of this Nature are above Criticiſm.

Phae. What do I ſee? What Beams of Candlelight
Break from that Lanthorn, and put out my Sight?

Phœb. O little *Phaey!* pr'ythee tell me why
Thou tak'ſt this Ev'ning's Walk into the Sky?

Phae. Father, if I may call thee by that Name,
I come to clear my own and Mother's Fame;
To prove myſelf thy Baſtard, her thy Miſs.

Phœb. Come hither firſt, and give me, Boy, a Kiſs.
[*Kiſſes him.*
Now you ſhall ſee a Dance, and that will ſhow,
We lead as merry Lives as Folks below.
[*A Dance of Watchmen.*

Phae. Father, the Dance has very well been done,
But yet that does not prove I am your Son.

Fuſt. Upon my Word, I think Mr. *Phaeton* is very much in the right on't; and I wou'd be glad to know, Sir, why this Dance was introduc'd.

Mach. Why, Sir? why as all Dances are introduc'd, for the ſake of the Dance. Beſides, Sir, wou'd it not look

look very unnatural in *Phœbus* to give his Son no Entertainment after ſo long an Abſence? Go on, go on.

Phœb. Thou art ſo like me, ſure thou muſt be mine;
I ſhou'd be glad if you wou'd ſtay and Dine;
I'll give my Bond, whate'er you ask, to grant;
I will, by *Styx!* an Oath which break I can't.

Phae. Then let me, ſince that Vow muſt ne'er be broke,
Carry, one Day, that Lanthorn for a Joke.

Phœb. Raſh was my Promiſe, which I now muſt keep;
But Oh! take care you do not fall aſleep.

Phae. If I ſucceed, I ſhall no Scandal rue;
If I ſhou'd ſleep, 'tis what moſt Watchmen do.

[*Exit* Phaeton.

Phœb. No more.—Set out, and walk around the Skies;
My Watch informs me it is Time to riſe. [*Exit.*

Mach. Now for the Comic, Sir.

Fuſt. Why, what the Devil has this been?

Mach. This has been the Serious, Sir. — the Sublime. The Serious in an Entertainment, anſwers to the Sublime in Writing. Come, are all the Rakes and Whores ready at *King*'s Coffee-Houſe?

Promp. They are ready, Sir.

Mach. Then draw the Scene. Pray, let the Carpenters take care that all the Scenes be drawn in exact Time and Tune, that I may have no Bungling in the Tricks; for a Trick is no Trick, if not perform'd with great Dexterity. Mr. *Fuſtian*, in Tragedies and Comedies, and ſuch ſort of things, the Audiences will make great Allowances; but they expect more from an Entertainment; here, if the leaſt thing be out of Order, they never paſs it by.

Fuſt. Very true, Sir, Tragedies do not depend ſo much upon the Carpenter as you do.

Mach. Come, draw the Scene.

[*The Scene draws, and diſcovers ſeveral Men and Women drinking in* King*'s Coffee-Houſe. They riſe and dance. The Dance ended, ſing the following Song.*

AIR

AIR III. O *London* is a fine Town.

1 Rake. *O* Gin, *at length, is putting down,*
And 'tis the more the Pity;
Petition for it all the Town,
Petition all the City.
Chorus. *O* Gin, *&c.*

1 Rake. *'Twas* Gin *that made Train-Bands ſo ſtout,*
To whom each Caſtle yields;
This made them march the Town about,
And take all Tuttle-Fields.
Chorus. *O* Gin, *&c.*

1 Rake. *'Tis* Gin, *as all our Neighbours know,*
Has ſerv'd our Army too;
This makes them make ſo fine a Show,
At Hide-Park *at Review.*
Chorus. *O* Gin, *&c.*

1 Rake. *But what I hope will change your Notes,*
And make your Anger ſleep;
Conſider, none can bribe his Votes
With Liquor half ſo cheap.
Chorus. *O* Gin, *&c.*

Fuſt. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you took a Cup of *Gin* to inſpire you to write this fine Song.

[*During the Song,* Harlequin *enters, and picks Pockets. A Poet's Pocket is pick'd of his Play, which, as he was going to pawn for the Reckoning, he miſſes.* Harlequin *is diſcover'd; Conſtables and Watch are fetch'd*

fetch'd in; the Watchmen walking in their Sleep; they bind him in Chains, confine him in the Cellar, and leave him alone. The Genius of Gin *riſes out of a Tub.*

Gen. Take, *Harlequin*, this Magick Wand,
All things ſhall yield to thy Command:
Whether you wou'd appear Incog,
In Shape of Monkey, Cat, or Dog;
Or elſe to ſhew your Wit, transform
Your Miſtreſs to a Butter-Churn;
Or elſe, what no Magician can,
Into a Wheel-barrow turn a Man;
And pleaſe the Gentry above Stairs,
By ſweetly crying, *Mellow-Pears.*
Thou ſhalt make Jeſts without a Head,
And judge of Plays thou canſt not read.
Whores and Race-Horſes ſhall be thine,
Champaign ſhall be thy only Wine;
While the beſt Poet, and beſt Player,
Shall both be forc'd to feed on Air;
Gin's Genius all theſe things reveals,
Thou ſhalt perform, by ſlight of Heels. [*Exit* Genius.

[*Enter Conſtable and Watchmen. They take* Harlequin *out, and the Scene changes to the Street; a Crowd before the Juſtice's Houſe. Enter a Clerk in the Character of* Pierrot; *they all go in. The Scene changes to the Juſtice's Parlour, and diſcovers the Juſtice learning to Spell of an old School-Miſtreſs.*

Juſt. Pray, Sir, who are thoſe Characters?

Mach. Sir, that's a Juſtice of Peace; and the other is a School-Miſtreſs, teaching the Juſtice to Spell; for you muſt know, Sir, the Juſtice is a very ingenious Man, and a very great Scholar, but happen'd to have the Misfortune in his Youth, never to learn to read.

[*Enter* Harlequin *in Cuſtody*; Columbine, *Poet*, &c. *The Poet makes his Complaint to the Juſtice; the Juſtice*

Juſtice orders a Mittimus *for* Harlequin; Columbine *courts the Juſtice to let* Harlequin *eſcape; he grows fond of her, but will not comply till ſhe offers him Money; he then acquits* Harlequin, *and commits the Poet.*

Fuſt. Pray how is this brought about, Sir?

Mach. How, Sir? why by Bribery. You know, Sir, or may know, that *Ariſtotle*, in his Book concerning Entertainments, has laid it down as a principal Rule, that *Harlequin* is always to eſcape; and I'll be judg'd by the whole World, if ever he eſcap'd in a more natural Manner.

[*The Conſtable carries off the Poet*; Harlequin *hits the Juſtice a great Rap upon the Back and runs off*; Columbine *goes to follow*; Pierrot *lays hold on her*; *the Juſtice being recover'd of his Blow, ſeizes her, and carries her in.* Pierrot *ſits down to learn to Spell, and the Scene ſhuts.*

[*Scene the Street.* Harlequin *re-enters, conſidering how to regain* Columbine, *and bite the Juſtice. Two Chairmen croſs the Stage with a China-Jar, on a Horſe, directed to the* Theatre-Royal *in* Drury-Lane. Harlequin *gets into it, and is carry'd into the Juſtice's; the Scene changes to the Juſtice's Houſe*; Harlequin *is brought in, in the Jar; the Juſtice*, Pierrot, *and* Columbine *enter; the Juſtice offers it as a Preſent to* Columbine.

Fuſt. Sir, Sir, here's a ſmall Error, I obſerve; how comes the Juſtice to attempt buying this Jar, as I ſuppoſe you intend, when it's directed to the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane?*

Mach. Sir, Sir, here's no Error, I obſerve; for how ſhou'd the Juſtice know that, when he can't read?

Sneer. Ay, there I think, Mr. *Fuſtian*, you muſt own yourſelf in the wrong.

Fuſt. People that can't read, ought not to be brought upon the Stage, that's all.

[*While the Juſtice and Chairmen are talking about the Jar,* Harlequin *tumbles down upon him. The Juſtice and* Pierrot *run off in a Fright.* Columbine *runs to* Harlequin, *who carries her off. The Chairmen go out with the Jar.*

Sneer. Pray, Mr. *Machine,* how came that Jar not to be broke?

Mach. Becauſe it was no Jar, Sir; I ſee you know very little of theſe Affairs.

[*Scene the Street.* Harlequin *and* Columbine *reenter, purſu'd by the Juſtice and his Clerk.*

[*Scene changes to a Barber's Shop; he ſets* Columbine *down to ſhave her, blinds the Clerk with the Suds, and turns the Juſtice into a Periwig-Block.*

Mach. There, Sir, there's Wit and Humour, and Transformation for you.

Fuſt. The Transformation is odd enough, indeed.

Mach. Odd, Sir! What, the Juſtice into a Block? No, Sir, not odd at all; there never was a more natural and eaſy Transformation; but don't interrupt us. Go on, go on.

[*The Clerk takes the Wig off the Block, puts it on, and admires himſelf;* Harlequin *directs him to Powder it better, which while he is doing, he throws him into the Trough, and ſhuts him down.* Harlequin *and* Columbine *go off. The Juſtice reenters without his Wig; his Man calls to him out of the Trough, he takes him out, and they go off together in Purſuit of* Harlequin.

Mach. Thus ends, Sir, my Firſt Comic. Now, Sir, for my Second Serious, or Sublime. Come, draw the Scene, and diſcover *Aurora*, or the *Morning*, juſt going to break, and her Maid Ironing her Linnen.

Aur. The Devil take the Wench, is't not a Shame
You ſhou'd be lazy, and I bear the Blame?

Make

Make haſte, you Drone, for if I longer ſtay,
The Sun will riſe before the Break of Day;
Nor can I go till my clean Linnen's done:
How will a dirty Morning look in *June?*

Maid. Shifts, Madam, can't be dry'd before they're wet;
You muſt wear fewer, or more Changes get.

Fuſt. Pray Sir, in what Book of the Ancients do you find any mention of *Aurora*'s Waſher-woman?

Mach. Don't trouble me with the Ancients, Sir; if ſhe's not in the Ancients, I have improv'd upon the Ancients, Sir, that's all.

Aur. Dare you to me in ſuch a Manner ſpeak?
The Morning is ſcarce fine three times a Week;
But I can't ſtay, and as I am muſt break. [*Exit.*

Maid. Break, and be hang'd; pleaſe Heav'n I'll give you Warning,
Night wants a Maid, and ſo I'll leave the *Morning*.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Open Country.*

Enter two Countrymen.

1 *Country.* Is it Day yet, Neighbour?

2 *Country.* Faith, Neighbour, I can't tell whether it is or no. It is a curſed naſty Morning; I wiſh we have not wet Weather.

1 *Country.* It begins to grow a little lighter tho', now.

[Aurora *croſſes the Stage, with two or three Girls carrying Farthing Candles.*

Fuſt. Pray, Sir, what do thoſe Children repreſent?

Mach. Sir, thoſe Children are all Stars; and you ſhall ſee preſently, as the Sun riſes the Candles will go out, which repreſents the diſappearing of the Stars.

Fuſt. O the Devil! the Devil!

Mach. Dear Sir, don't be angry. Why will you not allow me the ſame Latitude that is allow'd to all other Compoſers of Entertainments? Does not a Dragon

deſcend from Hell in *Doctor Fauſtus?* And People go up to Hell in *Pluto and Proſerpine?* Does not a Squib repreſent a Thunderbolt in the Rape of *Proſerpine?* And what are all the Suns, Sir, that have ever ſhone upon the Stage, but Candles? And if they repreſent the Sun, I think they may very well repreſent the Stars.

Fuſt. Sir, I ask your Pardon. But, Sir——

Mach. Pray Sir, be quiet, or the Candles will be gone out before they ſhou'd, and burn the Girls Fingers before the Sun can riſe.

1 *Country.* I'll e'en go ſaddle my Horſes.

2 *Country.* Odſo! methinks 'tis woundy light all of a ſudden; the Sun riſes deviliſh faſt to-day, methinks.

1 *Country.* Mayhap he's going a Fox-Hunting to-day, but he takes deviliſh large Leaps.

2 *Country.* Leaps, quotha! I'cod he'll leap upon us, I believe. Its woundy hot, the Skin is almoſt burnt off my Face; I warrant I'm as black as a Blackmoor.

[Phaeton *falls, and the Lanthorn hangs hovering in the Air.*

Enter 3d Countryman.

3 *Country.* Oh Neighbours! the World is at an End; call up the Parſon of the Pariſh; I am but juſt got up from my Neighbour's Wife, and have not had time to ſay my Prayers ſince.

1 *Country.* The World at an End! No, no, if this hot Weather continues we ſhall have Harveſt in *May.* Odſo, tho', 'tis damn'd hot! I'cod, I wiſh I had left my Cloaths at home.

2 *Country.* S'bud, I ſweat as if I had been at a hard Day's Work.

1 *Country.* Oh, I'm ſcorch'd!

2 *Country.* Oh, I'm burnt!

3 *Country.* I'm on Fire! [*Exeunt crying Fire.*

Neptune *deſcends.*

Nept. I am the mighty Emperor of the Sea,

Fuſt.

Fuſt. I am mighty glad you tell us ſo, elſe we ſhould have taken you for the Emperor of the Air.

Mach. Sir, he has been making a Viſit to *Jupiter*. Beſide, Sir, it is here introduced with great Beauty; for we may very naturally ſuppoſe, that the Sun being drove by *Phaeton* ſo near the Earth, had exhal'd all the Sea up into the Air.

Fuſt. But methinks *Neptune* is odly dreſs'd for a God?

Mach. Sir, I muſt dreſs my Characters ſomewhat like what People have ſeen; and as I preſume few of my Audience have been nearer the Sea than *Graveſend*, ſo I dreſs'd him e'en like a Waterman.

Sneer. So that he is more properly the God of the *Thames*, than the God of the Sea.

Mach. Pray let Mr. *Neptune* go on.

Nept. Was it well done, Oh *Jupiter!* whilſt I
Paid you a civil Viſit in the Sky,
To ſend your Sun my Waters to dry up,
Nor leave my Fiſh one comfortable Sup?

Mach. Come, Enter the Goddeſs of the Earth, and a Dancing-Maſter, and dance the *White Joke*.

They Enter, and Dance.

Nept. What, can the Earth with Frolicks thus inſpire
To Dance, when all her Kingdom is on Fire?

Terra. Tho' all the Earth was one continual Smoke,
'Twould not prevent my Dancing the *White Joke*.

Sneer. Upon my Word, the Goddeſs is a great Lover of Dancing.

Mach. Come, Enter *Jupiter* with a pair of Bellows, and blow out the Candle of the Sun.

Jupiter *enters, as above.*

Terra. But hah! great *Jupiter* has heard our Rout,
And blown the Candle of the Sun quite out.

Mach.

Mach. Come now *Neptune* and *Terra*, dance a Minuet, by way of Thankſgiving.

Fuſt. But pray how is *Phaeton* fall'n all this time?

Mach. Why you ſaw him fall, did not you? And there he lies; and I think it's the firſt time I ever ſaw him fall upon any Stage. But I fanſy he has lain there ſo long, that he would be glad to get up again by this time; ſo pray draw the firſt Flat over him. Come, Enter *Clymene*.

Enter Clymene.

Cly. Art thou, my *Phaey*, dead? O fooliſh Elf,
To find your Father, and to loſe yourſelf.
What ſhall I do to get another Son,
For now, alas! my Teeming-time is done?

AIR IV.

Thus when the wretched Owl has found
Her young Owls dead as Mice,
O'er the ſad Spoil ſhe hovers round,
And views 'em once or twice:
Then to ſome hollow Tree ſhe flies,
To hollow, hoot, and howl,
'Till ev'ry Boy that paſſes, cries,
The Devil's in the Owl!

Mach. Come, Enter *Old Phaeton*.

Fuſt. Pray, Sir, who is *Old Phaeton?* for neither *Ovid*, nor Mr. *Pritchard* make any mention of him.

Mach. Sir, he is the Husband of *Clymene*, and might have been the Father of *Phaeton*, if his Wife would have let him.

Enter Old Phaeton.

Old Phae. What is the Reaſon, Wife, thro' all the Town
You publiſh me a Cuckold up and down?
Is't not enough, as other Women do,
To Cuckold me, but you muſt tell it too?

Cly.

Cly. Good Cobler, do not thus indulge your Rage,
But, like your brighter Brethren of the Age,
Think it enough your Betters do the Deed,
And that by Horning you I mend the Breed.

Old Phae. Madam, if Horns I on my Head muſt wear,
'Tis equal to me who ſhall graft them there.

Cly. To *London*, go, thou out-of-faſhion Fool,
And thou wilt learn in that great Cuckolds School,
That every Man who wears the Marriage-Fetters,
Is glad to be the Cuckold of his Betters;
Therefore, no longer at your Fate repine,
For in your Stall the Sun ſhall ever ſhine.

Old Phae. I had rather have burnt Candle all my Life,
Than to the Sun have yielded up my Wife.
But ſince 'tis paſt, I muſt my Fortune bear;
'Tis well you did not do it with a Star.

Cly. When Neighbours ſee the Sunſhine in your Stall,
Your Fate will be the Envy of them all;
And each poor clouded Man will wiſh the Sun
Wou'd do to his Wife, what to your Wife h'as done.

[*Exeunt Arm in Arm.*

Mach. There, Sir, is a Scene in Heroicks, between a Cobler and his Wife; now you ſhall have a Scene in mere Proſe between ſeveral Gods.

Fuſt. I ſhould have thought it more natural for the Gods to have talk'd in Heroicks, and the Cobler and his Wife in Proſe.

Mach. You think it would have been more natural, ſo do I, and for that very Reaſon have avoided it; for the chief Beauty of an Entertainment, Sir, is to be unnatural. Come, where are the Gods?

Enter Jupiter, Neptune, *and* Phœbus.

Jup. Harkye, you *Phœbus*, will you take up your Lanthorn, and ſet out, Sir, or no? For by *Styx!* I'll put ſomebody elſe in your Place, if you do not; I will not

not have the World left in Darkneſs, becauſe you are out of Humour.

Phœb. Have I not Reaſon to be out of Humour, when you have deſtroy'd my Favourite Child?

Jup. 'Twas your own Fault; why did you truſt him with your Lanthorn?

Phœb. I had promis'd by *Styx*, an Oath which you know was not in my Power to break.

Jup. I ſhall diſpute with you here no longer; ſo either take up your Lanthorn, and mind your Buſineſs, or I'll diſpoſe of it to ſomebody elſe. I would not have you think I want Suns, for there were two very fine ones that ſhone together at *Drury-Lane* Play-Houſe; I myſelf ſaw 'em, for I was in the ſame Entertainment.

Phœb. I ſaw 'em too, but they were more like Moons than Suns; and as like any thing elſe, as either. You had better ſend for the Sun from *Covent-Garden* Houſe, there's a Sun that hatches an Egg there, and produces a *Harlequin.*

Jup. Yes, I remember that; but do you know what Animal laid that Egg?

Phœb. Not I.

Jup. Sir, that Egg was laid by an Aſs.

Nept. Faith, that Sun of the Egg of an Aſs is a moſt prodigious Animal; I have often wonder'd how you came to give him ſo much Power over us, for he makes Gods and Devils dance Jigs together whenever he pleaſes.

Jup. You muſt know, he is the Grand-child of my Daughter *Fortune*, by an Aſs; and at her Requeſt I ſettled all that Power upon him; but he plays ſuch damn'd Pranks with it, that I believe I ſhall ſhortly revoke my Grant. He has turn'd all Nature topſy-turvy, and not content with that, in one of his Entertainments he was bringing all the Devils in Hell up to Heaven by a Machine, but I happen'd to perceive him, and ſtopt him by the way.

Phœb. I wonder you did not damn him for it.

Jup.

Jup. Sir, he has been damn'd a thouſand times over; but he values it not of a Ruſh; the Devils themſelves are afraid of him; he makes them ſing and dance whenever he pleaſes. But come, 'tis time for you to ſet out.

Phœb. Well, if I muſt, I muſt; and ſince you have deſtroy'd my Son, I muſt find out ſome handſome Wench, and get another. [*Exit.*

Jup. Come, *Neptune*, 'tis too late to Bed to go,
What ſhall we do to paſs an Hour, or ſo?

Nept. E'en what you pleaſe. — Will you along with me,
And take a little Dip into the Sea?

Jup. No, faith, tho' I've a Heat I want to quench,
Dear *Neptune*, can'ſt thou find me out a Wench?

Nept. What ſay'ſt thou to Dame *Thetis?* She's a Prude,
But yet I know, with *Jupiter* ſhe wou'd.

Jup. I ne'er was more tranſported in my Life,
While the Sun's out at work, I'll have his Wife;
Neptune, this Service merits my Regard,
For all great Men ſhou'd ſtill their Pimps reward.

[*Exeunt.*

Mach. Thus, Sir, ends my Second and laſt Serious; and now for my Second Comick. Come, draw the Scene, and diſcover the two Play-Houſes Side by Side.

Sneer. You have brought theſe two Play-Houſes in a very friendly manner together.

Mach. Why ſhou'd they quarrel, Sir? for you obſerve, both their Doors are ſhut up. Come, Enter *Tragedy King* and *Queen*, to be hired.

[*Enter* Tragedy King *and* Queen, *and knock at* Covent-Garden *Play-Houſe Door*; *the Manager comes out*; *the* Tragedy King *repeats a Speech out of a Play*; *the Manager and he quarrel about an Emphaſis. He knocks at* Drury-Lane *Door*; *the Manager enters, with his Man* Piſtol *bearing a Sack-Load of Players Articles.*

Fuſt. Pray, Sir, what is contain'd in that Sack?

Mach. Sir, in that Sack are contain'd Articles for Players, from Ten Shillings a Week, and no Benefit, to Five Hundred a Year, and a Benefit clear.

Fuſt. Sir, I ſuppoſe you intend this as a Joke; but I can't ſee why a Player of our own Country, and in our own Language, ſhould not deſerve Five Hundred, ſooner than a ſawcy *Italian* Singer Twelve.

Mach. Five Hundred a Year, Sir! Why, Sir, for a little more Money I'll get you one of the beſt *Harlequins* in *France*; and you'll ſee the Managers are of my Opinion.

[*Enter* Harlequin *and* Columbine. *Both Managers run to 'em, and careſs 'em; and while they are bidding for 'em, enter a Dog in a* Harlequin's *Dreſs; they bid for him. Enter the Juſtice and his Clerk;* Harlequin *and* Columbine *run off.* Covent-Garden *Manager runs away with the Dog in his Arms. The Scene changes to a Cart-load of Players. The Juſtice pulls out the Act of the* 12th *of the Queen, and threatens to commit them as Vagrants; the Manager offers the Juſtice Two Hundred a Year, if he will commence a Player; the Juſtice accepts it, is turn'd into a* Harlequin; *he and his Clerk mount the Cart, and all ſing the following* Chorus.

CHORUS.

AIR V. Abbot of Canterbury.

You wonder, perhaps, at the Tricks of the Stage,
Or that Pantomime *Miracles take with the Age;*
But if you examine Court, Country, and Town,
There's nothing but Harlequin-*Feats will go down.*
Derry down, &c.

From

From Fleetſtreet *to* Limehouſe *the City's his Range,*
He's a Saint in his Shop, and a Knave on the Change;
At an Oath, or a Jeſt, like a Cenſor he'll frown,
But a Lye or a Cheat ſlip currently down.
Derry down, *&c.*

In the Country he burns with a Politick Zeal,
And boaſts, like Knight-Errant, to ſerve Commonweal;
But once return'd Member, he alters his Tone,
For as long as he riſes, no matter who's down.
Derry down, *&c.*

At Court, 'tis as hard to confine him as Air,
Like a troubleſome Spirit, he's here, and he's there;
All Shapes and Diſguiſes at Pleaſure puts on,
And defies all the Nation to conjure him down.
Derry down, *&c.*

FINIS.

MISS *LUCY* IN TOWN.

A

SEQUEL

TO

The Virgin Unmaſqued.

A

FARCE;

WITH SONGS.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

In DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

LONDON:
Printed for A. MILLAR, againſt St. *Clement*'s Church in the *Strand*. 1742.
(Price One Shilling.)

MISSLEY

IN TOWN.

A

SEQUEL

TO

The Virgin Unmasked.

A

FARCE;

With SONGS.

As Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

In DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

A

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

GOODWILL,	*Mr.* WINSTONE.
THOMAS,	*Mr.* NEAL.
LD. BAWBLE,	*Mr.* CROSS.
Mr. ZOROBABEL,	*Mr.* MACKLIN.
Signor CANTILENO,	*Mr.* BEARD.
Mr. BALLAD.	*Mr.* LOWE.

WOMEN.

HAYCOCK,	*Mrs.* MACKLIN.
WIFE,	*Mrs.* CLIVE.
TAWDRY,	*Mrs.* BENNET.

MISS *LUCY* IN TOWN.

SCENE, Mrs. Haycock's.

Haycock and Tawdry.

Haycock.

AND he did not give you a ſingle Shilling?

Taw. No, upon my Honour.

Hay. Very well. They ſpend ſo much Money in Shew and Equipage, that they can no more pay their Ladies

dies than their Tradeſmen. If it was not for Mr. *Zorobabel*, and ſome more of his Perſuaſion, I muſt ſhut up my Doors.

Taw. Beſides, Ma'am, virtuous Women and Gentlemen's Wives come ſo cheap, that no Man will go to the Price of a Lady of the Town.

Hay. I thought *Weſtminſter-Hall* would have given them a Surfeit of their virtuous Women: But I ſee nothing will do; tho' a Jury of Cuckolds were to give never ſuch ſwinging Damages, it will not deter Men from qualifying more Jurymen. In ſhort, nothing can do us any ſervice but an Act of Parliament to put us down.

Taw. Have you put a Bill on your Door, Ma'am, as you ſaid you would?

Hay. It is up, it is up. Oh *Tawdry!* that a Woman who hath been bred, and always lived like a Gentlewoman, and followed a polite way of Buſineſs, ſhould be reduced to let Lodgings.

Taw. It is a melancholy Conſideration truly.

[*Knocking.*

But hark! I hear a Coach ſtop.

Hay. Some Rake or other, who is too poor to have any Reputation. This is not a Time of Day for good Cuſtomers to walk abroad. The Citizens, good Men! can't leave their Shops ſo ſoon.

Servant

Servant enters.

Madam, a Gentleman and Lady to enquire for Lodgings; they ſeem to be juſt come out of the Country, for the Coach and Horſes are in a terrible dirty Pickle.

Hay. Why don't you ſhew them in? *Tawdry*, who knows what Fortune hath ſent us?

Taw. If ſhe had meant me any Good, ſhe'd have ſent a Gentleman without a Lady.

Servant returning with John.

This is my Miſtreſs, Friend.

John. Do you take Volks in to live here? Becauſe if you do, Madam and the Squire will come and live with you.

Hay. Then your Maſter is a Squire, Friend, is he?

John. Ay, he is as good a Squire as any within five Miles o' en: Tho'ſ he was but a Footman before, what is that to the purpoſe? Madam has enough for both o' 'em.

Hay. Well, you may deſire your Maſter and his Lady to walk in. I believe I can furniſh them with what they want. What think you, *Tawdry*, of the Squire and his Lady, by this Specimen of them?

Taw. Why I think if I can turn the Squire to as good Account as you will his Lady, (I mean if ſhe be handſome,) we ſhall have no reaſon to repent our Acquaintance. You will ſoon teach her more Grace, than to be plea-

ſed with a Footman, eſpecially as he is her Huſband.

Hay. Truly, I muſt ſay, I love to ſee Ladies prefer themſelves. Mercy on thoſe who betray Women to ſacrifice their own Intereſt: I would not have ſuch a Sin lie on my Conſcience for the World.

Enter Mr. THOMAS, WIFE, *and* SERVANTS.

Tho. Madam, your humble Servant. My Fellow here tells me you have Lodgings to lett, pray what are they, Madam?

Hay. Sir, my Bill hath informed you.

Tho. Pox! I am afraid ſhe ſuſpects I can't read.

Hay. What Conveniencies, Madam, would your Ladyſhip want?

Wife. Why, good Woman, I ſhall want every thing which other fine Ladyſhips want. Indeed, I don't know what I ſhall want yet; for I never was in Town before: But I ſhall want every thing I ſee.

Tho. I hope your Apartments here are handſome, and that People of Faſhion uſe to lodge with you.

Hay. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll wait on your Honour, and ſhew you the Rooms.

Tho.

Tho. Ay do, do ſo; do wait on me. *John*, do you hear, do you take care of all our Things.

Wife. Ay pray, *John*, take care of the great Cake and the cold Turkey, and the Ham and the Chickens, and the Bottle of Sack and the two Bottles of Strong Beer, and the Bottle of Cyder.

John. I'll take the beſt care I can: but a Man would think he was got into a Fair. The Folks ſtare at one as if they had never ſeen a Man before.

[*Remain* TAWDRY *and* WIFE.

Taw. Pray, Madam, is not your Ladyſhip infinitely tired with your Journey?

Wife. I tired! not I, I an't tired at all; I could walk twenty Miles further.

Taw. Oh, I am ſurprized at that; moſt fine Ladies are horribly fatigued after a Journey.

Wife. Are they? ——Hum! I don't know whether I an't ſo too; yes I am, I am, horribly fatigued. (Well, I ſhall never find out all that a fine Lady ought to be.) [*Aſide.*

Taw. Was your Ladyſhip never in Town before, Madam?

Wife. No, Madam, never before that I know of.

Taw. I ſhall be glad to wait on you, Madam, and ſhew you the Town.

Wife. I am very much obliged to you, Madam: and I am reſolved to ſee every thing that

that is to be ſeen: The Tower, and the Crowns, and the Lions, and Bedlam, and the Parliament-Houſe, and the Abbey——

Taw. O fie, Madam! theſe are only Sights for the Vulgar; no fine Ladies go to theſe.

Wife. No! why then I won't neither. Oh odious Tower, and filthy Lions.——But pray, Madam, are there no Sights for a fine Lady to ſee?

Taw. O yes, Madam; there are Ridottos, Maſquerades, Court, Plays, and a thouſand others, ſo many, that a fine Lady has never time to be at home, but when ſhe is aſleep.

Wife. I am glad to hear that; for I hate to be at home: But, dear Madam, do tell me—— for I ſuppoſe you are a fine Lady.

Taw. At your Service, Madam.

Wife. What do your fine Ladies do at theſe Places? what do they do at Maſquerades now? for I have heard of them in the Country.

Taw. Why they dreſs themſelves in a ſtrange Dreſs, and they walk up and down the Room, and they cry, *Do you know me?* and then they burſt out a laughing, and then they ſit down, and then they get up, and then they walk about again, and then they go home.

Wife. Oh, this is charming, and eaſy too; I ſhall be able to do a Maſquerade in a Minute: Well, but do tell me a little of the reſt. What do they do at your what d'ye call 'ems, your Plays?

Taw.

Taw. Why, if they can, they take a Stage-Box, where they let the Footman ſit the two firſt Acts, to ſhew his Livery; then they come in to ſhew themſelves, ſpread their Fans upon the Spikes, make Curt'ſies to their Acquaintance, and then talk and laugh as loud as they are able.

Wife. O delightful. By Gole, I find there is nothing in a fine Lady; any body may be a fine Lady if this be all.

AIR I.

If Flaunting, and Ranting,
If Noiſe and Gallanting
Be all in fine Ladies requir'd;
I'll warrant I'll be
As fine a Lady
As ever in Town was admir'd.

At Plays I will rattle,
Tittle-tattle,
Tittle-tattle,
Prittle-prattle,
Prittle-prattle,
As gay and as loud as the beſt:
And at t'other Place,
With a Maſk on my Face,
I'll aſk all I ſee
Do you know me?
Do you know me?
And te he, he,
And te, he, he!
At nothing as loud as a Jeſt.

Thomas

Thomas *and* Haycock *return.*

Tho. My Dear, I have ſeen the Rooms, and they are very handſome, and fit for us People of Faſhion.

Wife. O my Dear, I am extremely glad on't. Do you know me? Ha, ha, ha, my Dear, (*ſtretching out her Fan before her*) ha, ha, ha!

Tho. Heyday! What's the matter now?

Wife. I am only doing over a fine Lady at a Maſquerade or Play, that's all.

[*She coquets apart with her Husband.*

Taw. (*to* Hay.) She's Simplicity itſelf. A Card Fortune has dealt you, which it's impoſſible for you to play ill. You may bring her to any Purpoſe.

Hay. I am glad to hear it; for ſhe's really pretty, and I ſhall ſcarce want a Cuſtomer for a Tit-bit.

Wife. Well, my Dear, you won't ſtay long, for you know I can hardly bear you out of my Sight; I ſhall be quite miſerable till you come back, my dear, dear *Tommy*.

Tho. My dear *Lucy*, I will but go find out a Taylor, and be back with you in an Inſtant.

Wife. Pray do, my Dear.—— Nay, t'other Kiſs; one more,——oh! thou art the ſweeteſt Creature.

Wife.

Wife. Well Miſs, fine Lady, pray how do you like my Husband? Is he not a charming Man?

Taw. Your Husband! dear Madam, and was it your Husband that you kiſs'd ſo?

Wife. Why, don't fine Ladies kiſs their Husbands?

Taw. No, never.

Wife. O-la! but I do not like that tho'; by Gole, I believe I ſhall never be a fine Lady, if I muſt not be kiſs'd. I like being a fine Lady in other Things, but not in that; I thank you. If your fine Ladies are never kiſs'd, by Gole, I think we have not ſo much Reaſon to envy them as I imagin'd.

SONG.

How happy are the Nymphs and Swains,
Who skip it, and trip it, all over the Plains;
How ſweet are the Kiſſes,
How ſoft are the Bliſſes,
Tranſporting the Lads, and all melting their Miſſes?

If Ladies here ſo nice are grown,
Who jaunt it, and flaunt it, all over the Town,
To fly as from Ruin,
From Billing and Cooing,
A Fig for their Airs, give me plain Country Wooing.

Taw. O you miſtake me, Madam; a fine Lady may kiſs any Man but her Husband—— You will have all the Beaus in Town at your Service.

Wife. Beaus! O Gemini, thoſe are the Things Miſs *Jenny* uſed to talk of.—— And pray, Madam, do Beaus kiſs ſo much ſweeter and better than other Folks?

Taw. Hum! I can't ſay much of that.

Wife. And pray then, why muſt I like them better than my own Husband?

Hay. Becauſe it's the Faſhion, Madam. Fine Ladies do every Thing becauſe it's the Faſhion. They ſpoil their Shapes, to appear big with Child, becauſe it's the Faſhion. They loſe their Money at Whisk, without underſtanding the Game; they go to Auctions, without intending to buy; they go to Operas, without any Ear; and ſlight their Husbands without diſliking them; and all——becauſe it is the Faſhion.

Wife. Well, I'll try to be as much in Faſhion as I can: But pray when muſt I go to theſe Beaus; for I really long to ſee them? For Miſs *Jenny* ſays, ſhe's ſure I ſhall like them; and if I do, i'facks! I believe I ſhall tell them ſo, notwithſtanding what our Parſon ſays.

Hay. Bravely ſaid; I will ſhew you ſome fine Gentlemen, which I warrant you will like.

Wife. And will they like me?

Taw. Like you! they'll adore you, they'll worſhip you. Madam, Says my Lord, You are the

the moſt charming, beautiful, fine Creature that ever my Eyes beheld.

Wife. What's that? Do, ſay that over again.

Taw. (*repeats*) Madam, you are, *&c.*

Wife. And will they think all this of me?

Taw. No doubt of it. They'll ſwear it.

Wife. Then to be ſure they will think it. Yes, yes, to be ſure they will think ſo. I wiſh I could ſee theſe charming Men.

Hay. O you will ſee them every where. Here in the Houſe I have ſeveral to viſit me, who have ſaid the ſame thing to me and this young Lady.

Wife. What did they call you charming and beautiful? —— By Gole, I think they may very well ſay ſo to me [*aſide.*] But when will theſe charming Men come?

Hay. They'll be here immediately: But your Ladyſhip will dreſs yourſelf. I ſee your Man has brought your Things. I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip has your Clothes with you.

Wife. Oh yes, I have Clothes enough; I have a fine Thread Satin Suit of Clothes of all the Colours in the Rainbow; then I have a fine red Gown flower'd with Yellow, all my own Work; and a fine lac'd Suit of Pinners, that was my Great Grandmother's! that has been worn but twice theſe forty Years, and my Mother told me, coſt almoſt four Pounds when it was new, and reaches down hither. And then I have a great Gold Watch that hath conti-

nued in our Family, I can't tell how long, and is almoſt as broad as a moderate Punch Bowl; and then I have two great Gold Ear-Rings, and ſix or ſeven Rings for my Finger, worth above twenty Pound all together; and a thouſand fine Things that you ſhall ſee.

Hay. Ay, Madam, theſe Things would have dreſt your Ladyſhip very well an hundred Years ago: But the Faſhions are altered. Laced Pinners, indeed! You muſt cut off your Hair, and get a little Perriwig, and a *French* Cap; and inſtead of a great Watch, you muſt have one ſo ſmall, that it is impoſſible it ſhould go; and—— But come, this young Lady will inſtruct You. Pray, Miſs, wait on the Lady to her Apartment, and ſend for proper Tradeſmen to dreſs her; ſuch as the fine Ladies uſe. Madam, you ſhall be dreſt as you ought to be.

Wife. Thank you, Madam; and then I ſhall be as fine a Lady as the beſt of them. By Gole, this *London* is a charming Place. If ever my Husband gets me out of it again, I am miſtaken. Come, dear Miſs, I am impatient. *Do you know me?* ha, he, ha!

[*Ex.* Wife *and* Tawdry.

Enter

Enter Lord BAWBLE.

Ld. *B.* So, Old Midnight, what Schemes art thou plodding on?

Hay. O fie! my Lord; I proteſt, if Sir *Thomas* and you don't leave off your Midnight Riots, you will ruin the Reputation of my Houſe for ever. I wonder too, you have no more Regard to your own Characters.

Ld. *B.* Why, thou old canting Offspring of Hypocriſy, doſt thou think that Men of Quality are to be confined to the Rules of Decency, like ſober Citizens, as if they were aſhamed of their Sins, and afraid they ſhould loſe their Turn of being Lord Mayor?

Hay. We ought all to be aſhamed of our Sins. O my Lord, my Lord, had you but heard that excellent Sermon, on *Kennington* Common, it would have made you aſhamed: I am ſure it had ſo good an Effect upon me, that I ſhall be aſhamed of my Sins as long as I live.

Ld. *B.* Why don't you leave them off then, and lay down your Houſe?

Hay. Alas, I can't, I can't; I was bred up in the Way: But I repent heartily; I repent every Hour of my Life; and that I hope will make Amends.

Ld. *B.*

Ld. *B.* Well, where is my *Jenny Ranter*?

Hay. Ah, poor *Jenny!* Poor *Jenny* is gone. I ſhall never ſee her more; ſhe was the beſt of Girls; it almoſt breaks my tender Heart to think on't: Nay, I ſhall never out-live her Loſs, (*crying.*) My Lord, Sir *Thomas* and you forgot to pay for that Bowl of Punch laſt Night.

Ld. *B.* Damn your Punch, is my dear *Jenny* dead?

Hay. Worſe if poſſible.——She is——ſhe is turn'd Methodiſt, and married to one of the Brethren.

Ld. *B.* O, if that be all, we ſhall have her again.

Hay. Alas! I fear not; for they are powerful Men, and put ſuch good Things into Women. ——But pray, my Lord, how go the Finances, for I have ſuch a Piece of Goods, ſuch a Girl juſt arrived out of the Country!———upon my Soul as pure a Virgin——for I have known her whole bringing up: She is a Relation of mine; her Father left me her Guardian. I have juſt brought her from a Boarding-School to have her under my own Eye, and complete her Education.

Ld. *B.* Where is ſhe? let me ſee her.

Hay. Not a Step without the *Ready.* I told you I was her Guardian, and I ſhall not betray my Truſt.

Ld. *B.* If I like her——upon my Honour---

Hay. I have too much value for your Lordſhip's Honour, to have it left in pawn. Beſides, I have more Right Honourable Honour in my hands unredeemed already, than I know what to do with. However, I think you may depend on my Honour; depoſite a cool Hundred, and you ſhall ſee her; and then take either the Lady or the Money.

Ld. *B.* I know thee to be inexorable. I'll ſtep home and fetch the Money. I gave that Sum to my Wife this Morning to buy her Clothes. I'll take it from her again, and let her tick with the Tradeſmen. Look'e, if this be ſtale Goods, I'll break every Window in the Houſe.

Hay. I'll give you leave. He'll be tir'd of her in a Week, and then I may diſpoſe of her again. I am afraid I did wrong in putting her off for a Virgin, for ſhe'll certainly diſcover ſhe is married. However, I can forſwear the knowing it.

[Zorobabel *brought in, in a Chair, with the Curtains drawn.*

O here's one of my ſober Cuſtomers.——— Mr. *Zorobabel*, is it you? I am your Worſhip's moſt obedient Servant.

Zor. How do you do, Mrs. *Haycock?* I hope no body ſees or over-hears. This is an early Hour for me to viſit at. I have but juſt been at home to dreſs me, ſince I came from the *Alley.*

Hay.

Hay. I ſuppoſe your Worſhip's Hands are pretty full there now with your Lottery-Tickets?

Zor. Fuller than I deſire, Mrs. *Haycock*, I aſſure you. We hoped to have brought them to ſeven Pounds before this; that would have been a pretty comfortable Intereſt for our Money.—But, have you any worth ſeeing in your Houſe?

Hay. O Mr. *Zorobabel!* ſuch a Piece! ſuch an Angel!

Zor. Ay, ay, where? where?

Hay. Here in the Houſe.

Zor. Let me ſee her this inſtant.

Hay. Sure nothing was ever ſo unfortunate!

Zor. Hey! what?

Hay. O Sir! not thinking to ſee your Worſhip this buſy Time, I have promiſed her to Lord *Bawble.*

Zor. How, Mrs. *Haycock*, promiſe her to a Lord without offering her to me firſt? Let me tell you, 'tis an Affront not only to me, but to all my Friends: And you deſerve never to have any but Chriſtians in your Houſe again.

Hay. Marry forbid! Don't utter ſuch Curſes againſt me.

Zor. Who is it ſupports you? Who is it can ſupport you? Who have any Money beſides us?

Hay. Pray your Worſhip forgive me.

Zor. No, I will deal higher for the future, with thoſe who are better acquainted with Lords;

Lords; they will know whom to prefer. I muſt tell you, you are a very ungrateful Woman. I know a Woman of Faſhion at St. *James*'s end of the Town, where I might deal cheaper than with yourſelf; tho' I own indeed, yours is rather the more reputable Houſe of the two.

Hay. But my Lord hath never ſeen her yet.

Zor. Hath he not? Why then he never ſhall, 'till I have done with her: She'll be good enough for a Lord half a year hence. Come, fetch her down, fetch her down. How long hath ſhe been in Town?

Hay. Not two Hours. Pure Country innocent Fleſh and Blood.——But what ſhall I ſay to my Lord?

Zor. Say any thing: Put off ſome body elſe upon him; a ſtale Woman of Quality, or ſomebody who hath been in *Weſtminſter-Hall* and the News-Papers.

Hay. Well, I'll do the beſt I can; tho', upon my Honour, I was to have had 200 Guineas from my Lord.

Zor. Two hundred Promiſes you mean; but had it been ready Caſh, I'll make you amends if I like her; we'll never differ about the Price; ſo fetch her, fetch her.

Hay. I will, an't pleaſe your Worſhip. [*Exit.*

Zor. Soh! the Money of Chriſtian Men

pays for the Beauty of Chriſtian Women. A good Exchange!

Enter HAYCOCK. [*A Noiſe without.*

Hay. O Sir, here are ſome noiſy People coming this way; ſlip into the next Room: I am as tender of your Reputation as of my own.

Zor. You are a ſenſible Woman, and I commend your Care; for Reputation is the very Soul of a *Jew.*

Hay. Go in here, I will quickly clear the Coaſt for you again. [*Exit* Zor. Now for my Gentlemen; and if I miſtake not their Voices, one is an Opera-Singer, and the other a Singer in one of our Playhouſes.

Enter Signior CANTILENO *and Mr.* BALLAD.

Hay. What is the matter, Gentlemen? what is the matter?

Cant. Begar I vil ave de Woman; begar I vil ave her.

Bal. You muſt win her firſt, Signor; and if you can gain her Affections, I am too much an

an *Engliſhman* to think of reſtraining her from purſuing her own Will.

Cant. Never fear, me vin her. No *Engliſh* Woman can withſtand the Charms of my Voice.

Hay. If he begins to ſing, there will be no end on't. I muſt go look after my young Lady.

SONG.

Cant. *Muſic ſure hath Charms to move,*
With my Song, with my Song I'll charm my Love.
This good Land, where Money grows,
Well the Price of Singing knows:
Hither all the Warblers throng;
Taking Money,
Milk and Honey,
Taking Money for a Song.

Bal. Ha, ha, ha! What the devil ſhould an *Italian* Singer do with a Miſtreſs?

Cant. Aſk your Women, who are in love with the *Italian* Singers.

SONG.

See, while I ſtrike the vocal Lyre,
Beauty languiſh, languiſh and expire:
Like Turtle-Doves, in wooing Fit,
See the blooming Charmers ſit;

Softly ſighing,
Gently dying,
While ſweet Sounds to Raptures move:
Trembling, thrilling,
Sweetly killing,
Airs that fan the Wings of Love.

SONG.

Bal. *Be gone thou Shame of Human Race,*
The noble Roman *Soil's Diſgrace;*
Nor vainly with a Briton *dare*
Attempt to win a Britiſh *Fair.*

2.

For manly Charms the Britiſh *Dame*
Shall feel a fiercer nobler Flame;
To manly Numbers lend her Ear,
And ſcorn thy ſoft enervate Air.

Enter a Porter.

Por. to Cant. Sir, the Lady's in the next Room.

Cant. Ver vel. Begar I vil ave her.

Bal. I'll follow you, and ſee how far the Charms of your Voice will prevail.

Enter

Enter ZOROBABEL, HAYCOCK, *and* WIFE.

Hay. (*to her entering.*) I am going to introduce your Ladyſhip to one of our fine Gentlemen whom I told you of.

Wife. (*ſurveying him aukwardly.*) Is this a Beau, and a fine Gentleman?—By Goles Mr. *Thomas* is a finer Gentleman, in my Opinion, a thouſand times.

Zor. Madam, your humble Servant; I ſhall always think myſelf obliged to Mrs. *Haycock* for introducing me to a young Lady of your perfect Beauty. Pray, Madam, how long have you been in Town?

Wife. Why, I have been in Town about three Hours: I am but a Stranger here, Sir; but I was very lucky to meet with this civil Gentlewoman and this fine Lady, to teach me how to dreſs and behave myſelf. Sir, I would not but be a fine Lady for all the World.

Zor. Madam, you are in the right on't: And this ſoft Hand, this white Neck, and theſe ſweet Lips were formed for no other purpoſe.

Wife. Let me alone mun, will you; I won't be pull'd and hall'd about by you, I won't.——For I am very ſure you don't kiſs half ſo ſweet as Mr. *Thomas.*

Zor.

Zor. Nay, be not coy, my Dear; if you will ſuffer me to kiſs you, I will make you the fineſt of Ladies; you ſhall have Jewels equal to a Woman of Quality:——Nay, I will furniſh a Houſe for you in any Part of the Town, and you ſhall ride in a fine gilt Chair, carried by two ſtout Fellows, that I will keep for no other purpoſe.

Hay. Madam, if you will but like this Gentleman, he'll make you a fine Lady: 'Tis he, and ſome more of his acquaintance, that make half the fine Ladies in Town.

Wife. Ay! Why then I will like him.——I will ſay I do, which I ſuppoſe is the ſame thing. [*aſide.*] But when ſhall I have all theſe fine Things? for I long to begin.

Zor. And ſo do I, my Angel.

[*Offering to kiſs her.*

Wife.——Nay, I won't kiſs any more, 'till I have ſomething in my Hand; that I am reſolved of.

Hay. to Zor. Fetch her ſome Bawbles; any Toys will do.

Wife. But if you will fetch me all the Things you promiſed me, you ſhall kiſs me as long as you pleaſe.

Zor. But when I have done all theſe things, you muſt never ſee any other Man but me.

Wife. Muſt not I?——But I don't like that.——And will you ſtay with me always then?

Zor.

Zor. No; I ſhall only come to ſee you in the Evening.

Wife. (O then it will be well enough,—— for I will ſee whom I pleaſe all the Day, and you ſhall know nothing of the matter.) [*Aſide.* Indeed I won't ſee any body elſe but you; indeed I won't. But do go and fetch me theſe fine Things.

Zor. I go, my Dear. Mrs. *Haycock*, pray take care of her. I never ſaw any one ſo pretty nor ſo ſilly.

Wife. I heard you, Sir; but you ſhall find I have ſenſe enough to out-wit you. Well, Miſs *Jenny* may ſtay in the Country if ſhe will; and ſee nothing but the great jolly Parſon, who never gives any thing but a Noſegay, or an handful of Nuts for a Kiſs. But where's the young Lady that was here juſt now? for to my mind I am in a new World, and my Head is quite turn'd giddy.

Hay. It is a common Effect, Madam, which the Town-Air hath on young Ladies, when firſt they come into it.

Enter CANTILENO.

Cant. Begar dat dam *Engliſh* Ballad-ſinging Dog hath got away de Woman.——ah, *pardie* ——*voila une autre*—— [*going towards her,*

Hay. Hold, hold, Signor; this Lady is not for you.—She is a Woman of Quality, and her Price is a little beyond your Pocket.

Cant. Begar I like none but de Woman of Quality.—And you no know the Price of my Pocket.—See here—begar here are fifty Guineas—dey are not above the Value of two Song.

SONG.

To Beauty compar'd, pale Gold I deſpiſe,
No Jewels can ſparkle like Cælia's *bright Eyes:*
Let Miſers with pleaſure ſurvey their bright Maſs;
With far greater Raptures I view my fine Laſs:
Gold lock'd in my Coffers for me has no Charms;
Then its Value I own,
Then I prize it alone,
When it tempts blooming Beauty to fly to my Arms.

Wife. This is certainly one of thoſe Operiſh Singers Miſs *Jenny* uſed to talk of, and to mimic: She taught me to mimic them too.

RECITATIVE.

Cant. *Brighteſt Nymph turn here thy Eyes,*
Behold thy Swain deſpairs and dies.

Wife.

Wife. *A Voice ſo ſweet cannot deſpair,*
Unleſs from Deafneſs, of the Fair;
Such Sounds muſt move the dulleſt Ear:
Leſs ſweet the warbling Nightingale;
Leſs ſweet the Breeze ſweeps thro' the Vale.

SONG.

Cant. *Sweeteſt Cauſe of all my Pain,*
Pride and Glory of the Plain,
See my Anguiſh,
See me languiſh:
Pity thy expiring Swain.

Wife. *Gentle Youth, of my Diſdain,*
Ah, too cruel you complain;
My tender Heart
Feels greater ſmart;
Pity me expiring Swain.

Cant. *Will you then all my Pangs deſpiſe?*
Will Nothing your Diſdain remove?
Wife. *Can you not read my wiſhing Eyes?*
Ah, muſt I tell you that I love?
Cant. *I faint, I die.*
Wife. *And ſo do I.*

BALLAD *enters, and ſings.*

SONG.

Turn hither your Eyes, bright Maid,
Turn hither with all your Charms;
Behold a jolly young Blade,
Who longs to be claſp'd in your Arms:
To ſighing and whining,
To ſobbing and pining,
Then merrily bid adieu.

Cant. *See how I expire.*
Bal. *See how I'm on fire,*
And burn, my dear Nymph, for you.

Wife. *Thus ſtrongly purſu'd,*
By two Lovers woo'd,
What ſhall a poor Woman do?
But a Lover in Flames,
Sure moſt Pity claims,
So, jolly Lad, I'm for you.

Enter HAYCOCK.

Hay. Gentlemen, I muſt beg you would go into another Room; for my Lord *Bawble* is juſt coming, and he hath beſpoke this.

Cant.

Cant. *Le Diable!* one of our Directors! I would not ave him ſee me here for de Varld.

Wife. Is my Lord come? How eagerly I long to ſee him!

Cant. *Allons*, Madam.

Wife. No, I will ſtay with my Lord.

Hay. He is juſt coming in.—— Upon my Soul I will bring her to you preſently.

Cant. Well, you are de Woman of Honour.

Bal. This new Face will not come to my Turn yet; ſo I will to my dear *Tawdry*.

Enter Ld. BAWBLE.

Ld. *B.* Well, I have kept my Word; I have brought the Ready. [*ſeeing* Wife.] Upon my Soul, a fine Girl! I ſuppoſe this is ſhe you told me of?

Hay. What ſhall I do? [*aſide.*] Yes, yes, my Lord, this is the ſame: But pray come away; for I can't bring her to any thing yet; ſhe is ſo young, if you ſpeak to her, you will frighten her out of her Wits; have but a little Patience, and I ſhall bring her to my Mind.

Ld. *B.* Don't tell me of Patience; I'll ſpeak to her now; and I warrant, I bring her to my Mind. [*they talk apart.*

Wife. [*at the other End of the Stage, looking at my Lord.*] O la! That is a fine Gentleman,

indeed; and yet who knows, but Mr. *Thomas* might be juſt ſuch another, if he had but as fine Clothes on? ——— I wonder he don't ſpeak to me, to be ſure he don't like me; if he did, he would ſpeak to me; and if he does not preſently, the old Fellow will be back again, and then I muſt not talk with him.

Hay. Conſider, ſhe is juſt freſh and raw out of the Country.

Ld. *B.* I like her the better. It is in vain to contend; for, by *Jupiter*, I'll at her. I know how to deal with Country Ladies. I learnt the Art of making Love to them at my Election.

Hay. What will become of me! I'll get out of the way, and ſwear to Mr. *Zorobabel*, I know nothing of my Lord's ſeeing her. [*Ex.*

Ld. *B.* It is generous in you, Madam, to leave the Country, to make us happy here, with the Sunſhine of your Beauty.

Wife. Sir, I am ſure, I ſhall be very glad, if any thing in my power can make the Beaus and fine Gentlemen of this fine Town happy.——— He talks juſt like Mr *Thomas*, before I was married to him, when he firſt came out of his Town-Service. [*Aſide.*

Ld. *B.* She ſeems delightfully ignorant. A Quality which is to me a great Recommendation of a Miſtreſs, or a Friend.——— O, Madam, can you doubt of your Power, which is as extenſive as your Beauty; which lights ſuch

a

a Fire in the Heart of every Beholder, as nothing but your Frowns can put out.

Wife. I'll never frown again; for if all the fine Gentlemen in Town were in love with me,——— icod, with all my Heart, the more the merrier.

Ld. *B.* When they know you have my Admiration, you will ſoon have a thouſand other Adorers. If a Lady hath a mind to bring Cuſtom to her Houſe, ſhe hath nothing more to do but to hang one of us Lords out for a Sign.

Wife. A Lord! ——— *Gemini*, and are you a Lord?

Ld. *B.* My Lord *Bawble*, Madam, at your Service.

Wife. Well, my Lord *Bawble* is the pretticſt Name I ever heard; the very Name is enough to charm one.——— My Ld. *Bawble!*

Ld. *B.* Why, truly, I think it hath ſomething of a Quality Sound in it.

Wife. Heigh, ho!

Ld. *B.* Why do you ſigh, my Charmer?

Wife. At what, perhaps, will make you ſigh too, when you know it.

Ld. *B.* Ay, what?

Wife. I am married to an odious Footman, and can never be my Lady *Bawble.*——— I am afraid you won't like me, now I have told you.——— But I aſſure you, if I had not been married already, I ſhould havemarried you

you of all the Beaus and fine Gentlemen in the World: But tho' I am married to him, I like you the beſt; and I hope that will do.

Ld. *B.* Yes, yes, yes, my Dear; do!—— very well: (Is this Wench an Idiot, or a Bite? marry me, with a Pox!) [*aſide.*] And ſo you are married to a Footman, my Dear?

Wife. Yes, I am; I ſee you don't like me, now you know I am another Man's Wife.

Ld. *B.* Indeed you are miſtaken; I diſlike no Man's Wife but my own.

Wife. O-la: What are you married then?

Ld. *B.* Yes, I think I am: But I have almoſt forgot it; for I have not ſeen my Wife, 'till this Morning, for a Twelvemonth.

Wife. No! by Goles, you may marry ſomebody elſe for me. And now I think on't; if I ſhould be ſeen ſpeaking to him, I ſhall loſe all the fine things I was promiſed.

Ld. *B.* What are you conſidering, my Dear?

Wife. I muſt not ſtay with you any longer, for I expect an old Gentleman every Minute, who promiſed me a thouſand fine Things, if I would not ſpeak to any body but him: He promiſed to keep two tall luſty Fellows for no other Buſineſs but to carry me up and down in a Chair.

Ld. *B.* I will not only do that, but I will keep you two other tall Fellows for no other Uſe but to walk before your Chair.

Wife.

Wife. Will you? Nay, I aſſure you, I like you better than him, if I ſhall not loſe any fine Things by the bargain.—— But hold, now I think on't: Suppoſe I ſtay here till he come back again with his Preſents, I can take the Things, promiſe him, and go with you afterwards, you know, my Lord. Oh, how pretty *Lord* ſounds!

Ld. *B.* No, you will have no need on't; I will give you Variety of fine things. ('Till I am tired of you, and then I'll take them away again.) But, my Dear, theſe Lodgings are not fine enough; I will take ſome finer for you.

Wife. O la! what are there finer Houſes than this in Town? Why, my Father hath five Hundred a Year in the Country, and his Houſe is not half ſo fine.

Ld. *B.* O, my Dear, Gentlemen of no hundred Pounds a Year ſcorn ſuch an Houſe as this: No body lives now in any thing but a Palace.

Wife. Nay, the finer the better, by Goles, if you will pay for it.

Ld. *B.* Pugh, p'ſhaw, pay! never mind that: That Word hath almoſt put me in the Vapours.—— Come, my dear Girl— [*kiſſes her.*

Wife. O fie, my Lord, you make me bluſh. He kiſſes ſweeter than my Huſband, a thouſand times; I did not think there had been ſuch

ſuch a Man as my Huſband in the World, but I find I was miſtaken.

Ld. *B.* Conſider, my Dear, what a Pride you will have in hearing the Man you love call'd, Lordſhip.

Wife. Lordſhip! it is pretty. Lordſhip! — But then you won't ſee me above once in a Twelvemonth.

Ld. *B.* I will ſee you every Day, every Minute: I like you ſo well, that nothing but being married to you could make me hate you.

Wife. O *Gemini!* I forgot it was the Faſhion.

Ld. *B.* Let us loſe no time, but haſten to find ſome Place where I may equip you like a Woman of Quality.

Wife. I am out of my Wits. My Lord, I am ready to wait on Lordſhip, wherever Lordſhip pleaſes ——— Lordſhip! Quality! I ſhall be a fine Lady immediately now.

Enter HAYCOCK.

Hay. What ſhall I do? I am ruin'd for ever! My Lord hath carried away the Girl. Mr. *Zorobabel* will never forgive me; I ſhall loſe him and all his Friends, and they are the only Support of my Houſe. Fooliſh Slut, to prefer a rakiſh Lord to a ſober *Jew*: But Women

men never know how to make their Market 'till they are ſo old, no one will give any thing for them.

Enter THOMAS.

Tho. Your humble Servant, Madam. Pray, Madam, how do you like my Clothes?

Hay. Your Taylor hath been very expeditious, indeed, Sir.

Tho. Yes, Madam, I ſhould not have had them ſo ſoon, but that I met with an old Acquaintance, *Tom Shabby*, the Taylor in *Monmouth-Street*, who fitted me with a Suit in a moment.——— But where's my Wife?

Hay. (What ſhall I ſay to him?) I believe ſhe is gone out to ſee the Town.

Tho. Gone out! hey! what, without me! Who's gone with her?

Hay. Really, Sir, I can't tell. Here was a Gentleman all over Lace: I ſuppoſe, ſome Acquaintance of hers. I fancy ſhe went with him.

Tho. A Gentleman in Lace! I am undone, ruin'd, diſhonour'd! Some Raſcal hath betray'd away my Wife.——— Zounds, why did you let her go out of the Houſe 'till my Return?

Hay. The Lady was only a Lodger with me. I had no Power over her.

Tho. How did any Man come to ſee her? for I am ſure ſhe did not know one Man in Town. It muſt be ſomebody that uſed to come here.

Hay. May the Devil fetch me, if ever I ſaw him before; nor do I know how he got in.—— But there are Birds of Prey lurking in every Corner of this wicked Town: It makes me ſhed Tears to think what Villains there are in the World, to betray poor innocent young Ladies. [*cries.*

Tho. Oons and the Devil! the firſt ſix Weeks of our Marriage!

Hay. That is a pity indeed,——if you have been marry'd no longer: Had you been together half a Year, it had been ſome Comfort. But be adviſed, have a little patience; in all probability whoever the Gentleman is, he'll return her again ſoon.

Tho. Return her! ha! ſtain'd, ſpotted, ſullied! Who ſhall return me my Honour?—— S'Death! I'll ſearch her thro' the Town, the World.———Ha! my Father here!

Goodwill. (*entering.*) Son, I met your Man *John* at the Inn, and he ſhew'd me the way hither.——Where is my Daughter, your Wife?

Tho. Stolen! loſt! every thing is loſt, and I am undone.

Good. Hey-day! What's the matter?

Tho. The matter! O curſe this vile Town; I did but go to furniſh myſelf with a Suit of Clothes,

Clothes, that I might appear like a Gentleman, and in the mean time your Daughter hath taken care that I ſhall appear like a Gentleman all the Days of my Life; for I am ſure I ſhall be aſhamed to ſhew my Head among Footmen.

Good. How! My Daughter run away?——

Hay. I am afraid it is too true.

Good. And do you ſtand meditating?

Tho. What ſhall I do?

Good. Go advertiſe her this Minute in the News-Paper;——get my Lord Chief Juſtice's Warrant.

Hay. As for the latter, it may be adviſable; but the former will be only throwing away your Money; for the Papers have been of late ſo crammed with Advertiſements of Wives running from their Huſbands, that no body now reads them.

Tho. That I ſhould be ſuch a Blockhead to bring my Wife to Town!

Good. That I ſhould be ſuch a Sot as to ſuffer you!

Tho. If I was unmarried again, I would not venture my Honour in a Woman's keeping, for all the Fortune ſhe could bring me.

Good. And if I was a young Fellow again, I would not get a Daughter, for all the Pleaſure any Woman could give me.

Enter ZOROBABEL.

Zor. Here, where's my Miſtreſs? I have equipp'd her; here are Trinkets enough to ſupply an Alderman's Wife.

Hay. (I muſt be diſcover'd.) Huſh, huſh, conſider your Reputation; here are Company. —Your Miſtreſs is run away with my Lord *Bawble.*

Zor. My Miſtreſs run away! Damn my Reputation: Where's the Girl? I will have the Girl.

Good. This Gentleman may have loſt a Daughter too.

Tho. Or a Wife, perhaps——You have loſt your Wife, Sir, by the Violence of your Rage?

Zor. O worſe, worſe, Sir; I have loſt a Miſtreſs. While I went to buy her Trinkets, this damn'd Jade of a Bawd (where is ſhe?) lets in a young Rake, and he is run away with her: The ſweeteſt bit of Country Innocence, juſt come to Town. S'Blood, I would have given an hundred Lottery-Tickets for her.

Good. } How, Hell-hound!
Tho. }

Hay. I am an innocent Woman, and ſhall fall a Sacrifice to an unjuſt Suſpicion.

Good. Oh! my poor Daughter!

Tho.

Tho. My Wife, that I had ſo much delight in!

Zor. My Miſtreſs, that I propos'd ſuch Pleaſure in.

Hay. O the Credit of my Houſe, gone for ever!

Zor. Ha! here ſhe is again.——

Enter WIFE.

Wife. Such Joy! ſuch Rapture! Well, I'll never go into the Country again. Faugh! how I hate the Name.—Oh! Father, I am ſure you don't know me; nor you, Mr. *Thomas*, neither;——nor I won't know you.——Ah, you old fuſty Fellow,——I don't want any thing you can give; nor you ſhan't come near me,—ſo you ſhan't.——Madam, I am very much oblig'd to you, for letting me ſee the World. I hate to talk to any one I can't call Lordſhip.

Good. And is this be-powder'd, be-curl'd, be-hoop'd Madwoman my Daughter?——

[*She coquets affectedly.*

Why, Huſſy, don't you know your own Father?

Tho. Nor your Huſband?

Wife. No, I don't know you at all;——I never ſaw you before. I have got a Lord, and I don't know any one but my Lord.

Tho. And pray what hath my Lord done to you, that hath put you in ſuch Raptures?

Wife. O, by Gole! who'd be fool then? When I liv'd in the Country, I uſed to tell you every thing I did; but I am grown wiſer now, for I am told I muſt never let my Huſband know any thing I do, for he'd be angry; tho' I don't much care for your Anger, for I deſign always to live with my Lord now; and he's never to be angry, do what I will.——Why, prithee, Fellow, do'ſt thou think that I am not fine Lady enough to know the Difference between a Lord and a Footman?

Zor. A Footman!

Hay. I thought he was a Servant, by his talking ſo much of his Honour.

Tho. You call me Footman! I own I was a Footman, and had rather be a Footman ſtill, than a tame Cuckold to a Lord. I wiſh every Man, who is not a Footman, thought in the ſame manner.

Good. Thou art a pretty Fellow, and worthy a better Wife.

Tho. Sir, I am ſorry that from henceforth I cannot, without being a Raſcal, look on your Daughter as my Wife; I am ſorry I can't forgive her.

Wife. Forgive me,——ha, ha, ha; ha, ha, ha! comical! why I won't forgive you, mun.

Good. What hath he done, which you will not forgive?

Wife. Done! why I have found out ſomebody I like better; and he's my Huſband, and

I hate him, becauſe it is the Faſhion: That he hath done.

Zor. Sir Skip, a word with you: If you intend to part with your Wife, I will give you as much for her as any Man.

Tho. Sir!

Zor. Sir, I ſay, I will give you as much, or more for your Wife, than any Man.

Tho. Thoſe Words, which ſuppoſe me a Villain, call me ſo, and thus ſhould be return'd. [*Gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Zor. S'Death, Sir! do you know whom you uſe in this manner?

Tho. Know you, yes, you Raſcal, and you ought to know me. I have indeed the greateſt reaſon to remember you, having purchas'd a Ticket of you in the laſt Lottery for as much again as it was worth.—— However, you ſhall have reaſon to remember me for the future; a Footman ſhall teach ſuch a low, pitiful, ſtock-jobbing Pickpocket to dare to think to cuckold his Betters.

[*Kicks him off the Stage.*

Zor. You ſhall hear of me in *Weſtminſter-Hall.*

Good. Your humble Servant.

[*Kicking him off.*

Zor. Very fine! very fine!—— a Ten-Thouſand-Pound Man is to be kick'd!

Good. A Raſcal, a Villain.

Enter

Enter Lord BAWBLE.

Wife. O my dear Lord, are you come?

Ld. *B.* Fie, my Dear, you ſhould not have run away from me while I was in an inner Room, *promiſing* the Tradeſman to pay him for your fine Things.

Wife. O my Lord, I only ſtept into a Chair, as you call it, to make a Viſit to a fine Lady here. It is pure Sport to ride in a Chair.

Ld. *B.* Bleſs me! what's here? My old Man *Tom* in maſquerade?

Tho. I give your Lordſhip Joy of this fine Girl——

Ld. *B.* Stay 'till I have had her, *Tom.* Egad ſhe hath coſt me a round Sum, and I have had nothing but Kiſſes for my Money yet.

Tho. No, my Lord! Then I am afraid your Lordſhip never will have any thing more, for this Lady is mine.

Ld. *B.* How! what Property have you in her?

Tho. The Property of an *Engliſh* Huſband, my Lord.

Ld. *B.* How, Madam! are you married to this Man?

Wife. I married to him! I never ſaw the Fellow before.

Ld.

Ld. *B. Tom*, thou art a very impudent Fellow.

Good. Mercy on me! what a Sink of Iniquity is this Town? She hath been here but five Hours, and learnt Aſſurance already to deny her Huſband.

Ld. *B.* Come, *Tom*, reſign the Girl by fair Means, or worſe will follow.

Tho. How, my Lord, reſign my Wife! Fortune, which made me poor, made me a Servant; but Nature, which made me an *Engliſhman*, preſerv'd me from being a Slave. I have as good a Right to the Little I claim, as the proudeſt Peer hath to his great Poſſeſſions; and whilſt I am able, I will defend it.

Ld. *B.* Ha! Raſcal! [*They draw.*

Good. Hold, my Lord; this Girl, ungracious as ſhe is, is my Daughter, and this honeſt Man's Wife.

Wife. Whether I am his Wife or no, is nothing to the purpoſe; for I will go with my Lord. I hate my Huſband, and I love my Lord. He's a fine Gentleman, and I am a fine Lady, and we are fit for one another.—Now, my Lord, here are all the fine Things you gave me; he will take them away, but you will keep them for me.

Ld. *B.* So, now I think every Man hath his own again; and ſince ſhe is your Wife, *Tom*, much good may do you with her. I queſtion

not but theſe Trinkets will purchaſe a finer Lady. [*Exit.*

Wife. What, is my Lord gone?

Tho. Yes, Madam, and you ſhall go, as ſoon as I can get Horſes put into a Coach.

Wife. Ay, but I won't go with you.

Tho. No, but you ſhall go without me: Your good Father here will take care of you into the Country; where, if I hear of your Amendment, perhaps, half a year hence I may viſit you; for ſince my Honour is not wrong'd, I can forgive your Folly.

Wife. I ſhall ſhew you, Sir, that I am a Woman of Spirit, and not to be govern'd by my Huſband.—I ſhall have Vapours and Fits, (theſe they ſay are infallible) and if theſe won't do, let me ſee who dares carry me into the Country againſt my Will: I will ſwear the Peace againſt them.

Good. Oh! oh! that ever I ſhould beget a Daughter!

Tho. Here, *John!*

John (*enters.*) An't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Tho. Let all my Things be pack'd up again in the Coach they came in;—and ſend *Betty* here this Inſtant with your Miſtreſs's Riding-Dreſs.————Come, Madam, you muſt ſtrip yourſelf of your Puppet-Shew Dreſs, as I will of mine; they will make you ridiculous in the Country, where there is ſtill ſomething of Old *England*

England remaining. Come, no Words, no delay; by Heavens! if you but affect to loiter, I will ſend Orders with you to lock you up, and allow you only the bare Neceſſaries of Life. You ſhall know I'm your Huſband, and will be obey'd.

Wife. (*crying.*) And muſt I go into the Country by myſelf? Shall I not have a Huſband, or a Lord, or any body?—If I muſt go, won't you go with me?

Tho. Can you expect it? Can you aſk me, after what hath happened?

Wife. What I did, was only to be a fine Lady, and what they told me other fine Ladies do, and I ſhould never have thought of in the Country; but if you will forgive me, I will never attempt to be more than a plain Gentlewoman again.

Tho. Well, and as a plain Gentlewoman you ſhall have Pleaſures ſome fine Ladies may envy. Come, dry your Eyes; my own Folly, not yours, is to blame; and that I am only angry with.

Wife. And will you go with me then, *Tommy?*

Tho. Ay, my Dear, and ſtay with thee too: I deſire no more to be in this Town, than to have thee here.

Good. Henceforth, I will know no Degree, no Difference between Men, but what the Standards of Honour and Virtue create: The nobleſt

nobleſt Birth without theſe is but ſplendid Infamy; and a Footman with theſe Qualities, is a Man of Honour.

SONG.

Wife. *Welcome again, ye rural Plains;*
Innocent Nymphs, and virtuous Swains:
Farewell Town, and all its Sights;
Beaus and Lords, and gay Delights:
All is idle Pomp and Noiſe;
Virtuous Love gives greater Joys.

CHORUS.

All is idle Pomp and Noiſe;
Virtuous Love gives greater Joys.

FINIS.